



ADVENTURES IN READING

EXPLORATION

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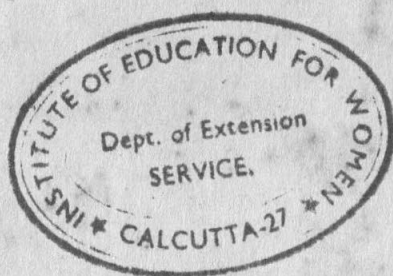
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Adventures in Reading

EXPLORATION

by

DOROTHY NELL KNOLLE

READING SPECIALIST
EL PASO PUBLIC SCHOOLS
EL PASO, TEXAS

Illustrated by

ROBERT DOREMUS

JEAN BUSBY

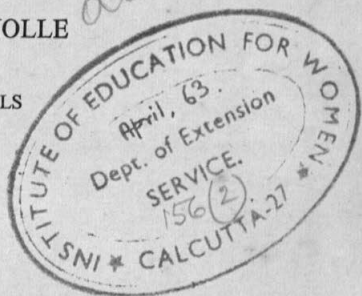
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CALIFORNIA STATE SERIES

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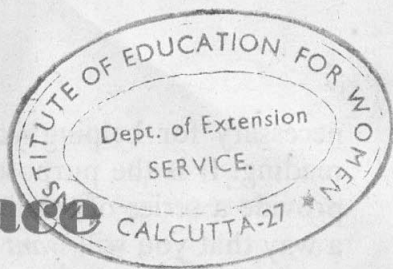
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Preface



ADVENTURES IN READING is a three book series—*Discovery*, *Exploration*, and *Treasures*. These books have been written to help you to discover, to explore, and to value treasures in reading.

Exploration, like *Discovery*, is your book, written to help you find real adventures in reading. Through the material of this book, you will be given the opportunity to explore worth-while fiction and informational material. Boys and girls of your age have shown the author the types of literature and subjects in which they are most interested. The basis, therefore, of the choice of the stories, poems, plays, and articles in this book was determined by them and should in turn appeal to you.

Your explorations will acquaint you with distant lands of today and yesterday, with well-known people in various vocations, with your favorite sports heroes, with the power of science in everyday living, with human and animal relationships, with the enduring humor of early America, and with the meaning of freedom in the world today.

Through your explorations in this book you will be able to broaden your horizons. The more you read and the more varied the material you choose, the better you will prepare yourselves for an interesting life. You will obtain a deeper knowledge of yourselves, of the world in which you live, and of the ideals of right living.

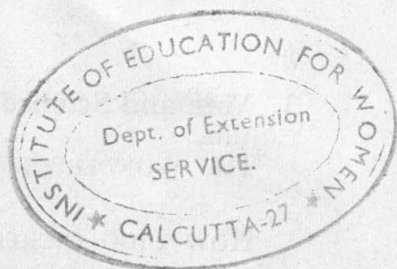
Exploration maintains the reading skills which were begun in *Discovery*. You will continue to increase your reading ability through the utilization of the skills of *Discovery* as well as the introduction of new skills so

necessary for helping you to establish habits of expert reading. It is the purpose of ADVENTURES IN READING to provide a series of reading experiences organized in such a way that you will *want* to read, and through this desire, you will continue your *growth in reading*.

Before you explore the content, you will be instructed in the best way to approach the reading material. You will work out problems and you will then measure your results in terms of your own best efforts. "Share Your Ideas" and "Share Your Experiences" suggest ways of using and sharing what you have read. These sections also give you an opportunity to apply reading skills in a practical way.

As your explorations continue, you will find that your comprehension and speed are improving. You will have opportunities to check this progress through comprehension and speed tests. Your best check on growth in reading power, however, will come through your increasing enjoyment of reading. Finally, from these explorations, you will realize that reading becomes a type of thinking that can be applied to all life situations.

Now is the time for you to find the way to success and satisfaction in life. This second "adventure in reading" will hasten you toward this most important of all goals.



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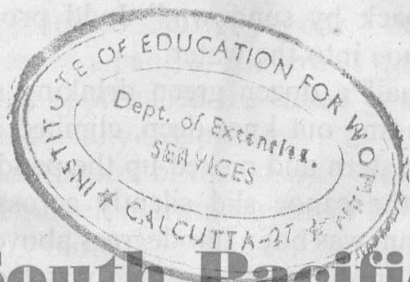
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I

Sea, Land, and Air





South Pacific Adventures

By Armstrong Sperry

Judd Anders and Ken Henderson, two American boys, had spent several weeks on Vana Vana, a Pacific atoll, with the crew of the *Island Queen*. Although their search for lost treasure had been successful, Ken, an ethnologist, was not entirely satisfied. To him, finding traces of the ancient Polynesian civilization meant more than any amount of lost treasure. Therefore, they planned to spend their last day on the island in a quiet search for ruins. But two exciting adventures made their quest anything but tranquil.

"We've a whole day free, Ken," Judd reminded his friend, as they squatted in the sand eating their breakfast. "Do you still want to look for ruins?"

"I have to," the other assured him. "My conscience won't let me pass up such a chance. Can't we take the canoe over to the big *motu* on the other side of the lagoon?"

"*E pae!*" Judd assented. "Let's go!"

Terii and Matu, the Polynesian sailors, elected to remain behind. The rock-pools in the reef tempted them with promise of sea porcupines. Out came their fish spears, and their brown faces beamed with happy smiles of anticipation.

"We'll be back by sundown," Judd promised, as he shoved the canoe into the water.

Ken flung half a dozen green drinking nuts into the canoe and, wading out knee-deep, climbed aboard. Judd leaped into the stern and picked up the paddle. Under his swift strokes the canoe slid silently across the lagoon. Although the sun was but a few degrees above the horizon, the customary freshness of morning was lacking. A gray mist filmed the lower sky, and it occurred to Ken that these atolls, deprived of the sun, were unbelievably oppressive. He was conscious of a mounting heat.

"Give me your knife, and I'll open some coconuts."

Judd fished in one pocket, then the other. "I've lost it—no, wait; here it is." He handed it over.

With the sharp, eight-inch blade, Ken hacked off the end of a coconut and passed it to Judd. Then he opened another for himself and tilted back his head to let the cool refreshing juice trickle down his throat.

Glancing back over his shoulder, Judd saw that dark masses of cloud were gathering in the southeast, mounting and widening as they spread toward the sun. But still there was no coolness in the overcast sky; the air was moist and hot and tense. With the vanishing sun, color bleached from lagoon and sky.

"It feels as though rain were on the way, Judd."

"Wind, more likely," the other answered. "But not for some hours. We'll be back before trouble begins."

The thrust of Judd's paddle sent the slim canoe half a length nearer the distant *motu*. A school of *ahia* fled before them like arrowheads winged with silver. A turtle, disturbed by the swish of the paddle, sank silently, fathoms deep. Sharks had been cruising around, but they were the harmless kind—gray with black-tipped dorsals. Now Judd caught sight of another dorsal, a triangle of polished steel, that brought him up in alarm. There was something sinister

in the stealth of its motion. "A big one," the boy thought, and he experienced a pang of concern as the dorsal paused and then warily approached the canoe. It circled around, submerged, and finally disappeared.

"Did you see the size of that shark!" Ken exclaimed.

Judd found himself murmuring under his breath, "*Ma'o e! E matai tu!*" more than half convinced of the strength of that old shark-chant. The words fell upon the charged air like stones dropping into a well.

Off to starboard the water darkened as the long, sinister form again rose toward the surface and the polished triangle once more split the water. Judd, from his elevation in the stern, could see that the shark was probably twice the length of the canoe—twenty-eight or thirty feet at least, he decided. Now it approached in leisurely fashion, closer and closer, until the boy could see its escort of pilot fish, glittering like spoonbait in flashes of gold and blue. Ken, in the act of opening another coconut, paused to give a low whistle of alarm.

"Look, Judd—"

But Judd had halted the canoe and was splashing with his paddle. Swerving sharply to one side, the shark darted by, rolling slightly in passing. Its belly gleamed white, and now along its sides Judd could see the mottled markings which proclaimed its species—tiger shark. He breathed more freely when it had passed astern, and he began to paddle once more, sending the canoe ahead with forceful strokes. He'd be glad when they reached the *motu*.

"I didn't like the looks of that fellow," he confessed. "I'm glad he's gone."

But a second later Ken shouted in alarm, "Look! He's on the other side of us!"

As Judd turned he saw the great snout, with jaws agape, almost directly beneath him. He raised the paddle and smashed it down upon the shark's nose—its one tender

spot. The fish whipped its length in flight. But as it turned, the thrash of its powerful tail lifted the stern of the canoe high out of the water. The two boys were hurled headlong into the air. Judd knew a flash of panic—Ken couldn't swim! Then the outrigger struck him a stunning blow across the head. His senses reeled. He tried to cry out, to fight his way to the surface. But down, down he sank into endless depths of blue.

When his mind cleared—after how many seconds he never knew—he found himself still in the water, clinging to the outrigger. The canoe had righted itself in falling. There was a mist before the boy's eyes, a fog in his brain. He remembered then—where was Ken? Judd tried to shout. No sound issued from his throat. Ken, who couldn't—Then he saw his friend. Ken, treading water, had placed himself between Judd and the shark. The knife glittered in his hand. He set up a desperate splashing. The steel-blue dorsal, a periscope of death, was closing in, in ever decreasing circles.

Even as Judd felt power returning to his body, the shark seemed to pause, a split second of delay. Ken had stopped splashing, every nerve tense. Judd struck out for his friend's side.

With the speed of lightning the shark charged. There was a stunning impact—the flash of a knife. Water lashed to foam. A sandpaper hide scraped Judd's arm from elbow to shoulder. With his face flat to the water, the boy saw the great fish turn over below the surface. Blood was flowing from the wound in its belly.

"Ken! *Ken!* Are you all right?"

Ken's face was as white as paper. As Judd reached his side and threw an arm around him, he saw a line, clean as a knife-cut, ripped across his friend's shoulder. He helped Ken into the canoe, his breath coming in gasps. With vast relief Judd saw that it was only a flesh wound, not deep but

bleeding profusely. He ripped the shirt from his back, tore it into strips, and bound up the wound. Ken, who couldn't swim, who was afraid of the water, had saved his life.

"Man alive! What a shark fighter you turned out to be!" Judd's voice was husky.

Ken struggled to grin and tried to sit up. "Guess I'll have something to tell—" He dropped in a dead faint upon the floor of the canoe.

Judd pulled up to a curve of sandy beach, and the prow of the canoe grated dully on the shingle. Before going in search of some limes to cauterize the wound in Ken's shoulder, he helped his friend into the shade of a wide-branching *pukatea* tree. Half an hour later the shoulder was bound up in a ragged but professional-looking bandage made from Judd's shirt. Both boys shivered in their wet clothes as the wind from the ocean struck their bodies.

"I'll build a fire," Judd said. "We need warm food." He pulled from his pocket a pulpy mass of wet matches. "Well! Guess this is my cue to make fire with wood!"

"That's a terrible job," Ken protested. "Let's be content with some coconuts—"

"No. We're frozen. Wait till I find a firestick."

His search in the undergrowth was rewarded by a piece of hard, bone-dry wood. From one end he shaved off a sliver, whittled it to a sharp point, and with both hands began to rub it against the surface of the larger stick until a groove appeared. Back and forth his hands raced, faster and faster. Finally a wisp of smoke rose from the wood-dust which formed at one end of the groove. Cupping the precious smoke with both hands, Judd blew gently upon the dust. Very gingerly he laid bits of dry twigs on the glow, and a flame burst forth.

"Phew! It's no wonder the old natives never let their fires go out," Ken exclaimed.

"And no wonder the young ones buy matches!" said Judd, disappearing into the jungle. Soon he returned with two breadfruit, several bananas, and two large blue crabs, the claws of which were tied with a twist of bark. The fire died to a bed of fine embers, and now Judd set about preparing their lunch. Into the hot embers he dropped the crabs, covering them with leaves to steam them. Then he placed the breadfruit and bananas in the coals where they would remain until their charred, black skin would pop open. Finally he slashed open the end of two drinking nuts and set them to rest carefully against a rock.

Within no time at all Judd was busily peeling off the charred rinds of the breadfruit, breaking them into smoking halves so that the flaky white meat would have a chance to cool. Then he lifted the *ti* leaves away from the crabs, and Ken saw that they had changed from blue to red. The bananas were charred and popping with juice. Judd skinned them gingerly and laid them on a leaf.

"I thought our feast yesterday was tops," Ken mumbled over a mouthful of breadfruit. "But—"

For the next few moments the only sound was that of their munching.

"Coconuts—what would these islands have been without 'em?" Ken beamed.

"They wouldn't have been inhabited, that's certain. I don't believe there's another tree in the world that's so useful. It's food and drink for the natives. The leaves make his roof, the trunk, the frame of his house—"

"That's only part of it," the other added. "The fiber around the nut is used for everything, from fishline to tying rafters and beams together. The ancient Polynesians used to weave it into clothes."

"The ripe meat is grand fish bait," Judd assured him, "as well as food for dogs, pigs, chickens, and humans. And the old people brew a medicine out of the roots."



"You haven't forgotten copra?" Ken suggested. "That's as important as anything else. It's the only native industry."

"That's right! Without it they'd never have a *centime* to buy anything, and it furnishes half the soap, cold cream, margarine, and candles for the civilized world. Who ever heard of another tree that produces food, clothing, and shelter—and is an industry in the bargain?"

"But say, this isn't discovering any ruins!" cried Ken. "Let's go."

"Don't you think you'd better take it easy?" Judd suggested. "That's no mean bite you have—"

"What are you trying to do—make a sissy out of me? Let's get going!"

Off they went across the *motu*, poking here and there in the dense scrub. But if the ancient Polynesians had ever passed this way in their transpacific migrations, they had left no record of it.

"We haven't found a single thing since we've been here," Ken grumbled. "Scientists say that the old Polynesians

followed the eastward sea currents from Asia; they came this way in their canoes long before Columbus discovered America. In just such islands as this they buried their dead and built temples to the gods. It's by such things that scientists have pieced together the story of their migrations."

"Well," said Judd matter-of-factly, "if they didn't stop here, they didn't, and that's all there is to it."

But Ken's disappointment increased with every foot they traveled. "They *must* have stopped here. How about those wild chickens we saw? You don't think those chickens *flew* here from Asia, do you?"

"They might have been put ashore by the skipper of some sailing vessel," Judd suggested.

"I never thought of that," Ken groaned.

"What would you scientists do if it weren't for a few practical minds!"

The wind was shifting, blowing now from one quarter, now from another, and a heavy surf was breaking over the outer reef. The boys watched the seas gathering far out, rising in sheer walls that seemed higher than the island itself, charging upon the shore to burst into a smoke of high-flung mist and spray. It was an awe-inspiring sight and not without a certain fascination. Between the breaking of one sea and the gathering of the next, the water poured back over the walls of black reef, leaving fish floundering in the hollows. Out along the horizon the sky was a brassy gray, while higher up, dark clouds were racing before a wind which was still too high to make itself felt below. Out beyond the breakers, a heavy calm flattened the ocean until it looked like glass.

"Looks like a bad squall," Ken said. "We'd better try to get back to Matu and Terii and forget about ruins."

"I've a hunch it may be more than a squall," Judd returned. "We'd better look for some kind of shelter."

"All right! Let's go."

The air had become oppressively hot. Sweat streamed from every pore in their bodies. They reached the shelter of a group of coral rocks that had been piled up in previous floods, and sank down within its protective lee.

"The sky is certainly getting black!" exclaimed Ken in alarm. "And look at that water!" Judd cast an anxious glance about, wondering from which direction the wind would come. If it should be from the southeast, it could mean but one thing at this season of the year.

Ken asked, "You don't think we're in for a hurricane?"

His friend shook his head, wishing that he could convince himself. The coppery light had vanished, and the sky thickened like a somber northern twilight. The wind was rising now, and it seemed to be settling in from one direction, southeast. They could see it before they felt it, darkening the surface of the water as it passed, whipping up angry whitecaps in its relentless advance. The first breath of it, tonic with life, fanned their hot faces.

"Well—not much to that," was Ken's comment.

But Judd was busy strengthening their shelter with coral blocks and stones. There came a second wind, a fierce gust this time, accompanied by an ominous boom as gathering seas struck at the barrier reef. Slowly the ocean was becoming a procession of advancing mountains, awe-inspiring and terrible. They marched down upon the atoll in long gray lines, and the island began to quiver beneath their fury. To Ken there was something profoundly disturbing in the sensation of insecurity beneath them, the realization that this small atoll, anchored to the ocean floor only by tiny coral polyps, was shaking in the grip of elemental forces. Vana Vana was scarcely fifteen feet above sea level, and there was nothing to break the force of the seas.

The boys could hear the dull thud of coconuts falling all around. The palms were beginning to writhe like whiplashes, and the air was filled with flying fronds, apparently

delicate, yet any one of which could have killed them with a blow. A swiftly moving film, shot through with strange lights, was drawing over the surface of the sea.

Judd warned, "Here she comes."

The slate-gray film, extending the length of the visible horizon, was moving in from the southeast. Sea and sky were fused into one color. At first it was only a whispering drone of sound, but gradually it deepened to a roar. The rain leaped upon them.

During the moments that followed, all nature seemed to have gone mad. The scream of the wind was cut through by a whining hum—like the noise of worlds humming through space. It was impossible to face the wind and breathe. The boys lay flat behind their rude shelter while the whole island vibrated beneath their bodies.

An unceasing deluge stung them with fury, set them shaking in their thin clothes. The wind increased its force. Breadfruit trees were being uprooted and swept across the lagoon. Palms, stripped of leaves, bent to the ground and remained in that position, without thrashing but trembling as with a mighty chill. The air was filled with flying branches, boulders of coral, clouds of sand. Coconuts hurtled with tremendous force past the two crouching figures, and the rain struck in horizontal sheets, seeming to leap from crest to crest of the waves.

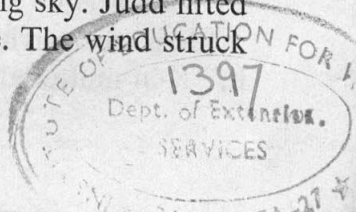
Minutes lengthened into hours. Time was wiped out. All the accustomed signs by which men note the passage of the hours had been obliterated. Only a fury of sound was left to a world spinning through space.

As the tide turned, the waves increased in size. Wind and moon were joining forces to pile the Pacific Ocean on the shores of this tiny atoll. Thousands of leagues of sea were hurled forward on the breath of the hurricane. Judd tried to speak some word of reassurance, but the wind forced his voice down his throat.

As the hurricane mounted, the weight of the rain eased. But now the sea was rising—slowly, surely—brought about by the sharp drop in atmospheric pressure. With each fresh attack the water reached farther up the shingle, its hungry fingers seeking the two who cowered behind their shelter. Soon it was imperative that they abandon their barricade and seek another farther inland. The next wave might reach them, and its backwash drag them with it into the sea. In constant danger from flying branches and rocks, they began to crawl to the lee of a large boulder that was half covered with a tangle of scrub. With his knife, Judd tried to hack away some of the branches to make more room for their bodies. The spongy ground gave beneath their weight. Soon they had space enough to lie at full length. To form a rude barricade, they gathered all the rocks within arm's reach. Sea, rain, hail beat at them, stung them, and pounded them into the ground. They buried their faces in their arms, almost too frightened to breathe, too exhausted to pray. It was the end of a world.

Every sense became dulled, weary of tumult. Their ears could no longer distinguish one sound from another. There was only an overwhelming assault of thunder, reverberating through their souls like the trumpets of doom, the sound of worlds colliding, splintering into space, spiraling to oblivion in the darkness that lay beyond the stars. All sense of danger vanished. What was their strength of body or of spirit against these powers of darkness?

They had no sense of time's passage. So gradual was the storm's easing that at first they did not notice it. But the wind was beginning slowly to diminish; the intermittent pauses between gusts were each time of greater duration. The swinging seas still crashed the outer reef in cataracts of thunder; spray darted at the low-hanging sky. Judd lifted his head cautiously above the barricade. The wind struck at him, but now it held less menace.



He looked about him warily. "Anyway, we won't starve," he shouted, close to his friend's ear. "Coconuts—crabs—fish. The beach is covered with 'em."

They set about making their shelter as secure as possible, for it would be hours before they could attempt to reach the lagoon. Judd searched for another firestick, and once more set about laboriously kindling a fire with wood alone. It seemed as though he would never succeed. But at last there came a wisp of smoke, a glow. He sheltered it with his body while Ken aided with cupped hands. Smoke rose from the tinder, and the boys placed slivers of wood upon the growing flame. The searching wind fanned it to a blaze. They piled on more wood; it steamed, smoked, but burned in spite of itself. Close to its circle of warmth they huddled to dry their wet clothes, shivering with cold.

Suddenly Judd leaped to his feet. "I hope we can locate the canoe. If not, we'll have to go on foot and wade the shallows. That'll take hours. We'd better get going."

They crawled out of their shelter, stood upright painfully, and stretched their aching bones. A scene of desolation met their eyes. Hardly a coconut palm was left standing. The few that had escaped the fury of the wind had been stripped of leaves. They were as ugly as broom handles, incredibly transformed when shorn of their graceful plumage. Boulders of coral, torn off by the violence of the sea, were piled along shore. Through a maze of uprooted trees the boys picked their way toward the lagoon.

On the inner beach the destruction had not been so great. Quantities of dead fish lay on the sand where they had been stranded by the receding water.

"Well, this is where we left the canoe, but—where is it?" Judd tried to keep the note of anxiety from his voice.

There was no sign of their small boat.

"If it was carried out into the lagoon, that's the last of it," Ken muttered.

"Yes—but it may have been blown down the beach and filled up with sand. Let's look for it."

That was just what had happened—the canoe had been blown down the inner beach, its outrigger ripped off. Now it lay half on its side, wedged in between two boulders. Judd fastened a new *purao* pole in place of the old outrigger and was just about to drag it into the lagoon when Ken's startled voice brought him up with a jump.

"Judd! Look here! What's that?"



Judd turned back. He saw that Ken was peering excitedly into a thick clump of scrub that was filled with palm fronds and the aftermath of the storm. At first he could distinguish nothing. But as he approached his friend, he felt his pulse leap. Ken had parted the thicket and was peering at what appeared to be the doorway of a half-subterranean building which looked more like a large tomb than anything else Judd could think of. It was a sort of natural cave in the earth, a foot or two above ground and roofed with slabs of coral which had long since become encased with clambering vines. Judd saw a slab of coral on edge before the entrance of the cave.

"It is *tabu*!" he cried sharply, instinctively. And then he thought, "How foolish. That's native talk."

But Ken was already pulling at the heavy coral slab. It took both of them to move it. The coral was as white as bone and emitted a hollow, drumlike sound when they struck it. Then on hands and knees the two boys crawled into the cave. The floor was of sand, as smooth and untroubled and white as a bowl of sugar. As their eyes became accustomed to the gloom, they peered about eagerly. Across one end of the cave was a shelf hewn out of coral—the very foundation of the island itself, and upon this shelf a row of skulls grinned back at the intruders. Judd had to remind himself once again that this *tabu* stuff was nonsense. But just the same there was something disturbing in that row of grinning skulls, and the boy knew that he was looking upon a sight that had never been seen since those Polynesian warriors, in dim history, had placed the skulls in position and walled up this burial cave.

“Judd, look at those weapons!” Ken’s voice was trembling with excitement. The discovery of pearls or of gold was as nothing compared to this. This—why, this was what ethnologists dreamed about!

Judd saw a variety of weapons laid out in orderly range, spears and clubs of ironwood, dark with age. Ken’s eager hands were examining them. “I’ve never seen wood like it,” he muttered. “Feel it. It’s like iron.”

“That’s what it’s called—ironwood,” Judd assured him. “*Aito*, the Tahitians call it. But there’s no ironwood on Vana Vana. They must have brought those weapons here from some other place.”

“Look at the shaft of this spear! This is *casuarina* wood. I’m sure of that. They brought it from Malay or India.”

Judd watched his friend with vast delight, drawn by the excitement of the other’s enthusiasm.

“And look at those bowls. Oh, boy!”

On the floor stood two elongated bowls of dark-polished greenstone, such as the Maoris of New Zealand carved

with such skill and beauty. Judd knew that he was in the presence of an important scientific discovery. His heart beat rapidly.

"Ken," he whispered. "Look—over there."

On a sort of wooden couch lay a form, long and shapeless but suggestively human. What might once have been the head was large and round, wrapped in layers of *tapa*, grotesque as a jack-o'-lantern. Bindings of coconut sennit wrapped the figure in patterns of intricate beauty. By its side, where the hand might have been, was a war club, dark with age and of incomparable beauty in design. Ken picked it up reverently.

"Feel the weight of it, Judd. Look at this design." His voice quivered with the emotion of the discoverer.

The war club was as black and nearly as heavy as iron. The edges of its oval head were razor-sharp, while the handle had been designed for a grip of more than ordinary size. Judd felt it gingerly and marveled at the beautiful balance of such a heavy weapon.

"Those old boys must have been as strong as lions," he said. "Imagine carrying this around with you in battle." Standing there in that dim cave, gazing upon the work of men dead these countless centuries, he knew to the full Ken's own enthusiasm. He understood, at last, what lured men to the end of the world in some imagined quest and held them like prisoners in its potent spell. He dropped to his knees and examined a pictograph cut into a coral boulder. "Look, Ken—what do you make of this?"

Ken knelt beside his friend, and together they tried to decipher the message carved into stone when the world was young. Ken shook his head sadly. "I give up. We could spend weeks here, Judd, if only we had the time."

The other nodded, his eyes clouded with thought. "We *will* spend weeks here, Ken, one of these days. Some day we're coming back here, you and I. There may be other

burial caves on some of the other *motus*. Gee, Ken! This may be one of the scientific finds of the century!"

The other agreed warmly. "You never know. That's what gets you; anything is possible."

They stood for a moment in silence, touched with a sense of awe. Then reluctantly Judd returned to a world of reality. "We ought to be getting back to the ship."

"Yes, I know, but—"

"I hate to leave, Ken. But we'll come back—from Singapore or from the ends of the world. We've got to!"

And so they emerged into the blinding sunlight, replaced the coral slab over the entrance, turned their backs unwillingly upon the cave, and made their way to the canoe.

Share Your Ideas

1. Divide the story into three parts. Give a brief summary of the events of each.
2. Give a character sketch of Judd Anders. Read aloud passages which prove your statements.
3. Compare Ken Henderson with Judd in regard to personal characteristics which might include courage, ambition, unselfishness, adaptability, intelligence.
4. Make a list of conditions in the Pacific Islands which you did not know before you read this story.
5. In this story the hurricane seems to live and fight like a personality. Read aloud sentences such as the following by which the author produced this effect. Check yourself to be sure you know the meanings of all the words in the colorful expressions.
 - a. Slowly the ocean was becoming a procession of advancing mountains.
 - b. The palms were beginning to writhe like whiplashes.
 - c. The small atoll was shaking in the grip of elemental forces.

6. Ask a good reader to read aloud to the class the entire passage about the hurricane. Then discuss with class members pictures which came to mind as you listened.
7. Explain why old ruins such as those discovered by the boys are so valuable to the scientific world.
8. The boys determined to return to the ancient ruins they had found in order to explore more thoroughly. From what you learned about them in the story, predict the outcome of this promise.

Make Your Vocabulary Grow

As you read adventures of sea, land, and air, you will find that the stories contain a great number of picturesque and expressive words. The authors of these stories make use of such language to help you see and feel the experiences they portray. By watching the vocabulary as you continue with the reading, you will both increase your pleasure in reading and reach a better understanding. Try to add many of the colorful and apt words to your speaking and writing vocabularies.

In "South Pacific Adventures" there are many colorful words and phrases. Below is a group of them, numbered from one through seven. Opposite each one are words and phrases which could have been used. Had this been done, however, how would it have affected your interest in the story? Study the two lists. How do these descriptive words add to the effect of the story?

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. sinister | evil |
| 2. unceasing deluge | never ending flood |
| 3. jaws agape | jaws open |
| 4. vibrated | quivered |
| 5. weary of tumult | tired of uproar |
| 6. thunder reverberating | thunder echoing |
| 7. elongated bowls | lengthened bowls |

Running Dark

By Paschal N. Strong

To help you find clues to interpret a plot

Russ, the Bos'un of a group of Sea Scouts, thought he heard something unusual. Then he confused the crew by announcing that it was the absence of sound that mystified him. At first they were merely annoyed, but their irritation changed to alarm when they realized that he had been right in his conviction that the bell buoy on the shoals had stopped ringing. They were soon to demonstrate their bravery and daring by solving the mystery of the missing bell buoy. As you read the story, watch for clues that will aid you in solving the mystery.

Russ looked up from the campfire and laid an urgent hand on John's shoulder.

"I keep on hearing it, John! You must hear it this time! Don't tell me you don't!"

John yawned. The first time that Russ, the Bos'un, had told him that he heard something queer, John had been excited. The second time he had been merely mildly interested. Now he was frankly bored and sleepy. So were the others of the *Stormy Petrel*, from apprentice to skipper.

"You do hear something, don't you?" pleaded Russ.

Bos'un's mate, John, raised himself on an elbow and listened. "Can't say I do," he said. "What does it sound like?"

Russ's ears wiggled earnestly as he tried to identify the sound that bothered him. "That's the funny part of it," he admitted. "I keep hearing it, and yet I don't know what it sounds like!"

Two sleeping bags on the other side of the fire did indignant flips. An outraged head emerged from one of them. "Say, Russ, have a heart!" That was able seaman Chaffy speaking. "It's been a long, hard day. We spend the morning teaching the apprentices rigging, and we spend the afternoon offshore teaching them how to be seasick gracefully. And now you keep us awake asking us to listen to a strange noise, and you don't even know what it sounds like! What are you, a Sea Scout or a listening post?"

"All right, fellows," laughed Russ good-naturedly. "Maybe I don't hear anything. Maybe it's all a bad dream. But just the same—"

Suddenly he jumped to his feet and brought his hands together in one resounding clap.

"I've got it! I know what it is I hear! Or rather what I don't hear!"

John looked at him wide-eyed. "Are you crazy?" he asked. "Or am *I* crazy?"

"He's crazy," Chaffy stated firmly. "Now he tells us he's been hearing something that he doesn't hear!"

"But that's just it!" Russ spoke so earnestly that more inquiring heads emerged from sleeping bags. "If I had heard it, I wouldn't have noticed it. It was *not* hearing it that bothered me!"

"All right, Russ," said John patiently. "What is it that you don't hear?"

"The bell buoy!"

An electric silence greeted his statement. Everyone was listening.

"He's right," admitted Chaffy simply. "Now, what happened to the bell buoy?"

"Why—why, it's not ringing!" This came from John.

"But it *has* to ring! It marks the beginning of that rock ledge out to sea—just off the ship's channel!" Chaffy was thoroughly awake now.

"Maybe it *should* ring," said Russ, "but it's not ringing now. Maybe we should wake up the Skipper."

Skipper Irving looked up from his sleeping bag. "Don't bother," he said. "I haven't missed a word."

"But—but shouldn't ships be warned? They might run ashore on that rock ledge and break in two!"

"I don't think so, Russ. They steer from one buoy to another by compass and pick up the buoys with their searchlights. They'll pick it up, even if the bell doesn't ring. If the buoy has been moved out of place, now, that will be dangerous."

At that moment a distant, deep-toned peal punctuated the booming of the surf.

"Listen," said Chaffy. "There's the bell buoy ringing merrily again. Now the Bos'un can sleep in peace; and maybe he'll let the rest of the ship get a few winks."

"All right," laughed Russ. But the dancing firelight showed a flicker of concern on his face. "Wait a minute! There's something queer yet! The bell doesn't sound right."

A chorus of indignant squawks greeted him. But the Skipper was not one of the squawkers.

"Just a minute, men. Russ was right before. Maybe something is wrong with that bell buoy. After all, a bell buoy doesn't knock off at sunset and then start ringing again two hours later all by itself. What seems queer about it, Russ?"

"I'm just trying to figure out, sir. I know! The sound doesn't seem to come from the same place as before. It has always come from the northeast. Now it's coming from the east—directly out to sea!"

The Skipper jumped to his feet. "If you're right, Russ, there's something queer going on. We'd better make sure. John, get me two megaphones from the ship's stores."

"Are you going to shout at the buoy, sir?" John asked good-naturedly, handing the megaphone to the Skipper.



"I'm going to teach you a new trick," said the Skipper. He placed a megaphone to each ear and pointed them to the front, enclosing with his hands the airspace at the mouth. Then he slowly pivoted back and forth.

"Draw a line on the ground in the direction I'm facing," he said. "The bell buoy is exactly in that direction. And if you're interested, this is the principle on which the sound detectors for airplanes work."

Russ drew the line. "Now put a compass on it and get the bearing. And Chaffy, bring me the chart and protractor."

Chaffy, now deflated of all skepticism, produced the chart and protractor about the time that Russ determined the bearing of the line. "East by North."

John came forth with a flashlight, and the Skipper went to work. "Here's where we were on the chart, and here's the direction East by North. Now I'll draw a line like this, and the bell buoy is somewhere on that line."

Russ blinked at the line. "Why—why that line goes right to the rock ledge!"

"That's right," said the Skipper quietly. He was already slipping into his uniform. "Any ship that depends on that bell buoy is going to break in two on the shoals."

"But you said the ships steered from one buoy to another by compass," objected Chaffy. "They'll see that the bell buoy is out of place."

"Maybe not," said Russ excitedly. "Look! I'll draw a line between the bell buoy and the next buoy toward the harbor. If the bell buoy is moved out anywhere along that line, it will be on the same compass bearing as it was before. That is, for any outbound ship."

John whistled softly. "The ships all go within a hundred yards of that buoy before they turn out to sea."

"That's right," agreed the Skipper. "And if that buoy is where I think it is, any ship that gets within three hundred yards of it will split in two on the rocks. Look at the chart. There are just twelve feet of water over those shoals."

"And those big freighters draw thirty feet!" exclaimed Chaffy. "We'd better get back to town and notify the Coast Guard."

"We haven't time," objected the Skipper. There was a certain grimness in his voice that Russ did not miss. "If someone has moved that buoy purposely, he figured that it would be reported before the night was over. He must know that some ship—some special ship that he wants to wreck—will be along before midnight."

His keen gaze swept from Russ to John to Chaffy. "Put on your clothes," he said. "We're going out there in the *Stormy Petrel* and see what is going on."

Chaffy gulped hard. "But—but if someone moved that buoy on purpose, he may still be out there."

"That's right," said the Skipper. "And if we don't get out there, well—do you want to go?"

Russ and John were already getting into their clothes. But Chaffy was dressed before they were.

As she slid out of the inlet, the running lights of the *Stormy Petrel* thrust red and green daggers into each wave that swept toward it from out of the inky night. The darkness was a cloak of charity to the one-time whale boat, and she slipped through the waves with an easy motion. Russ, listening to the steady throbbing of her engine, was glad that her hull came of whaling ancestry. The choppy waves over the shoals were not good for a landlubber boat.

He sat with the others in the cockpit, a light hand on the tiller. The improvised binnacle light played on the compass. But now he did not need the compass to guide him to the bell buoy. Its deep toned clangs sounded nearer and nearer, and one fact was definitely established. The bell buoy was indeed over the shoals.

The Skipper called, "You can try the searchlight now."

"Aye, aye, sir!" John stood up in the cockpit to reach the light on the cabin top. A click of the switch, and a white swath cut into the darkness. He swung the light slowly from right to left.

"There she is—a point to starboard!"

The Skipper nodded. "We're about three and a half miles offshore." He measured the distance on the chart while Chaffy held the light. "Right here is where the bell buoy rides. Just about three hundred yards inside the shoals."

Russ whistled. "She's been moved about five hundred yards then."

The Skipper added, "We should find out if she's on her old line. Russ, run up to the buoy and then bear West Northwest, less a point for tide drift. If she is on her old line, we'll eventually run into the next channel marker."

"Aye, aye, sir." John kept the searchlight on the bell buoy until the *Stormy Petrel* had breasted it, and Russ had turned sharply on his new course. Then he snapped off the switch, and once more the running lights stood out in the darkness like shining ruby and emerald gems.

Chaffy nudged Russ. "Am I seeing things, or is there a boat off to starboard?"

Russ peered into the night. The starlit heaven was a little lighter than the dark waters, and every time a wave lifted them up, he could vaguely mark the line which separated sky and water.

"I don't see—wait a minute! There *is* a dark shadow over there."

All eyes were straining in the darkness. A long, low power boat was unmistakably silhouetted in mysterious profile against the heavens.

"She isn't showing any running light," said John.

"Running light! She isn't even showing her white lights!" Chaffy tried to sound indignant, but none the less there was a quaver in his voice.

Russ looked at the Skipper. "What do you make of it?" he asked quietly.

"There's only one thing to make of it. That craft, whoever she is, doesn't want to be seen."

"Then—then she must be the one who moved the bell buoy." Russ spoke in a low but firm voice.

"That's my guess. And she's standing by to see what happens."

Chaffy took a deep breath. "Then she saw our searchlight. She saw us pick up the buoy!"

The Skipper nodded. "And she's probably watching us with a great deal of interest right now."

Russ managed to laugh. "I hope she doesn't decide to run us down to prevent our giving the alarm." He took another look into the darkness. The shadow was gone. "She's disappeared now. She must be moving away."

"In that case," said the Skipper, and Russ sensed a great relief in his voice, "she probably didn't see us. She wouldn't expect us, you know, and it's quite likely that no one aboard her was looking aft at that moment."

There was no answer, but each man aboard the *Stormy Petrel* heaved a great sigh of relief. That secure feeling lasted exactly thirty seconds.

"Ship dead ahead!" shouted Russ.

He didn't have to point. Now that their attention was called to it, they all saw the red and green light approaching them. The white range lights rode high above the water. She was undoubtedly a large ship, and the fact that both running lights were visible and that her range lights showed as two white lights, one above the other, meant but one thing. She was coming head on.

"She's about two miles away," estimated Russ. "And she's heading straight for the bell buoy."

"She's closer than that," corrected the Skipper. "I'd say she was about a mile away. She'll soon be throwing her light out to pick up the bell buoy."

Russ noticed that the whale boat wasn't rolling as sharply as before. "We're off the shoals," he said. "If we're on our right course, we should soon be over the spot where the bell buoy belongs."

The Skipper nodded. "You can hear that bell buoy for miles. They probably hear it on that ship now. They'd never be able to tell it had been moved."

"It wouldn't be so bad if it weren't ringing," agreed John. "Then the ship would know that something was wrong. She'd be on the lookout for danger."

Russ looked at the Skipper. "We've got to stop her."

The Skipper leaned forward. "Chaffy, get out a couple of the rockets—the red ones. We'll send them up when the ship gets closer."

Chaffy went below for the rockets. At that moment a diffused white light played on the water around them.

"The ship is trying to pick up the bell buoy," said Russ.

A few seconds later they heard the single rumbling blast of the steamship's whistle. "She's going to pass to port of

us. Keep on your course, Russ. She'll slow down when she sees how stubborn we are."

"Look!" exclaimed John. "She's lifted her light. She's picked up the buoy!"

"And her master is probably bawling us out like a Mississippi pilot," said the Skipper. "Turn on our searchlight and flash it into her pilot house. It's against the rules of the sea, so it may give them a hint that something is wrong."

John did as instructed. The *Stormy Petrel* carried a surprisingly powerful light. Another indignant blast from the steamship greeted his action. But Russ was pointing excitedly to port.

"Look! There's a small buoy on the water—almost submerged! It's right where the bell buoy should be!"

The Skipper nodded. "That's probably holding up the anchor cable of the bell buoy."

Russ looked at him with wide eyes. "Then the men who moved that buoy plan to return it."

"I think so. They plan to return it in the dark after the ship strikes the rocks. No one would know it had been moved, and the master of the ship would lose his papers and his cargo."

"It must be a very special cargo," said John.

"I've a hunch that it is," said the Skipper. "And I think I know where it's bound."

Meanwhile, the master of the freighter, *Carmago*, of London, stood on the bridge with his hands gripping the rail. The air was thick with nautical oaths. He seized the telegraph handle and jerked it to Half Speed.

"Mr. Hendell," he bellowed at the first officer, "are those blasted fools in that little tub trying to commit suicide?"

"It looks that way, sir," agreed the mate. "And they're trying to blind the wheel with their light."

The starlit night burst into a sudden crimson glare. "Why are those idiots sending up a rocket?" the master exploded. "They're not in any trouble that I can see—except softening of the brain."

"Perhaps they want to stop us," suggested the mate.

"What! Stop my ship! With a hundred fighter planes in the hold!" The master swung suddenly around to face his first officer. "Do you know what I think it is? I think it's a trap! I think that that tub is loaded with high explosives. That's what it is, Mr. Hendel! They want to come alongside and then blow me up!"

"But they'll blow themselves to kingdom come, too," objected the mate.

"What do they care? They'll destroy a hundred fighter planes! I know what I'll do! I'll steam full speed ahead, and if they don't get out of my way, I'll run 'em down!"

The mate might have objected that his ship would be blown up as readily this way as another. But he didn't. His eyes were riveted on the little whale boat.

"Just a minute, sir. I think I recognize their pennant. Why, it's a Sea Scout boat. And I think they're trying to warn us of something."

The master seized the telegraph. The indicator jumped back to Full Speed Astern. The large freighter shook and trembled as its mighty screw bit into the water and checked its speed. A little later the indicator swung to Stop, and the master leaned over the edge of the bridge with his megaphone.

"Ahoy, below! What's the trouble?"

"The bell buoy has been moved." The voice was urgent. "It's been moved directly over the shoals."

"Are you sure? How do you know?"

"We've just come from the buoy. Someone is trying to wreck your ship. You should turn here on your correct bearing for the nun buoy."



The master wheeled upon his mate. "You know these Sea Scouts? Can I depend on them?"

"I'll stake my life on it, sir. And we know that someone is particularly anxious to destroy our cargo."

The master leaned over the bridge. "Many thanks. I'll broadcast the news about the buoy. Why don't you go back to the bell buoy and tie up the clapper? There are other ships going out tonight."

The little whale boat was drifting away from the freighter, and he didn't catch their response. But before he put his ship on her correct course he said to the mate, "We passed a Coast Guard cutter not far behind us. Flash them the news. And tell them I'd appreciate it if they'd follow up that Sea Scout boat and find out who they are. His Majesty's government might like to send them a bit of ribbon."

The mate disappeared in the direction of the radio room. The master peered suddenly through the darkness. Was that a shadowy outline of some boat just ahead? But even

as he looked, the shadow disappeared. For a moment the master thought of turning his light in that direction. Then, remembering that he must change his course at once for the nun buoy, he stepped into the pilot house.

Chaffy looked unbelievably at the Skipper. "Did you say we were going back to the bell buoy, sir?"

"That's right. We're going to fix it so that it doesn't ring. If another ship comes along and doesn't hear it, the crew will get the idea that something is wrong."

"But—but suppose that other craft is there?"

Russ had the same idea, but nonetheless he laughed. "What do you think they'll do, Chaffy? Run us down?"

Chaffy gulped. He had been thinking that exact thing. "I—I don't know what they'll do. But they'll know that we spoiled their plans. And they certainly wouldn't mind accidentally running us down."

"But maybe they won't be back at the buoy," suggested John hopefully.

"Maybe," said Russ and added slyly, "and maybe they'll go back to return the bell buoy to its proper place—so that they can pull the same trick some other time." But Russ was really thinking, *We must identify that mysterious power boat before a major tragedy occurs.* And though the Skipper said nothing, Russ sensed that he was thinking the same thing.

The dark, wave-swept moments passed like ages to the crew of the *Stormy Petrel*. No one spoke. While Russ kept his eye on the compass, the others looked out to the dim, vague line where sky met water, searching in vain for the profile of the boat of mystery. When they reached the bell buoy, the night was somehow charged with the unseen presence of something evil and deadly.

Tying the clapper of the bell was a ticklish and dangerous operation, and although Russ volunteered, the Skipper

insisted on doing the job himself. Russ nosed the bow of the whale boat up to the buoy, with the waves abeam to avoid crashing, and the Skipper leaped nimbly on the buoy as it swung to and fro, holding on to the framework of the bell. It was not much of a job to tie up the clapper, but to get back to the *Stormy Petrel* was another matter. The Skipper finally solved it by seizing a line which Chaffy threw him and diving off the buoy. They pulled him aboard, wet but smiling. As the bell buoy rocked mutely back and forth, the whale boat swung around and started back for the inlet. The mouth of the inlet was marked by a blinker light, and Russ could neglect the compass and join the others as they kept their eyes glued astern. Chaffy and John made no effort to hide their fear of the mysterious prowler of the night, and Russ could hardly stifle a feeling that their task was only half done.

"I'd rather like to wait around on the chance of seeing that power boat again," he said in a low voice to the Skipper.

The Skipper looked at him quickly. "I know how you feel, Russ. I want to identify her, too. But it may be a dangerous business, and I can't expose you men."

Russ understood and nodded briefly. If he were in the Skipper's position, he would feel the same way. Just the same, he wished that—

"Look!" exclaimed Chaffy suddenly. "There she is!"

Russ looked aft. Yes, there she was, running without lights. He knew it was the vessel he had seen before. His throat went suddenly dry.

"And she's coming after us!" exclaimed John. Both he and Chaffy kept their voices steady, and Russ, knowing how they felt, admired them for it.

The Skipper switched off their lights. "Put your helm down," he said to Russ. "We'll bear off at right angles. They'll find it hard to see us in these waves."

Russ brought the boat around ninety degrees. But at that instant a searchlight's white tunnel bored through the darkness, and there was no hiding now.

"She's got us where she wants us," he said to the Skipper. "What do you suppose she plans to do?"

"I don't know," said the Skipper. "Perhaps she only wants to look us over. Just the same, we'll slip on those life jackets—in case of an accidental collision."

His tone was matter-of-fact and reassuring. Nevertheless, as the crew hastily donned their life jackets, their hearts hammered like the pounding of the surf.

Slowly, the pursuing craft closed the expanse of ocean between them, never for an instant letting them get out of the grip of her searchlight. It was not a ship that pursued them, but some monstrous *thing* that was a part of the fearsome night. All they could see of it was the one bright eye of light that followed them with horrible malice as Russ opened the throttle and ran directly for the nearest point of shore some two miles away. He fought back the sickening fear that squeezed his heart and made his breath come in short gasps. For, as the blinding light drew closer, he knew in his heart that they could expect no mercy, that this killer of the sea wanted only to destroy them.

He tried to find escape from his fear by saying, "I think we'll be able to identify her all right."

The Skipper laughed shortly. "That's right," he said. "We'll know all about her before long."

John said nothing. He was hypnotized by the one bright eye, as a bird is held prisoner by a serpent's gaze.

Nearer and nearer approached the killer. Now they could see the sharp bow wave as it caught stray rays from the light. The Skipper leaned over to Russ.

"She's trying to sink us," he said quickly. "When she's half her length away, swing sharply to starboard. Perhaps we can get away faster than she can turn."

Russ nodded and kept his eyes focused on the curling bow wave. It would not be long now. And then, suddenly, a brilliant dagger of light stabbed between them and their pursuer, and a single shot rang out through the night.

"What—what's happened?" gasped Chaffy.

Russ pointed to starboard. He was too choked to speak. Behind that new light which appeared so miraculously, mast-head and running lights suddenly gleamed through the night.

"It's the Coast Guard cutter!" exclaimed the Skipper. "She's fired a shot across the bow!"

"Look! The ship astern is turning off!" shouted John. "She's trying to get away!"

"She won't get away," said Russ excitedly. "But say—why didn't we see the lights of that cutter?"

"She was running dark," said the Skipper. "She must have been looking for the boat that moved the buoy. Hold on—she's going to pass astern of us. We'll get her wash!"

Fascinated, they watched the cutter as she came up fast by their stern in pursuit of the killer. As they gripped the rail, they heard a hearty voice megaphone down to them, "Good work, Sea Scouts! We'll finish the job!"

For a few seconds no one said a word.

Then Russ looked up slyly. "Don't you hear something unusual?"

Chaffy stretched up menacingly. "Russ, if you tell us that you hear the bell buoy, we'll throw you overboard!"

Check Yourself

If you watched for clues in solving the mystery, you will be able to give reasons for each of the following occurrences. Compare your answers with those of others.

1. The bell buoy stopped ringing.
2. The bell buoy was silent for a time, but as the boys listened, it began to ring.
3. The bell had a sound different from its usual one.

4. The Skipper decided that he and the boys would have to go out in the *Stormy Petrel* to find out what was wrong.
5. As the *Stormy Petrel* neared the buoy, the boys saw a boat off to starboard which looked like a dark shadow because she had no lights.
6. The boys found a small buoy in the water exactly where the large buoy should have been.
7. At first the master of the *Carmago* thought the boys in the little whale boat were trying to commit suicide.
8. The mate of the big steamer realized that the small boat was trying to warn them of something.
9. Finally the master took the advice of the boys and changed the course of his steamer.
10. The mysterious prowler tried to run down the whale boat.
11. Just before the prowler was about to hit the *Stormy Petrel*, a light stabbed between it and its pursuer, and a single shot rang out.
12. The Coast Guard cutter was running dark.

Make Your Vocabulary Grow

Are you familiar with the meanings of the following words from the story? Test your knowledge by matching each word with its correct definition. If necessary, use your dictionary for meanings that relate to those of the content.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. pivoted | doubt |
| 2. skepticism | in a threatening manner |
| 3. shoal | made on the spur of the moment |
| 4. binnacle | outlined |
| 5. improvised | shallow place |
| 6. diffused | case for a ship's compass |
| 7. menacingly | turned |
| 8. silhouetted | scattered |

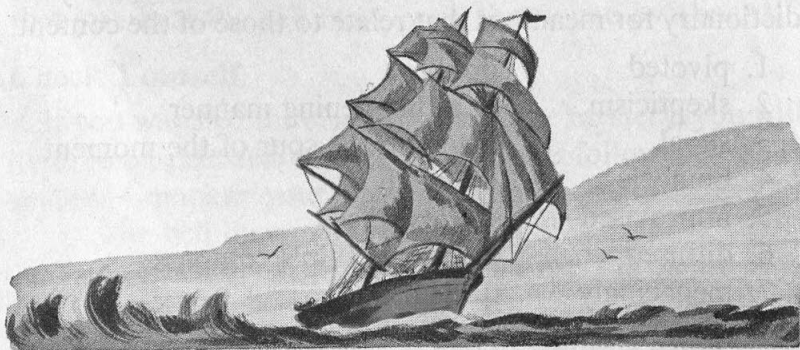
Clipper Ships and Captains

By Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benét

There was a time before our time,
It will not come again,
When the best ships still were wooden ships,
But the men were iron men.

From Stonington to Kennebunk
The Yankee hammers plied
To build the clippers of the wave
That were New England's pride.

The Flying Cloud, the Northern Light,
The Sovereign of the Seas
—There was salt music in the blood
That thought of names like these.



*Sea Witch, Red Jacket, Golden Age,
And Chariot of Fame,*
The whole world gaped to look at them
Before the steamship came.

Their cargoes were of tea and gold,
Their bows a cutting blade,
And, on the bridge, the skippers walked,
Lords of the China trade.

The skippers with the little beards
And the New England drawl
Who knew Hong Kong and Marblehead
And the Pole Star over all.

Stately as churches, swift as gulls,
They trod the oceans, then—
No man had seen such ships before
And none will see again.

Share Your Ideas

1. Read the poem silently to get the thought. Explain the major idea in one sentence.
2. Describe the clipper ships as they are portrayed here.
3. Make a list of phrases which describe the men who sailed the ships.
4. Compare the clipper ships with modern ships. Do you agree that no ships will again be as good as the clippers? Justify your decision.
5. Explain the meaning of the following phrases:
 - a. salt music in the blood
 - b. bows a cutting blade
 - c. trod the oceans
6. Read the poem orally, observing the rhythm, punctuation, and phrasing.
7. Make a bulletin board display of clipper ships.

The Right to Solo

By Taylor Victor Shaver

To help you recognize important details

Archibald Arbuthnot, commonly known as "Sis," wanted to be an aviator, a desire not uncommon among boys at the time this story was written. Although flying was even then a skill that anyone could master, it was considered an adventurous undertaking. Many flying fields were taken over by the army, and it was to one of these that Archie went to learn to fly a "Jenny." As you read the story, notice the details around which the plot has been developed.

He looked at the helmeted head in the front cockpit and then, daringly, he peeked over the side at the ground, now a thousand feet below them. Flying was not so bad as he had thought it would be. The roar of the engine was irritating, but he could stand it. Slowly he analyzed his feelings, trying to get the feel of the air.

It was not entirely his fault that his name was Archibald Arbuthnot and that he was called "Sis" by all the boys with whom he came in contact. He was of medium height, and his face was small and his features girlish. With his blue eyes, golden hair, and slender body, he looked like a girl in boy's clothes. Moreover he had been raised by two aunts, and because of the sheltered life he lived with them, he had never had the opportunity to prove that his nickname was unjustified.

For Archibald was not a sissy—far from it. Within his slender form there burned the spirit of the ancient Viking who had bequeathed him the golden hair and blue eyes.

When Archie left for college, the name of Sis followed him, and he despaired of ever living it down.

Then he had a great idea—he would become an aviator. No one would dare use this term in connection with a courageous pilot. So assured of this was he that he left college and came to Brooks Field as a Flying Cadet. This was his first trip off the ground.

Suddenly the plane tipped up on its side and whipped around in a tight bank. The earth seemed to be at his very fingertips. For a moment Archie felt as if he should extend his arm and fend off the ground with his hand.

The plane leveled out. The helmeted head turned, and goggled eyes peered into Archie's face. The boy managed a grin to show that he was not afraid. There was an unpleasant feeling in the pit of his stomach, but he did not think it was fear.

The goggled eyes slowly examined his countenance. It seemed to Archie that his innermost thoughts lay bare before them. "I suppose," he muttered, "he thinks I won't make a good pilot." Archie devoutly hoped not, for becoming an aviator was the only way he knew of proving to his friends that he was not a sissy.

Having finished their inspection, the eyes turned to the front. Two hands raised themselves in the front cockpit, one on either side of the instructor's head.

Archie remembered his instructions. When the instructor's hands came up like that, it meant he was to fly the ship. He placed his feet on the rudder bar and grasped the stick tightly with his right hand. He was to follow the motions of the instructor's hands, now resting on the cowlings of the cockpit. Archie recalled the succinct voice of the Lieutenant, his instructor, as he had given those instructions before they had climbed into their respective cockpits.

"Ever been up before, Cadet?" the Lieutenant had asked.

"No, sir," he had replied.

"Right. Listen," the Lieutenant had said, "pull the stick back when you want the nose to come up. Shove it forward when you want the nose down. Turn the stick to the right when your right wing is high, and to the left when the left wing is high. Remember, if you use right stick, use right rudder. The same with the left. Synchronize your stick and rudder movements. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," Archie had replied.

A few more simple instructions about following the commands of the instructor's hands while in the air, and then they had climbed into the cockpit and buckled the safety belts across their laps. The Lieutenant had "revved" up the engine, and after a short, bumping roll, Archie was in the air for the first time. As this all went through his mind, Archie forgot for a moment that he was flying the ship.

The wildly gesticulating hands of the Lieutenant, signaling for him to pull her nose up, recalled him to his duties. He jerked back on the stick. The nose came up in response to the jerk—too far up. The instructor's hands waved it down, and he pushed the stick forward. The nose went down—too far down. For a bit he jockeyed the nose up and down. Then the right wing dropped. Archie did not realize it, but the Lieutenant signaled that his left wing was high. He used left stick and then, slightly afterwards, left rudder. They started into a bank.

The instructor grabbed the stick and straightened the ship out. The motor stalled. The Lieutenant, half turned in the cockpit, shouted, "Cadet! Don't jerk that stick and don't kick that rudder. Push them. Push them smoothly and together. Don't hold the stick as if it were going to get away. Grasp it lightly."

The earth slowly mounted; Archie stole a peek over the side. They couldn't be more than three hundred feet up.

The instructor continued, "And when you get her nose on the horizon, keep it there. Watch the radiator cap. If

the cap is above the horizon, you're climbing; if it's below, you're losing altitude."

The last of his speech was lost in the roar of the engine, but it sounded to Archie like, "Dumb Cadets—"

They began climbing again. The Lieutenant leveled the ship out and signaled for Archie to take the controls. He did much better now that he knew about keeping the radiator cap on the horizon and not jerking the controls.

Archie's stomach felt very funny. The fumes of the hot oil were making him ill. He hoped they would go down soon. The instructor turned to study his face. Archie wished he wouldn't do that.

The Lieutenant resumed control of the plane. They were now at an altitude of five thousand feet. The Lieutenant pointed over the side. Archie looked down.

There, below them, was a graveyard. An occasional granite headstone glittered in the brilliant Texas sun. To their left, San Antonio sprawled on the prairies. By craning his neck, he could see Brooks Field with its mile-long stretch of hangars, its water tower with wind cone atop, and its huge balloon hangar. If it weren't for that sickening smell of hot oil and that funny feeling at the pit of his stomach, he would enjoy everything so much more.

What was happening? Without warning the nose had pointed straight for the ground. They were spinning. The engine was roaring full-speed. Straight below them was the graveyard. To Archie it seemed to be leaping up, beckoning them with open arms. There was a choked feeling in his throat as if his heart were playing leapfrog with his tonsils.

The earth was coming toward them at a frightful speed. He wondered if the ship was out of control or if the instructor was merely giving him a thrill. Somewhere he had heard the fellows talking about a "power spin"—a spin with the engine on. Probably that was what the Lieutenant was doing, to see if he was game.

The graveyard was close to them now; Archie's perceptions were very keen. As he remembered it, his mind seemed to have been speeded up ever since they left the ground.

The ship, wires screaming, stopped spinning and leveled off; the engine died. The instructor turned and shouted, "The graveyard—that's where careless pilots go."

Then Archie was sick. He couldn't help it. That spin had been too much for his stomach. At this moment Archie was certain that he was forever condemning himself to that hated nickname, "Sis."

They landed a short time later. The instructor said nothing, but he looked at Archie in a friendly, understanding manner. He did not censure Archie for getting sick.

Archie apologized. He saluted and hurried to the barracks for a shower and a change of uniform.

For the rest of the day he was terribly downhearted. The other Cadets were joyous and excited, enthusiastically reciting their experiences on this, their first day in the air. They compared instructors and instructions. They told of the length of time their instructors had kept them in the air. They spoke glowingly of their words of praise. Little was said of the criticism.

One of the Cadets called to him, "Oh, Archie, how did you make out with Lieutenant Ewitt? He is supposed to be the best pilot and the toughest instructor on the Field. What did he say when you got sick?"

"Darn it!" thought Archie. "I suppose I'll be kidded about getting sick as long as I'm a Cadet." But he replied, "Oh, he told me very nicely that it wasn't being done this year by the best of pilots. I thanked him for the praise." He grinned at his own wit. The others laughed.

Archie was soon forgotten in the general conversation, so he stretched out on his bunk and buried his head in the pillow. He was very much depressed and discouraged and felt he couldn't talk to the others about it.

Someone sat down on the bed beside him. A hand rested on his shoulder, and a voice spoke, "What's the matter, kid?" How confident and friendly the voice was! Strangely, Archie felt no resentment at being called "kid."

He half turned and looked up into the friendly grin of Red Bevins. He grinned sheepishly back.

"I'm contemplating turning in my resignation in the morning. I don't think I can stick the course, and I don't think my instructor really approves of me."

"Forget it. Don't be a quitter. You can't tell in half an hour if you're going to be a pilot. As for getting sick, lots of fellows do that." Red's voice possessed a confident quality that was stimulating to Archie. "Your instructor was an ace during the war and he's a good fellow, though hard-boiled. Now listen, kid, promise me you won't resign. Let them wash you out, but don't resign. Promise me," commanded Red.

Archie, heartened by Red's proffer of friendship, promised. "Do or die," he said. They laughed and shook hands.

Archie felt much better now. He hummed a song as he slipped out of his uniform and in between the sheets of his bunk. That night he dreamed of performing endless loops before an admiring throng. He dreamed of graveyards and tombstones. It seemed that he was flying low over a graveyard, bouncing his wheels off the higher headstones. One of these was carved into the features of Lieutenant Ewitt, his instructor. He took particular pleasure in bumping his wheels down on that one, and then dragging his tail skid across the face as he zoomed back into the air.

Archie's flying did not improve as rapidly as it should have. By the end of the third week he had five hours' dual instruction logged against him. He had also been sent to the orientators for two hours of practice in coordination of stick and rudder. But he still slipped and skidded in his banks. One wing drooped hopelessly. He over-controlled.

In fact, he was terrible. The Lieutenant told him so, but he knew it without being told.

Archie knew that he must solo in ten hours. If he couldn't, it meant the Benzine Board and washout. Twenty fellows had gone already. Lieutenant Ewitt had mentioned washout to him several times, and yesterday he had said that if his air work did not improve on the morrow, he would send him to the check pilot. The check pilot was the first step toward washout.

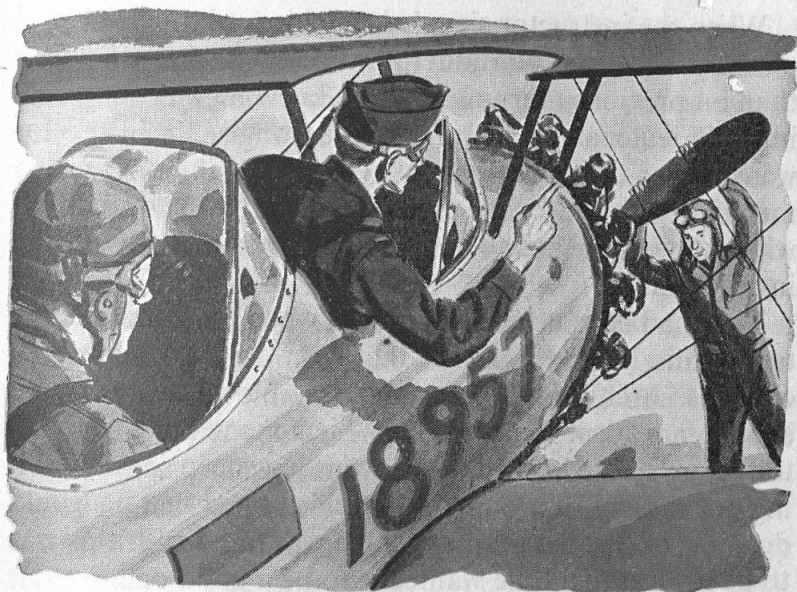
Thus Archie mused as he lay in the grass waiting his turn to go up. Thirty planes were in the air in his immediate vicinity. Far down the line over "A Stage" were many more, mere specks in the sky. They were at all heights, from ten feet off the ground to ten thousand. Their motors droned like great bees.

To his left, six Cadets were practicing take-offs and landings. One after the other they would come in and set their planes down, taxi for a short distance, take off again, ascend a hundred feet, level out, fly a huge circle, and land again, like grasshoppers playing follow-the-leader.

The plane with the white rag on its rudder indicated a Cadet's first solo flight. The handkerchief was a warning to all other ships to give him plenty of leeway. The plane came in to land. The excited Cadet forgot to cut his engine. The wheels bounced, and as the Cadet pulled the stick back, up went the plane again. A second time it came in with too much speed. The third time it landed ten feet in the air. Eight tries were made before it bounded in to finish some Cadet's first solo flight.

A plane fishtailed in for a landing—number thirty-four—Lieutenant Ewitt's. Tragically Archie thought, "My hour of trial has come." Then he laughed at himself. He sprang to his feet and ran out toward the ship.

"Remember, kid. Do or die!" Red was running beside him, encouraging him. Archie thought of the friendship



that had sprung up between them in the few weeks during their cadetship.

They had reached the plane now and seized its wings, bringing it to a halt. The motor idled; the prop turned lazily, a hazy circle in the morning sun, then stopped. Lieutenant Ewitt and a Cadet clambered from the cockpits.

Archie looked at the gas and oil and adjusted his helmet and goggles. He climbed into the back cockpit and fastened his safety belt.

Lieutenant Ewitt followed him into the plane. Red spun the propeller and the engine roared. The Jenny quivered, rumbled along for a few feet, and slid easily into the air.

The Lieutenant would not give him control until they had gained at least a thousand feet altitude, so Archie looked over the side enjoying what he feared was his last flight as a Cadet.

The field dwindled, the barracks and hangars of the post became smaller and smaller. The earth seemed to be falling away from them.

When the instructor signaled, Archie took the stick and placed his feet on the rudder bar. He seemed to do better than on previous mornings, but he knew he was not pleasing the Lieutenant. Archie felt that as long as the instructor was there to correct his mistakes, he depended on him too much. If only he could earn the right to fly by himself without heeding those commanding hands that waved him instructions!

They had been up fifteen minutes when Lieutenant Ewitt tapped his head, the signal that he would take over the controls. Archie's sigh of regret was blown away by the slip stream from the propeller. Lieutenant Ewitt pointed the Jenny's nose toward the heavens in a steep spiral, leveling out at eight thousand feet. Archie hoped that he would do some of the flying for which he was famous. If this was to be his last flight, he wanted it to be a good one.

As if in response to Archie's hopes, he dived to acquire greater speed and then pulled the nose up as if to loop. Then quite unexpectedly he turned it into a "Jenny Immelman." For fifteen minutes he did everything that could be done with a Jenny and many things Archie had always understood could not be done with one. As a grand finale, the Lieutenant went into a series of loops, until the wire stays screamed reproach at the continuous strain.

Twice the ship looped, perfectly, each time with the engine going full force. On the third dive, Archie thought the Lieutenant would never pull back on the stick. The wires howled in amazement at the stress.

"Why doesn't he come out of it?" Archie murmured to himself.

Sharply the ship nosed up, turned, and was on its back. Too long it seemed to stay there. Archie felt his weight drop into the belt as the centrifugal force was broken. There he hung, head down, five thousand feet above the earth, supported by a web belt across his lap.

Archie looked ahead, thinking that the Lieutenant would be staring at him to see if he was afraid. From the front cockpit Lieutenant Ewitt's hands hung straight down. He must have fainted, Archie thought.

Slowly the heavy engine pulled the nose down until the ship was diving. It began to spin. Archie could not see Lieutenant Ewitt now. He probably lay slumped in his seat, held in place by the safety belt.

It was up to Archie to fly the ship. He *must* get out of this dive. He was thinking coolly, instinctively, without excitement and without fear. He remembered one of Lieutenant Ewitt's terse statements. "A Jenny will come out of a dive herself if she has enough altitude."

Archie set his feet on the rudder and grasped the stick. He must get the ship under control. He applied a little more rudder. The ship stopped spinning. He pulled back on the stick, first slightly then a little more. The plane leveled out and once again was flying a straight course.

This happened almost too quickly for Archie to give it any thought. Next, he knew he must land and get the Lieutenant to the hospital. He threw the plane over in a tight bank and started for the field.

He was losing altitude as he flew. The altimeter on the board in front of him showed three hundred feet. He was close to the hospital. He was flying into the wind. He could see the windcone flying from the flagpole on one of the hangars. Good! He would not have to turn again.

Archie cut his engine, keeping his hand on the throttle. If he didn't make it the first time, he'd give it the gun and try again. He laughed to himself. If he crashed, he had picked out a good spot for it—in front of the hospital.

Now came Archie's hardest trial, the landing. Lieutenant Ewitt had not yet given him any instructions in landings and take-offs; his air work had been too poor. He knew the general principles of it, picked up from the

conversations of his comrades. He remembered the graphic description Red had given him of his first landing. Good old Red! Ah, well, he'd do or die; it would probably be do and crash.

He jazzed the engine to maintain his flying speed, because that was what the Lieutenant always did when he came in for a landing.

He was, he thought, twenty feet off the ground. He remembered Red telling of that first landing, "And when I got about ten feet off the ground, I eased back on her nose and kept easing back until she sat down on her two wheels and her tail skid for as pretty a three-point landing as anyone ever made."

Archie was only ten feet up now, but his speed was too great. He must lessen it or he would fly right into the hospital; fishtail as the Lieutenant always did! He kicked the rudder bar and the tail swung; now the other side. His speed slackened. He eased back on the stick.

He felt his wheels bump along the ground. The plane rolled easily along the earth. He hadn't cracked anything.

Archie cut the switch. That had been one of Lieutenant Ewitt's first instructions. The plane was still rolling. Its wheels came to a stop on the highway in front of the hospital as two astonished orderlies dashed from the porch. Archie signaled to them and, with their aid, he pulled the unconscious instructor from the cockpit.

They laid him on the grass while one of the orderlies ran for a stretcher. Before he could return, Lieutenant Ewitt sat up and gazed about him with a dazed expression. He looked at Archie kneeling beside him. He looked at the hospital and the ship. He felt his head. Then his eyes returned to Archie.

"What happened, kid?" he asked.

"We were in the third loop, sir," Archie explained, "when I noticed your hands hanging straight down. I sup-

posed you had fainted. The ship went into a dive. It came out though, and I flew it here and landed it. I don't know how I got down without crashing us, sir."

"And it was a good landing, Lieutenant. I thought he was going to fly right through the front door of the hospital, but he fishtailed and landed as pretty as I've ever seen." The orderly was enthusiastic over Archie's landing.

"I'll tell you what happened," said Lieutenant Ewitt, getting to his feet. He walked to the front of the plane and pointed at the radiator. The cap was missing. "When we went into that third loop, that cap shook off and cracked me between the eyes. Well, kid, you saved the day and our lives. And to think I was giving you your last ride before I washed you out!" He laughed and extended his hand.

Archie grasped it and then stepped back and saluted.

Lieutenant Ewitt returned the salute. "Forget the wash-out. I'll make a pilot out of you if it's the last thing I do. I'll solo you tomorrow."

Archie's blue eyes gleamed. No one could call him "sissy" now. He had earned the right to solo.

Check Yourself

Prepare to read aloud passages which will provide the necessary details to verify these statements:

1. It was only natural that some people thought Archie was a sissy.
2. Red Bevins' friendship was one of the things which kept Archie from being a quitter.
3. Archie did not progress as a pilot.
4. The other cadets also made mistakes.
5. Archie thought the Lieutenant intended to "wash him out."
6. He was without fear in an emergency.
7. Archie's feeling that he would be a better pilot if he were left on his own was correct.

8. He proved that he could act both intelligently and quickly.
9. Archie had a good memory and he relied on it.
10. Archie won the right to solo.

Make Your Vocabulary Grow

1. Explain the meaning of each of the following phrases. Why are these expressions suitable ones for this particular story? How do they add color and vitality to the narrative?
 - a. despaired of living it down, page 37
 - b. fend off the ground with his hand, page 37
 - c. succinct voice, page 37
 - d. peered into Archie's face, page 37
 - e. synchronize stick and rudder movements, page 38
 - f. wildly gesticulating hands, page 38
 - g. beckoning them with open arms, page 39
 - h. heart playing leapfrog with his tonsils, page 39
 - i. wires screaming, page 40
 - j. logged against him, page 41
 - k. as a grand finale, page 44
 - l. terse statements, page 45
 - m. remembered the graphic description, page 46
2. Check to see if you know the following aviation terms taken from the story:

propeller	safety belts	power spin
tight bank	nose	loops
leveled out	spins	tail skid
rudder bar	slip stream	altimeter
stick	jazzed the engine	dives
cockpit	fishtail	altitude

The Conquest of the Air

By Harold T. Pulsifer

With a thunder-driven heart
And the shimmer of new wings,
I, a worm that was, upstart,
King of kings!

I have heard the singing stars,
I have watched the sunset die,
As I burst the lucent bars
Of the sky.

Lo, the argosies of Spain,
As they plowed the naked brine,
Found no haven-girded main
Like to mine.

Soaring from the clinging sod,
First and foremost of my race,
I have met the hosts of God
Face to face:

Met the tempest and the gale
Where the white moon-riven cloud
Wrapped the splendor of my sail
In a shroud.

Where the ghost of winter fled
Swift I followed with the snow,

Like a silver arrow sped
From a bow.

I have trailed the summer south
Like a flash of burnished gold
When she fled the hungry mouth
Of the cold.

I have dogged the ranging sun
Till the world became a scroll;
All the oceans, one by one,
Were my goal.

Other wingèd men may come,
Pierce the heavens, chart the sky,
Sound an echo to my drum
Ere I die.

I alone have seen the earth,
Age-old fetters swept aside,
In the glory of new birth—
Deified!

Share Your Ideas

1. Read the poem silently to find out why it is called "The Conquest of the Air." Why is this a good title?
2. Select five difficult words and phrases in the poem. Discuss them with the class.
3. Express in your own words the way the aviator feels about flying. Read lines which express his attitude. Can you understand why the pilot feels this way?
4. List the things the aviator has done which other men cannot do.
5. Do you consider this poem one of "doing," "thinking," or "feeling"? Read lines from the poem to prove your choice.

King Joins the Army

By Norma Bicknell Mansfield

To help you discover hints

In the frozen North there is no more important service than that of giving help to people who are snowed in, or are unable to reach shelter. The hazards of weather make the use of dog teams invaluable. Here is a story of a girl who had to make a difficult decision concerning her "lead dog," King. As you read, notice the hints in the story, for they will help you to anticipate events.

The wind was nipping Claire Jameson's heels as she started her dog team down the easy snow-slope to the river. Up ahead she could see King, the best loose leader in Alaska. He was moving into his final speed, the one reserved for coming home. Behind him, his six-dog team unlinked a notch or two to keep up.

"We're going home!" Claire shouted. "Hallelujah, mush!"

It had been a long run, thirty miles, through the dusk of an Alaskan winter day. Now it was evening, and the dusk had changed to a hushed darkness where the only sounds were the muffled noises of the moving sled and team. To Claire, who had lived most of her life up here, the bleak white landscape, dotted here and there by clumps of huddled spruce, black against the snow, held a challenge. Alaska showed no patience with weaklings. But Claire wasn't a weakling, and she was happiest when the challenge was keen.

On her sled were boxes of medical supplies she was bringing in from a way station where they had been left

for her brother to pick up. Claire's brother was Doctor Peter Jameson, one of the busiest men in the North now that Alaska had become a new frontier. Claire was his errand boy, and King was her mainstay. With him to lead her team, she was never afraid in this treacherous country.

King turned his team short of the lights of the small village and headed toward a log house set back among the trees. This was home.

Claire's Indian kennelman, Boal, was outside the kennels. Even as they exchanged greetings, he was loosening the dogs from the line.

"These boxes," Claire pointed to the sled, "can be put in a corner of the kitchen, Boal. They're pretty heavy."

"I take 'em in," Boal nodded, and with a last affectionate pat for King, Claire made her way to the house and entered through the kitchen door.

Namak, the Jameson's Indian woman, looked up from the biscuit dough in her bowl. "Glad you come," she said. She seldom smiled, but Claire was a favorite with her, and her dark eyes were warm with welcome.

"Company dinner?" Claire asked, looking around her.

"Army come," Namak said simply.

"The Army?"

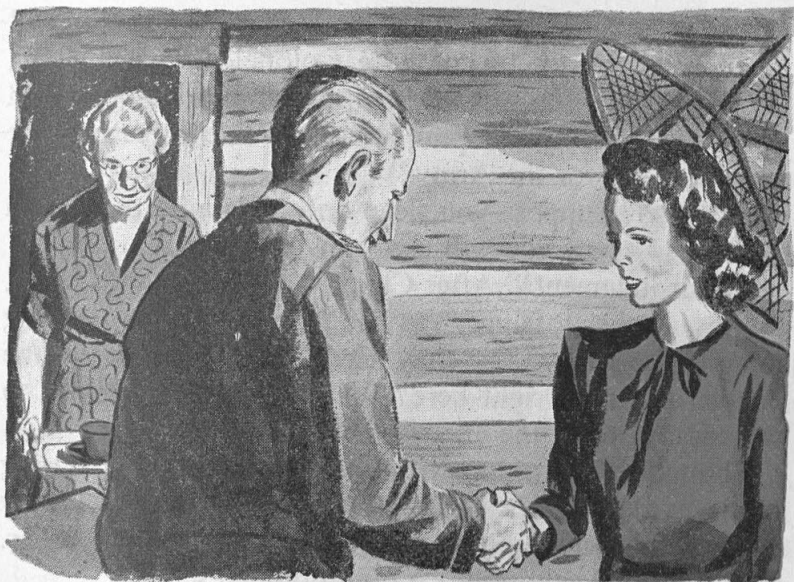
"Come for King."

The girl looked up swiftly. "King? I told that Lieutenant that we need King more than the Army does. They can get other dogs. There's only one King."

"He's waiting," Namak said, shrugging. "In there." She indicated the living room, but Claire went into her bedroom and changed into a dress before meeting the visitor.

Gran was serving tea, her cheeks surprisingly smooth and round, despite the many wrinkles in her face. She was vigorous and outspoken, and Claire adored her.

"This is Colonel Evans," Gran said, and Claire turned to shake hands with a tall, gray-haired man whose smile



was warm and friendly. "So they're sending a Colonel for King this time," she thought drily.

"I had to meet a member of Congress here, a Mr. Gray, who is coming up to inspect our Alaskan bases," the Colonel said, putting Claire at ease with his quiet voice. "I thought I'd get King to take back with me this time."

Claire laughed. "The Army isn't easily discouraged, is it?" She went on soberly. "We need King ourselves. There isn't a freighter around here. My team is the only one available for errands and emergencies. King is my team."

"The fact is," the Colonel said, ignoring her comment, "we want dogs for the Signal Corps, and especially a dog as famous as King. From the stories I've heard about him, he's earned that fame. We can use his intelligence." He paused and went on more gravely, "It is important, or we wouldn't be asking you to make this sacrifice. I know it will be a heavy one, but even without your leader, your team is known to be one of the best in Alaska. Your dog should be serving his country."

"He is," Claire said, but she couldn't put into words all the facts necessary to convince Colonel Evans how big Pete Jameson's job was up here, how much he depended upon his sister—and upon King. "We've already done some hauling for the Army."

"That so? Suppose you sleep on it. It's a hard decision to make. I know you will use your judgment."

"Your judgment!" After Claire went to bed that night, she lay awake, tossing. Was she being selfish in denying King to the Army? Did they need him more than did the people he served right here? Where would his service to the country be of the greatest benefit?

Thought of her team without King, thought of losing him, was almost unbearable. If Pete were only here! If only Gran would say a positive word, one way or the other. But Gran had said only, "You'll do what's right."

Next morning her face was pale but her decision was made. King must go. He would make a good soldier.

Her voice was steady when, at the breakfast table, she said to the Colonel, "I've decided to let King go. When will you take him?"

The Colonel rose, came around the table, and put an arm over her shoulders. "You're a good soldier," he said.

Only Gran's eyes were troubled. She said nothing at all, but she poured cream instead of honey on her pancakes.

Claire was glad she had an errand that morning. The Colonel said he would spend the day getting acquainted with King, and that evening a plane would be here to pick him up. Claire nodded and left the room.

In the kennels, King was waiting, tail wagging joyously at the thought of a run. She took the black dog's stubby face in her hands. His small eyes, wide set and eloquent, held hers with their usual faithfulness.

"You're staying here, old boy," she said. The black tail dropped. Boal looked at her in astonishment.

"No take King?" he asked.

"It's a short run," Claire said evasively. To Boal, King was a miracle dog. Let him believe in miracles a little while longer.

She put Pinto in the lead position, tied to the line, and headed the team through the town of Frozen Bend. Snow was falling. The air was heavy and, as she urged the team toward the river and lined it out on the frozen surface, she was aware of the feeling, familiar in her bones from experience, that the day would end in a blizzard. And Claire was glad. Let it snow, let the wind blow, let the white world close in about her. It might shut out her thoughts.

As the six-dog team sped along the surface of the ice, obedient to her command, trained to respond as a unit, she admitted that today they showed no need of King. It was as though, agreeing with the Army, they knew themselves to be superlative even without him. They ran side-on to the growing storm, eager and swift.

Claire drove into the trail that turned left from the river. She was taking magazines and medicine to Jed Beal, a former freighter. He was confined to bed, awaiting the third operation on his legs.

"Like I said," he began when Claire was in his room, Mrs. Beal for once wordless, "I was tired and my team was tired, and then we came to this ice overflow, and I figured we were close enough home so that I wouldn't have to stop and dry out." He always went through the story from first to last. It still astonished him that he, Jed Beal, having lived most of his life in Alaska, had fallen victim to the cruel rebuke the country always meted out to the careless. With both legs frozen, Doctor Jameson had thought at first that Jed might lose them, but he believed now that a third operation might put him on his feet again.

He lifted a skinny finger and, shaking it solemnly at Claire, warned, "Don't you ever forget—this is Alaska. It

isn't a place for the weak or foolish. You have a good head on your shoulders. Don't you get forgetful, like I did."

He went on talking, glad to have company, while in the kitchen Mrs. Beal made the cup of chocolate she knew Claire loved. "Sometimes I get to worrying," Jed confessed, "about these Army men. They seem to figure, cause they fly planes instead of driving dogs, they can take chances. There isn't anybody, not even the Army, can play ducks and drakes with this country when she's roiled up."

"She's roiled up right now," Claire said. "There's a blizzard howling right down off the Ghost Mountains. That reminds me—" she stood up and reached for her parka, "Pete's due this afternoon. I have two boxes of medical supplies to sort out before he gets home."

She took time, however, to drink the cup of chocolate Mrs. Beal had made. "Jed," she said impulsively, her heart too full of grief to withhold it, "King's joining the Army."

"What's that?" The sick man sat up, shocked into action.

"It's true. They're taking him out by plane this evening."

"Why," Jed sputtered, "I never heard of such a thing! Why, there are a hundred people in this community who haven't anybody but that dog to depend on; that dog and you. He won't be any good without you, Claire. You know that. You know he'll pine himself to death."

Claire got away as soon as she could. This was her fear, too, that King would actually die of loneliness.

Going home, she urged the team to its best speed, trying to outdistance the warning voices within her. "They're selfish voices," she told herself stubbornly. "I don't want to let him go."

At home, Claire found Gran busy in the kitchen preparing dinner with Namak's help. Colonel Evans had accepted her invitation for himself and the Congressman who would arrive by plane that night. There would be his pilot, too. And Pete would be home. Soberly and with

great patience, Claire went about the job of sorting boxes of medical supplies.

The Colonel was out somewhere with King. Neither Gran nor Claire spoke of the dog, but she could imagine King's confusion, deprived of sled and team, taking a brisk walk in the snow with the stranger. The afternoon passed swiftly and dinnertime came, but Pete had not come home. Although the Colonel was fretting about the overdue plane, experience had taught Claire not to worry.

"They may be having trouble over the Ghost Mountains," Claire said. "The wind coming from there today indicates a blizzard by tomorrow. It's a good thing you're leaving tonight. A plane might have trouble getting out of here tomorrow."

"Planes these days," Colonel Evans began, his voice sharp with worry, "aren't delayed by the weather."

Claire said nothing, but into her mind abruptly came Jed Beal's words, "There isn't anybody, not even the Army, can play ducks and drakes with this country when she's roiled up."

Colonel Evans strode across to the radio. It was always kept on short wave, and Claire saw him set it on what she judged to be the wave length that would bring in any message from the overdue plane.

"We might as well have dinner," he said. "No need to spoil a good meal by waiting." But he didn't eat much, and halfway through it he glanced irritably toward the radio. As though obeying his unspoken command, a voice came through clearly.

"This is Lieutenant Le Clerc, calling Frozen Bend. We are lost over the Ghost Mountains and are short of gas. Cannot be sure just where we are. Think mountains behind us. Will have to come down. Blizzard on our tail." There was a long silence. "We are setting down," the voice began again. "We are setting down. Can't see anything."

That was all. They waited, not speaking, scarcely breathing. No further word came through. Had the plane crashed?

Colonel Evans turned to Claire. His voice was sharp. "Where can we get a man to send out?"

"There isn't anyone to send but me." Claire was surprised by his question. She thought she had made it sufficiently clear that she was now the musher in this region.

"You?" Colonel Evans found that hard to digest. "You know that country, toward Ghost Mountains? Have you any idea where they came down?"

"Hans Larsen, a friend of ours, has flown across a few times," Claire said slowly, thinking. "If the pilot has been across before, he's done what Hans always did, fly through the pass. That would put the plane somewhere between the river and the foot of the mountains." She left the room, forgetting that the Colonel was there, aware only that here was another job to be done. There was one chance in a thousand of finding the Army plane.

She returned to the living room dressed for the trail.

"Your grandmother went out to tell your kennelman to put the team in harness," Colonel Evans said, concern in his voice.

Claire nodded. "I'll take King, but the chances of finding that plane are slim. You understand that, don't you?" she asked.

Unexpectedly the Colonel put his big hands on the girl's shoulders. "If I could take your place," he said, "I would. Good luck!" That was all, but Claire stepped out into the wind and snow with renewed courage.

"All right, King!" Nodding her thanks to Boal for having the team ready for her, she lifted her voice in the ringing words of challenge she had always used with her team, "Hallelujah, mush!"

King recognized the urgency in her voice. At the head of his team, he started off at a smooth and rhythmic pace,

stepping a faster rhythm before they were on the river trail. Behind her eyelids, tears stung Claire's eyes. She could not help herself. This dog, this stubby-faced, coal-black wonder, was part of her life, the biggest part of her life up here. Without him no trail would be joyous; all trails would be hard. Here he was, facing his team into a gale that howled with increasing fierceness as they hit the river and turned down it for the trail leading east to the Ghost Mountains. Here he was, yesterday's long, wearing haul already forgotten, giving his best again as he always did.

"King," Claire whispered, "King!"

The night was cold and fierce with the pitiless fury of wind and driving snow. She kept her muffler well up about her face, but already the wind had begun to numb her cheeks. When they turned east again toward the mountains, they would face the full blast of the howling torment brewed up there among the jagged peaks, flung down here in contempt of all who dared its strength tonight.

"Hallelujah!" Claire shouted defiantly. "Hallelujah, mush!" And up ahead King paced his team to a faster step. He took the seldom used trail leading to the pass as though he had made it himself. No trail he had once taken was ever forgotten; no danger he had faced, overlooked. When he swerved the team abruptly, swinging wide in the blinding snow, Claire knew he was going around the spot where his team had bogged a year ago. She knew they had reached the foot of the pass.

"All right, boy!" she said grimly. "Now we play blind-man's buff."

With her hand on the dog to make him understand, she lifted her voice in a high, piercing scream. There was a chance, unless both men from the plane were dead, that she would be heard. She screamed again, and still again. There was no answer. Except for the blustering voice of the storm, there was no sound.

"We must start looking," Claire said. She was tired. She knew she was tired when the silence following her scream made her uneasy. Weariness in this country brought hallucinations. She had had almost no sleep last night, and the trip to Jed Beal's had been long.

"Boy," she said, and her hand touched the black head again, "I'll do what I can, but it's mostly up to you."

Following a plan she had evolved on her way out, she started from the foot of the pass and zigzagged to the river and back again, moving north, stopping from time to time to give that unearthly scream. The dogs in the team whimpered when they heard it. King came back twice to touch her hand, asking explanation, but she kept doggedly on.

For two hours she kept the team moving on the angling route, fighting her weariness, holding to hope. Finally she turned the team and started back to the mouth of the pass again. They would zigzag south this time. The snow was beginning to slow the team, but King's knowing feet picked up what trail there was, and Claire rode the runners going back to the starting point, aware of her wearying muscles.

"All right, boy," she said at last, "we'll start again from this point." Here in the lee of the mountains the wind was not so harsh, but the night was dark and oppressive with its menace of deepening snow. Claire was cold. She could no longer fight off her fatigue; her senses were dulled by it, her thoughts confused. Still she pushed on, lifting her voice again and again in the piercing "I-eee-eee" that told help was coming if it was not too late.

It seemed to her, abruptly, that King was making shallowing angles.

"King," she called sharply, "mind the way. *Gee!*"

She gave the piercing call again. King came back to touch her hand. "It's all right, boy," she said, impatient with her weariness. "Get up there at the head of your team. You're wasting time. I-eee-eee!"

Her throat was stiff and sore, and her fingers were numbing. "I should turn back," she thought. "I should rest and come back again later." What had Jed said? "Don't get forgetful." In the excitement of the late afternoon, in the moment of starting, she had forgotten that weariness in this white waste could be as dangerous as a storm.

"King!" She'd send the team straight to the river from here. There was no other team to come out, and it would be disastrous for the lost men if she fell by the trail. She must get home. It would be faster on the river. "King, gee!"

The dog seemed not to hear her. Up ahead, leading the tiring team, he drew ahead of them, his black brush fading swiftly in the falling snow. "King!" Claire called, alarmed. What was the matter with him? "King!"

She had never known him to disobey her commands. A feeling of terror swept over her. What had happened to the dog? She lifted her voice and shrieked his name. Instantly he was beside her, trying to reach her face with his tongue. "The dog's gone crazy," Claire thought.

"It's all right, boy," she said soothingly. There was a harness on the sled. She would catch him and tie him to the line. But he jerked away from her grasping hand and faded again into the whiteness. Claire did not know what to do, but she had to keep moving. She started the team and moved forward, trying to formulate a plan.

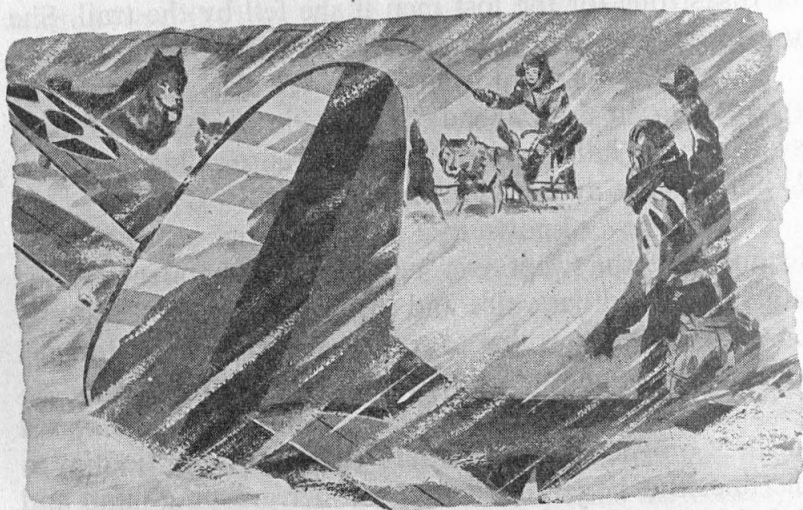
Somewhere up ahead she heard a muffled sound. It frightened her. Had King been stalking something? She pulled the whip from her handle bars and urged her team forward. Stark terror swept over her again.

Suddenly, as he had come before, the black dog took shape from the snow. And then he did a thing so unaccustomed that Claire could scarcely believe this was he. He barked, a series of sharp salutes to whatever it was he had found up ahead there in the snow. Almost instantly a man's voice, still muffled by the distance, hailed the dog.

"Here, boy," the voice said. "Come back! Come back!"

"King!" The girl took his stubby head in her mittened hands for one brief moment. "You found the plane."

When he saw that Claire at last was trusting his judgment, the black dog again took his place at the head of the team and led it straight back toward the mountains. There, its nose tilted, much of it not even visible because of the wall of snow, was the Army plane.



"Hello," a man's voice called, and Claire saw a bundled figure coming slowly forward. The man reached out both hands and took hers, pumping them eagerly. "It's Claire Jameson, isn't it? I'm Le Clerc. I knew you'd come. When I saw that black dog, I knew you'd come."

"I've been screaming and screaming," Claire said.

"I heard you the last three times, and I answered."

"You did?" She found it hard to believe, but then she remembered the muffler bound around her ears and face, held in place by the parka hood. And she remembered her suspicion that sleep was almost upon her. "King heard you," she said. "He tried to tell me."

"He kept coming back and going off again," the man said. "I didn't know what to make of it."

He led her to the plane. "The radio went out when we pancaked. I've been afraid we wouldn't be found in time. Mr. Gray was knocked out. I don't know how badly hurt he is, and I didn't dare leave him to strike out for help." The older man, swathed in a sleeping bag, was lying at a crazy angle across the makeshift bed Le Clerc had fixed for him in the tilted plane. "He's been like that since we crashed," the pilot said. Gray's face was pale. There was a little blood at the corner of his mouth.

"I'll go back for my brother," Claire said swiftly. "He'll be here in about two hours. Can you hold out until then?"

"Me?" the pilot replied. "I grew up in this country, sister. That's how I knew who you were. I guess I half knew the black dog when I saw him, but I didn't quite dare believe you had found us so fast. Tell the Colonel we got a lot farther than I figured we would when we started. I knew we shouldn't try it in such weather, but Mr. Gray insisted." He was still talking as Claire turned back to her team. "This will be a lesson to both of us," he said.

Claire lifted a hand to wave him back and started the team straight for the frozen river. Going that way, perhaps they could pick up a half hour, and Pete could follow her tracks coming back.

Next morning Claire awoke to find Gran sitting beside her bed with a bowl of steaming broth in her hand.

"Did Pete find the plane?"

"King led him straight to it. He had Mr. Gray back here and in bed within an hour and a half. He'll be all right. Stop talking and take some broth. I ought to take you out to the States where you won't get into so much trouble."

There was a knock at the door and Colonel Evans came in, followed by Le Clerc. The pilot grinned at her.

"I've been trying to talk the Colonel into giving you a commission in the Army," he said. He spoke jokingly, but his words brought back abruptly to Claire the knowledge that King was no longer hers.

"Just the same," she said quietly, "I have proved the point I tried to make to you, Colonel Evans. Without King my team is not as good. And neither am I."

"Without King?" Le Clerc said, startled into speech again.

Claire told him the plan.

"Why," he said, "why, Colonel Evans, a third of the people in Alaska will be after your scalp if you take that dog. He means something special to all of us. Even before that plane touched the ground last night, I had begun to figure how long it would be before we were rescued, if Claire heard that we needed rescuing. Why, sir, you can't take King!" He blushed abruptly. "I'm sorry, sir," he said stubbornly, "but King belongs here."

The Colonel smiled. Seeing that smile, the tight pain around Claire's heart loosened.

"King seems to be working for the Army right here," Colonel Evans said. "There's not much point in shifting him to a new location. So keep your dog, Claire Jameson, and go on serving your country, both of you." He bent over the girl and took her hand in his warm clasp. "I want to say 'thank you' to two good soldiers."

Check Yourself

Tell what you thought would happen when you read each of the following hints. Then write five other hints you found as you continued the story. Compare yours with those of other class members.

1. With King to lead her team as she distributed medical supplies in Alaska, Claire Jameson was never afraid in the treacherous weather.

2. The Army wanted King for the Signal Corps and sent a Colonel to secure him.
3. There was no man in the vicinity to take Claire's place.
4. There was no dog in the North that could equal King.
5. Claire had a difficult decision to make when she met Colonel Evans and learned of his mission.

Make Your Vocabulary Grow

1. The words below, taken from the story, helped to make the reading more interesting and enjoyable. Find the sentences in which the words were used and reread them. Explain their meanings as used in this story.

eloquent, page 54

evasively, page 55

meted, page 55

superlative, page 55

impulsively, page 56

deprived, page 57

urgency, page 58

hallucinations, page 60

evolved, page 60

oppressive, page 60

disastrous, page 61

formulate, page 61

2. The following words and phrases indicate qualities of character which were demonstrated by boys and girls you read about in this unit. For each word or phrase, write the name or names of the character who, in your opinion, exhibited this quality to the greatest degree.

a. reasoning ability

b. sheer bravery

c. unselfishness in the face of danger

d. patience

e. curiosity in regard to adventure

f. resourcefulness in the face of danger

g. determination to succeed

h. imagination

i. intelligence

j. dignity and poise

How to Review Books

Reviewing books has become so important that today it is carried on by newspapers as a regular news service. Magazines, such as *Child Life*, *Junior Scholastic*, *Senior Scholastic*, and pamphlets of such organizations as the current book clubs reserve a generous space for book reviews. It is advantageous for you to develop the ability to evaluate this material. In this way you can learn to choose intelligently the books you wish to read, and at the same time get acquainted with the techniques of making an acceptable book review. It is wise to read more than one review of a single book, since people's tastes in reading naturally differ. Then from these reviews, decide for yourself whether the book is one that will interest you.

A review presents the reader with an opinion of the book. The type of book under consideration will determine the points discussed. Through some device, the reader must be given a general idea of what the book contains. This can be done in various ways without revealing the entire plot of the book. For this purpose, the following items, several of which may appear in the same review, are often utilized:

1. A brief "overview" of the subject, omitting details
2. The scope of the book
3. Information about the author—
 - a. Reputation in the field of literature
 - b. Personal characteristics
 - c. Characteristics of his writing
 - d. Comparison with other books he has written
4. Characterizations in the book
5. Quotations which illustrate the style of the author
6. The reviewer's own opinion of the book

To help you evaluate book reviews

Read the three book reviews given here. Study each carefully, observing how they differ in the way they are written. Then answer the questions.

VALIANT COMRADES, by Ruth Adams

This is a splendid story of two cripples who rose above their misfortunes. Larry Hanson who had a crooked shoulder befriended Count, a poor puppy with a broken leg. With infinite patience Larry nursed the puppy back to health. His pride and joy were immeasurable when Count became a prize dog.

Larry loved his country and was disappointed when he was rejected for service in World War II. However, Dogs for Defense gave him the opportunity to utilize his ability to train dogs. His adventures in the Pacific were rewarded by the assurance that he and Count had served their country well.

The book is also unusually instructive in revealing the methods of training war dogs. Dog lovers will learn valuable lessons to teach their own dogs. No one should minimize the fact that dogs can be fitted into useful occupations and need not be mere pets or prize winners.

1. How does this review arouse interest in the book?
2. List Larry's commendable qualities revealed here.
3. For whom is this book written?

LOGGING CHANCE, by M. H. Lasher

In this colorful story you will read of how Bob Lodell tried his luck in a northwestern logging camp. From his father, who had gone bankrupt when he attempted to practice selective logging, Bob inherited his love of the woods and his desire to learn the logging profession. After he secured a job in a logging camp, he carried on

against heavy odds. Through his honesty and love of fair play, he incurred the anger of the camp superintendent. In spite of what amounted almost to persecution, he persisted until he solved a mystery and learned logging.

You will enjoy the swift action and intrigue, but you will see that the core of the book reveals a true picture of the logging business itself, with its tough, hard-working men, its dangers, and its reward of real adventure.

1. From the review, give the general theme of the story.
2. What do you learn about Bob's character?
3. Of what value is the book aside from giving the reader an exciting mystery story?

SOUTH AMERICAN ROUNDABOUT, by Agnes Rothery

Do you like to travel? This is a magic carpet book which will whisk you to foreign lands. You will journey to the old walled city of Cartagena, through the Panama Canal, to Peru, Chile, Argentina, and Brazil. You will ride the pampas with the gauchos, sniff the coffee roasting at Santos, and walk through the forests of Paraguay.

Since every wise traveler wants to learn about places he visits, their history and their mode of life, Miss Rothery introduces you to Pizarro, the Spanish conqueror, and to Bolívar, the George Washington of South America.

South American Roundabout is told with an enthusiasm which makes the reader want to visit the lands below the Isthmus.

Miss Rothery was born in Massachusetts where she worked as an editor and a contributor to magazines.

From the five suggestions below, choose the items which this review presents.

1. The scope of the book
2. The author's background
3. Characterizations
4. The reviewer's opinion
5. Reference to the author's other books

Share Your Ideas

1. Of all the activities involving the characters you have met in this unit, which one appealed to you most? Give reasons for your answer.
2. How does the material prove that people usually meet emergencies with courage and fortitude?
3. These characters accomplished tasks that seemed almost impossible. Tell the class about an undertaking of your own, completed under difficult conditions.
4. Have you recently heard radio broadcasts about adventures of sea, land, and air? Compare the stories of this unit with the ones to which you have listened.
5. Which character depicted in this unit would you choose for a friend? Write a paragraph explaining the specific reasons for your choice.

Select Good Books

There is no frigate like a book.

EMILY DICKINSON

Adventure stories always appeal to boys and girls. The following list should help you in your selection of such books:

WINGS FOR NIKIUS, by Josephine Blackstock

This is a gay story in spite of the fact that much of it deals with war. Nikius is a Greek boy who longed to fly. He loved the old Greek tale of Icarus and Daedalus and was proud of his glorious heritage. When war came, Nikius had an opportunity to prove his courage. You will love the quaintness of this story and learn to appreciate the courage of the Greek people.

RIP DARCY, by Jack O'Brien

Rip Darcy and his dog had spent two lonely years on an uninhabited island in the Pacific when they were rescued by the captain of the schooner *Repulse*. Living in the battered hulk of a ship all this time had been an adventure, but this experience was nothing compared with those that followed. In New York Rip was adopted by the Adventurers Club. One after the other, the club members took him on exciting journeys—India, China, and across the continents of the world.

SMOKE JUMPER, by Marjorie Hill Allee

This story of smoke jumpers provides lively reading. Bill Herold, the youngest jumper at Buck Horn Camp in Montana, was impatient because he was afraid his chance would never come. When it did, he not only jumped creditably, but also showed great bravery in helping a friend.

RENFREW RIDES THE SKY, by Laurie Y. Erskine

This is the story of Renfrew and his daring as a pilot during World War I. He received his training in Canada with the Royal Flying Corps and was then sent to England for duty. His daring exploits make interesting reading, and his encounters with the German ace, Bracker, are interesting illustrations of real sportsmanship in war.

KEEPER OF THE WOLVES, by Norma Bicknell Mansfield

Claire Jameson and her brother, Dr. Pete Jameson, lived in Frozen Bend, Alaska, where Pete practiced medicine and Claire drove a team of dogs to carry supplies to inaccessible places. Read the book and find out how Claire solved the mystery of the specter of Frozen Bend.

FOG HORNS, by Howard Pease

Gregg Richards, a college boy, wanted to go to sea. He never dreamed what mystery and intrigue awaited him there. As soon as he boarded his ship, his troubles started. Sabotage was discovered, and Richards became involved in the mystery.

MCALLISTER PATROL, by Norma Bicknell Mansfield

Lee McAllister was thrilled when her father, a Ranger, sent her out alone to scout for poachers. During the first night she saw a mysterious light and determined to find its source. Lee's adventures grow more and more exciting and end with her appointment as a permanent Park Ranger, an unusual position for a girl.

SALLY WINS HER WINGS, by Margaret Irwin Simmons

This is an exciting book about a girl who loved to fly. At eighteen she had her student's license. Later, while earning money for a commercial license, she encountered many strange experiences. Finally, after a long period of training, Sally became a ferry-pilot.

SILVER SADDLES, by Covelle Newcomb

Mexico is the scene of the exciting adventures of Flint Ryder and his golden racing horse. Flint's father sent him to Torreon for a horse, the gift of a friend. En route Flint and his horse had many narrow escapes which make thrilling reading.



2

Animal Wisdom



One Minute Longer

By Albert Payson Terhune

Wolf was so named because he was apparently a "throw back" to some long-ago ancestor. His traits as well as his appearance were unlike his collie parents. According to the following story, however, not even they could have exhibited greater heroism than did Wolf.

Wolf was a collie, red-gold and white of coat, with a shape more like his long-ago wolf ancestors' than like a domesticated dog's. It was from this ancestral throw back that he was named Wolf.

He looked not at all like his great sire, Sunnybank Lad, nor like his dainty, thoroughbred mother, Lady. Nor was he like them in any other way, except that he inherited old Lad's staunchly gallant spirit and loyalty and uncanny brain. No, in traits as well as in looks, he was more wolf than dog. He almost never barked, his snarl supplying all vocal needs.

The Mistress or the Master or the Boy—any of these three could romp with him, roll him over, tickle him, or subject him to all sorts of playful indignities. And Wolf entered gleefully into the fun of the romp. But let any human, besides these three, lay a hand on his slender body, and a snarling plunge for the offender's throat was Wolf's invariable reply to the caress.

It had been so since his puppyhood. He did not fly at accredited guests, nor, indeed, pay any heed to their presence so long as they kept their hands off him. But to all of these the Boy was forced to say at the very outset of the visit, "Pat Lad and Bruce all you want to, but leave Wolf alone. He doesn't care for people. We've taught him to stand a pat on the head but don't touch his body."

Then, to prove his own immunity, the Boy would proceed to tumble Wolf about, to the delight of them both.

In romping with humans whom they love, most dogs will bite, more or less gently—or pretend to bite—as a part of the game. Wolf never did this. In his wildest and roughest romps with the Boy or with the Boy's parents, Wolf did not so much as open his mighty jaws. Perhaps because he dared not trust himself to bite gently. Perhaps because he realized that a bite is not a joke, but an effort to kill.

There had been only one exception to Wolf's hatred for mauling at strangers' hands. A man came to the Place on a business call, bringing along a chubby two-year-old daughter. The Master warned the baby that she must not go near Wolf, although she might pet any of the other collies. Then he became so much interested in the business talk that he and his guest forgot all about the child.

Ten minutes later the Master chanced to shift his gaze to the far end of the room. And he broke off, with a gasp, in the very middle of a sentence.

The baby was seated astride Wolf's back, her tiny heels digging into the dog's sensitive ribs, and each of her chubby fists gripping one of his ears. Wolf was lying there, with an idiotically happy grin and wagging his tail in ecstasy.

No one knew why he had submitted to the baby's tugging hands, except because she *was* a baby, and because the gallant heart of the dog had gone out to her helplessness.

Wolf was the official watchdog of the Place, and his name carried dread to the loafers and tramps of the region.

Also, he was the Boy's own special dog. He had been born on the Boy's tenth birthday, five years before this story begins; ever since then the two had been inseparable.

One sloppy afternoon in late winter, Wolf and the Boy were sprawled, side by side, on the fur rug in front of the library fire. The Mistress and the Master had gone to town for the day. The house was lonely, and the two chums were left to entertain each other.

The Boy was reading a magazine. The dog beside him was blinking in drowsy comfort at the fire. Presently, the Boy looked across at the sleepy dog.

"Wolf," he said, "here's a story about a dog. I think he must have been something like you. Maybe he was your great-great-great-great-grandfather. He lived an awfully long time ago—in Pompeii. Ever hear of Pompeii?"

Now, the Boy was fifteen years old, and he had too much sense to imagine that Wolf could possibly understand the story he was about to tell him. But long since, he had fallen into a way of talking to his dog, sometimes, as if to another human. It was fun for him to note the almost pathetic eagerness wherewith Wolf listened and tried to grasp the meaning of what he was saying. Again and again, at sound of some familiar word or tone of voice, the collie would prick up his ears or wag his tail, as if in the joyous hope that he had at last found a clue to his owner's meaning.

"You see," went on the Boy, "this dog lived in Pompeii, as I told you. You've never been there, Wolf."

Wolf was looking up at the Boy in wistful excitement, seeking vainly to guess what was expected of him.

"And," continued the Boy, "the kid who owned him seems to have had a regular knack for getting into trouble all the time. And his dog was always on hand to get him out of it. It's a true story, the magazine says. The kid's father was so grateful to the dog that he bought him a solid silver collar. Solid silver! Get that, Wolfie?"

Wolf did not "get it." But he wagged his tail hopefully, his eyes alight with bewildered interest.

"And," said the Boy, "what do you suppose was engraved on the collar? Well, I'll tell you: '*This dog has thrice saved his little master from death. Once by fire, once by flood, and once at the hands of robbers!*' How's that for a record, Wolf? For *one* dog, too!"

At the words "Wolf" and "dog" the collie's tail smote the floor in glad comprehension. Then he edged closer to the Boy as the narrator's voice took on a sadder note.

"But at last," resumed the Boy, "there came a time when the dog couldn't save the kid. Mount Vesuvius erupted. All the sky was pitch-dark, as black as midnight, and Pompeii was buried under lava and ashes. The dog could easily have got away by himself—dogs can see in the dark, can't they, Wolf?—but he couldn't get the kid away. And he couldn't go without him. You wouldn't have gone without me, either, would you, Wolf? Pretty nearly two thousand years later, some people dug through the lava that covered Pompeii. What do you suppose they found? Of course they found a whole lot of things. One of them was that dog—silver collar and inscription and all. He was lying at the feet of a child, the child he couldn't save. He was one grand dog—hey, Wolf?"

The continued strain of trying to understand began to get on the collie's high-strung nerves. He rose to his feet, quivering, and sought to lick the Boy's face, thrusting one upraised white forepaw at him in appeal for a handshake. The Boy slammed shut the magazine.

"It's slow in the house, here, with nothing to do," he said to his chum. "I'm going up the lake with my gun to see if any wild ducks have landed in the marshes yet. It's almost time for them. Want to come along?"

The last sentence Wolf understood perfectly. On the instant he was dancing with excitement at the prospect of a



walk. Being a collie, he was of no help in a hunting trip, but, on such tramps, he was the Boy's inseparable companion.

Out over the slushy snow the two started, the Boy with his light single-barreled shotgun slung over one shoulder, the dog trotting close at his heels. The March thaw was changing to a sharp freeze. The deep and soggy snow was crusted over, just thick enough to make walking a genuine difficulty for both dog and Boy.

The Place was a promontory that ran out into the lake, on the opposite bank from the mile-distant village. Behind, across the highroad, lay the winter-choked forest. At the lake's northerly end, two miles beyond the Place, were the marshes where, a month hence, wild duck would assemble. Thither they plowed their way through the biting cold.

The going was heavier and heavier. A quarter-mile below the marshes the Boy struck out across the upper corner of the lake. Here the ice was rotten at the top where the thaw had nibbled at it, but beneath it was still a full eight inches thick, easily strong enough to bear the Boy's weight.

Along the gray ice-field the two plodded. The skim of water, which the thaw had spread an inch thick over the ice, had frozen in the day's cold spell. It crackled like broken glass as the chums walked over it. The Boy had on big hunting boots. So, apart from the extra effort, the glass-like ice did not bother him. To Wolf it gave acute pain. The sharp particles were forever getting between the callous black pads of his feet, pricking and cutting him acutely.

Little smears of blood began to mark the dog's course, but it never occurred to Wolf to turn back, or to betray that he was suffering. It was all a part of the day's work—a cheap price to pay for the joy of tramping with his master.

Then forty yards or so on the hither side of the marshes, Wolf beheld an amazing phenomenon. The Boy had been walking directly in front of him, gun over shoulder. With no warning at all, the youthful hunter fell, feet foremost, out of sight, through the ice.

The light shell of new-frozen water that covered the lake's thicker ice also masked an air-hole nearly three feet wide. Into this the Boy had stepped. Straight down he had gone, with all the force of his hundred-and-twenty pounds and with all the impetus of his forward stride.

Instinctively, he threw out his hands to restore his balance. The only effect was to send the gun ten feet away.

Down went the Boy through less than three feet of water and through nearly two feet more of sticky marsh mud that underlay the lake-bed.

His outflung hands struck against the ice on the edges of the air-hole and clung there.

Spluttering and gurgling, the Boy brought his head above the surface and tried to raise himself by his hands, high enough to wriggle out upon the surface of the ice. Ordinarily, this would have been simple enough for so strong a lad. But the glue-like mud had imprisoned his feet and the lower part of his legs, and held them powerless.

Try as he would, the Boy could not wrench himself free of the slough. The water, as he stood upright, was on a level with his mouth. The air-hole was too wide for him, at such a depth, to get a good hold on its edges and lift himself bodily to safety.

Gaining such a finger-hold as he could, he heaved with all his might, throwing every muscle of his body into the struggle. One leg was pulled almost free of the mud, but the other was driven deeper into it. And, as the Boy's fingers slipped from the smoothly wet ice-edge, the attempt to restore his balance drove the free leg back, knee-deep into the mire.

Ten minutes of this hopeless fighting left the Boy panting and tired out. The icy water was numbing his nerves and chilling his blood. His hands were without sense of feeling, as far up as the wrists. Even if he could have shaken his legs free from the mud now, he had not strength enough left to crawl out of the hole.

He ceased his uselessly frantic battle and stood dazed. Then he came sharply to himself. For, as he stood, the water crept upward from his lips to his nostrils. He knew why the water seemed to be rising. It was not rising. It was he who was sinking. As soon as he stopped moving, the mud began, slowly but steadily, to suck him downward.

This was not a quicksand but a deep mud-bed. Only by constant motion could he avoid sinking farther and farther down into it. He had less than two inches to spare before the water should fill his nostrils, less than two inches of life, even if he could keep the water down to the level of his lips.

There was a moment of utter panic. Then the Boy's brain cleared. His only hope was to keep on fighting—to rest when he must, for a moment or so, and then to renew his numbed grip on the ice-edge and try to pull his feet a few inches higher out of the mud. He must do this as long as his chilled body could be scourged into obeying his will.

He struggled again, but with virtually no result in raising himself. A second struggle, however, brought him chin-high above the water. He remembered confusedly that some of these earlier struggles had scarcely budged him, while others had gained him two or three inches. Vaguely, he wondered why. Then turning his head, he realized.

Wolf, as he turned, was just loosing his hold on the wide collar of the Boy's mackinaw. His cut forepaws were still braced against a flaw of ragged ice on the air-hole's edge, and all his tawny body was tense.

His body was dripping wet, too. The Boy noted that, and he realized that the repeated effort to draw his master to safety must have resulted, at least once, in pulling the dog down into the water with the foundering Boy.

"Once more, Wolfie! *Once more!*" chattered the Boy through teeth that clicked together like castanets.

The dog darted forward, caught his grip afresh on the edge of the Boy's collar, and tugged with all his fierce strength, growling and whining the while.

The Boy seconded the collie's tuggings by a supreme struggle that lifted him higher than before. He was able to get one arm and shoulder clear. His numb fingers closed about an upthrust tree-limb which had been washed down stream in the autumn freshets and frozen into the lake ice.

With this new grip and aided by the dog, the Boy tried to drag himself out of the hole. But the chill of the water had done its work. He had not the strength to move farther. The mud still sucked at his calves and ankles. The big hunting boots were full of water that seemed to weigh a ton.

He lay there, gasping and chattering. Then through the gathering twilight, his eyes fell on the gun, ten feet away.

"Wolf!" he ordered, nodding toward the weapon. "Get it! *Get it!*"

Not in vain had the Boy talked to Wolf, for years, as if the dog were human. At the words and the nod, the collie

trotted over to the gun, lifted it by the stock, and hauled it awkwardly along over the bumpy ice to his master, where he laid it down at the edge of the air-hole.

The dog's eyes were cloudy with trouble, and he shivered and whined as with ague. The water on his thick coat was freezing to a mass of ice. But it was from anxiety that he shivered, not from cold.

Still keeping his numb grasp on the tree-branch, the Boy balanced himself as best he could, and thrust two fingers of his free hand into his mouth to warm them into sensation.

When this was done, he reached out to where the gun lay and pulled its trigger. The shot boomed deafeningly through the twilight winter silences. The recoil sent the weapon sliding sharply back along the ice, spraining the Boy's trigger finger and cutting it to the bone.

"That's all I can do," said the Boy to himself. "If anyone hears it, well and good. I can't get at another cartridge. I couldn't put it into the breech if I had it. My hands are too numb."

For several endless minutes he clung there, listening. But this was a desolate part of the lake, far from any road, and the season was too early for other hunters to be abroad. The bitter cold, in any case, tended to make sane folk hug the fireside rather than to venture so far into the open. Nor was the single report of a gun uncommon enough to call for investigation in such weather.

All this the Boy told himself, as the minutes dragged by. Then he looked again at Wolf. The dog, head on one side, still stood protectingly above him. The dog was cold and in pain. But being only a dog, it did not occur to him to trot off home to the comfort of the library fire and leave his master to fend for himself.

Presently, with a little sigh, Wolf lay down on the ice, his nose across the Boy's arm. Even if he lacked strength to save his master, he could share the Boy's suffering.

But the Boy himself thought otherwise. He was not at all minded to freeze to death, nor was he willing to let Wolf imitate the dog of Pompeii by dying helplessly at his master's side. Controlling for an instant the chattering of his teeth, he called, "Wolf!"

The dog was on his feet again at the word, alert, eager.

"Wolf!" repeated the Boy. "Go! Hear me? Go!"

He pointed homeward.

Wolf stared at him, hesitant. Again the Boy called in vehement command, "Go!"

The collie lifted his head to the twilight sky with a wolf-howl hideous in its grief and appeal—a howl as wild and discordant as that of any of his savage ancestors. Then, stooping first to lick the numb hand that clung to the branch, Wolf turned and fled.

Across the cruelly sharp film of ice he tore at top speed, head down, whirling through the deepening dusk like a flash of tawny light.

Wolf understood what was wanted of him. Wolf always understood. The pain in his feet was as nothing. The stiffness of his numbed body was forgotten in his urgency.

The Boy looked drearily after the swift-vanishing figure which the dusk was swallowing. He knew the dog would try to bring help, as has many another and lesser dog in times of need. Whether or not that help could arrive in time, or at all, was a point on which the Boy would not let himself dwell. Into his benumbed brain crept the memory of an old Norse proverb he had read in school:

"Heroism consists in hanging on, one minute longer."

Unconsciously he tightened his feeble hold on the tree-branch and braced himself.

From the marshes to the Place was a full two miles. Despite the deep and sticky snow, Wolf covered the distance in less than nine minutes. He paused in front of the

gate-lodge, at the highway entrance to the drive. But the superintendent and his wife had gone shopping in Paterson.

Down the drive to the house he dashed. The maids had taken advantage of their employers' day in New York to walk across the lake to the village, to a motion picture.

Wise men claim that dogs have not the power to think or to reason things out in a logical way. So perhaps it was mere chance that next sent Wolf's flying feet across the lake to the village. Perhaps it was chance, and not the knowledge that where there is a village there are people.

Again and again, in the car, he had sat upon the front seat beside the Mistress when she drove to the station to meet guests. There were always people at the station. And to the station Wolf now raced.

The usual group of platform idlers had been dispersed by the cold. A solitary baggageman was hauling a trunk and some boxes out of the express-coop onto the platform to be put aboard the five o'clock train from New York.

As the baggageman passed under the clump of station lights he came to a sudden halt. For out of the darkness dashed a dog. Full tilt, the animal rushed up to him and seized him by the skirt of the overcoat.

The man cried out in scared surprise. He dropped the box he was carrying and struck at the dog, to ward off the seemingly murderous attack. He recognized Wolf, and he knew the collie's repute.

But Wolf was not attacking. Holding tight to the coat-skirt, he backed away, trying to draw the man with him, and all the while whimpering aloud like a nervous puppy.

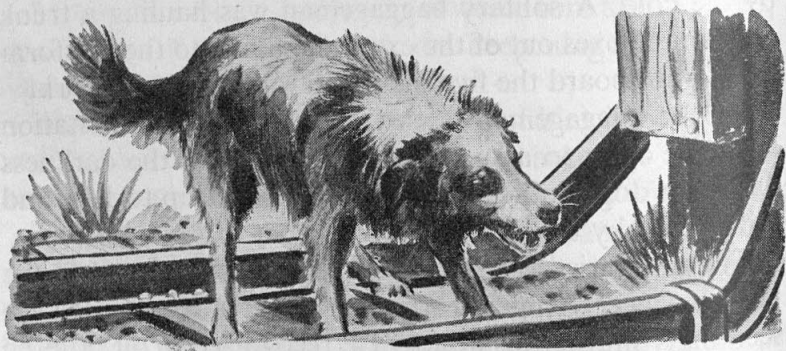
A kick from the heavy-shod boot broke the dog's hold on the coat-skirt, even as a second yell brought four or five other people running out from the waiting room.

One of these, the telegraph operator, took in the scene at a single glance. With great presence of mind he bawled loudly, "Mad dog!"

This, as Wolf, reeling from the kick, sought to gain another grip on the coat-skirt. A second kick sent him rolling over and over on the tracks, while other voices took up the panic cry of "Mad dog!"

Now, a mad dog is supposed to be a dog afflicted by rabies. Once in ten thousand times, at the very most, a mad-dog hue and cry is justified. Certainly not oftener. A harmless and friendly dog loses his master on the street. He runs about, confused and frightened, looking for the owner he has lost. A boy throws a stone at him. Other boys chase him. His tongue hangs out, and his eyes glaze with terror. Then some fool bellows, "Mad dog!"

And the cruel chase is on—a chase that ends in the pitiful victim's death. Yes, in every crowd there is a voice ready to raise that murderously cruel shout.



So it was with the men who witnessed Wolf's frantic effort to take aid to the Boy.

Voice after voice repeated the cry. Men groped along the platform edge for stones to throw. The village policeman ran puffingly upon the scene, drawing his revolver.

Finding it useless to make a further attempt to drag the baggageman to the rescue, Wolf leaped back, facing the ever larger group. Back went his head again in that hideous wolf-howl. Then he galloped away a few yards, trotted back, howled once more, and again galloped lakeward.

All of which only confirmed the panicky crowd in the belief that they were threatened by a mad dog. A shower of stones hurtled about Wolf as he came back a third time to lure these dull humans into following him.

One pointed rock smote the collie's shoulder, glancingly, cutting it to the bone. A shot from the policeman's revolver fanned the fur of his ruff as it whizzed past.

Knowing that he faced death, he nevertheless stood his ground, not troubling to dodge the fusillade of stones, but continuing to run lakeward and then trot back, whining.

A second pistol shot flew wide. A third grazed the dog's hip. From all directions people were running toward the station. A man darted into a house next door and emerged carrying a shot-gun. This he steadied on the veranda rail not forty feet away from the dog, and made ready to fire.

It was then the train from New York came in. And, for the moment, the sport of "mad-dog" killing was abandoned, while the crowd scattered to each side of the track.

From a front car of the train the Mistress and the Master emerged into a bedlam of noise and confusion.

"Best hide in the station, Ma'am!" shouted the telegraph operator, at sight of the Mistress. "There is a mad dog loose out here! He's chasing folks around, and—"

"Mad dog!" repeated the Mistress in contempt. "If you knew anything about dogs, you'd know mad ones never 'chase folks around,' any more than diphtheria patients do."

A flash of tawny light beneath the station lamp, a scurrying of frightened idlers, a final wasted shot from the policeman's pistol, as Wolf dived headlong through the frightened crowd toward the voice he heard and recognized.

Up to the Mistress and the Master galloped Wolf. He was bleeding, his eyes were bloodshot, his fur was rumpled. He seized the astounded Master's gloved hand lightly between his teeth and sought to pull him across the tracks and toward the lake.

The Master knew dogs. Especially he knew Wolf. And without a word he suffered himself to be led. The Mistress and one or two inquisitive men followed.

Presently, Wolf loosed his hold on the Master's hand and ran on ahead, darting back every few moments to make certain he was followed.

"*Heroism — consists — in — hanging — on — one — minute—longer,*" the Boy was whispering deliriously to himself for the hundredth time, as Wolf pattered up to him in triumph, across the ice, with the human rescuers a scant ten yards behind.

Share Your Ideas

1. Explain the significance of this story's title.
2. Why did the author have the Boy refer to the story of the dog of Pompeii? Prepare to read this story aloud.
3. Find instances in the story which prove the Boy deserved the dog's love and loyalty.
4. Explain how Wolf demonstrated his intelligence even before the Boy appealed to him for help.
5. Do you think the Boy's faith in Wolf helped him to hold on "one minute longer?" Cite a similar experience of your own.
6. The descriptive phrases given below add to the vivid effect of the story. See if you understand the underlined word in each phrase, using your dictionary.
 - a. uncanny brain
 - b. staunchly gallant spirit
 - c. looking in wistful excitement
 - d. a howl wild and discordant
 - e. alight with bewildered interest
 - f. flash of tawny light
 - g. teeth that clicked together like castanets
 - h. playful indignities

The Broncho that Would Not Be Broken

By Vachel Lindsay

A little colt—broncho, loaned to the farm
To be broken in time without fury or harm,
Yet black crows flew past you, shouting alarm,
Calling "Beware," with lugubrious singing . . .
The butterflies there in the bush were romancing,
The smell of the grass caught your soul in a trance,
So why be a-fearing the spurs and the traces,
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing?

You were born with the pride of the lords great and olden
Who danced, through the ages, in corridors golden.
In all the wide farm-place the person most human.
You spoke out so plainly with squealing and capering,
With whinnying, snorting, contorting and prancing,
As you dodged your pursuers, looking askance,
With Greek-footed figures, and Parthenon paces,
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

The grasshoppers cheered. "Keep whirling," they said.
The insolent sparrows called from the shed,
"If men will not laugh, make them wish they were dead."
But arch were your thoughts, all malice displacing,
Though the horse-killers came, with snake-whips advancing.
You bantered and cantered away your last chance.
And they scourged you, with Hell in their speech and their
faces,
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

"Nobody cares for you," rattled the crows,
As you dragged the whole reaper, next day, down the rows.
The three mules held back, yet you danced on your toes.
You pulled like a racer, and kept the mules chasing.
You tangled the harness with bright eyes side-glancing,
While the drunk driver bled you—a pole for a lance—
And the giant mules bit at you—keeping their places,
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

In that last afternoon your boyish heart broke.
The hot wind came down like a sledge-hammer stroke.
The blood sucking flies to a rare feast awoke.
And they searched out your wounds, your death-warrant
tracing.

And the merciful men, their religion enhancing,
Stopped the red reaper, to give you a chance.
Then you died on the prairie, and scorned all disgraces,
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

Share Your Ideas

1. Read the poem silently to learn the story. Prepare to tell the story to the class.
2. What pictures of the colt came to mind as you read the first two stanzas?
3. Did you admire the colt's independent spirit or condemn him for his misdeeds? How did you feel about the men who killed him?
4. Do you think the colt could have been broken by a person who understood and loved him?
5. Find the stanza which best explains the spirit and attitude of the colt. Read it orally to the class.
6. Read the poem orally, bringing out the rhythm which expresses the rollicking spirit of the colt.
7. Compare this poem with the story "Coaly Bay, the Outlaw Horse," by Ernest Thompson Seton.

Attitudes toward Animals

To help you evaluate different points of view

In the short stories that follow, you are to think as you read. In answering the questions that follow the stories, use your best judgment as well as your reading ability. You must form opinions through good thinking.

Do you know animals well enough to be able to judge different points of view concerning them? Notice differences in the attitudes of medieval men toward animals and the consideration given them by the Indians.

MEDIEVAL ANIMAL TRIALS

By A. H. Alexander

Animal trials rank among the strangest ceremonies of the Middle Ages. To the modern mind, these trials seem unreal and impossible to explain. Law and magic were mixed when dumb animals went on trial for their lives. The people of that time believed these animals were possessed by the devil—or *were* the devil, masquerading as a pig or goat.

In one instance, in the old Norman town of Falaise, in 1386, a pig was tried for injuring an infant. The trial was made a gay occasion, and all the people of the town turned out to witness it. The court gravely decided that the pig should be beheaded. The unfortunate porker was then dressed in clothes before being brought to the block. Clothing the pig gave such a spectacle its medieval touch.

Animals were not only punished for crimes in the Middle Ages, but if they happened to be freaks, they were treated

as witches and heretics. In 1474, on a hill near Kohlenberg, a rooster was burned at the stake for its unnatural crime of having laid an egg. A huge crowd witnessed the ceremony.

Swine that injured infants were the most common offenders among domestic animals. In the Middle Ages these animals roamed freely, acting as a sanitation department by eating the garbage. They became so fierce that small children playing in the streets were not safe in their presence.

In these trials a sharp difference was drawn between domestic and wild animals. Domestic animals, which could be easily arrested, tried, and convicted, came under the authority of the civil courts. But since it was impossible to seize insects and rodents and wild animals in large quantities, the church court often had to be called upon for help. Thus, when rats, mice, or beetles were an annoyance to the community, a church court would name a commission to investigate the nature and extent of damage done.

A lawyer was appointed to defend the animals which were called into court at three separate times. Upon failure to appear, the court would order that they leave the area or face further prosecution. When these practices were followed by an increase in the pests rather than a decrease, this was blamed on the sins of the people rather than on the foolishness of the courts.

Animals were often accepted in courts as witnesses. A man accused of having committed a murder appeared in court with his cat, dog, and rooster. When he swore in their presence that he was innocent and the animals made no objection, he was judged not guilty. If the man was lying, it was believed that the animals would be given the power of accusation.

There are varied medieval opinions of the responsibility of animals for their crimes. As one authority said, "If animals harm persons, they should pay the penalty with their lives to wipe out the memory of the enormity of the crime."

VALUE OF WILDLIFE

By W. J. Schoonmaker

Big Wolf, the medicine man of an Indian Tribe, instructed Beaver Boy in the ways of the wild. Thus Beaver Boy learned that there is a reason for everything and that nature plans wisely.

"You have learned well the ways of Flattail, the Beaver, of Whitetail, the Deer, and of many of your brothers who dwell in the forest," said Big Wolf, the medicine man, to Beaver Boy. Then he continued, and the boy silently drank in every word.

"In order to live, these creatures must depend upon the birds and animals which in turn depend upon the grasses and trees.

"All this my father knew, and it was he who told it to me. How he came to know it, I will tell you.

"When my father was a young man, he and another warrior sat on a mountaintop. Whitefoot, the deer mouse, ran about and the two men watched it.

"'Alas,' said my father's companion, 'the forest abounds with many kinds of mice and small birds and worms. We Indians do not eat them. We cannot make clothing from their skins. We could do without them. Is it not so?'

"My father could not agree or disagree with his friend. He did not know the answer. The wise men of the tribe and the medicine men could tell him nothing. So my father went forth to learn for himself.

"The secrets that were unfolded to him I will now tell you. Come, we go to the valley where Flattail once lived." And the medicine man led Beaver Boy to a fertile valley where Indian corn grew to a great height.

"Once," explained Big Wolf, "the Beaver lived here and his pond flooded the whole valley. There were many trees

here then, but those that were flooded soon died. Then the Wood Duck, which nests in the hollows of dead trees, came here to live and so did the narrow-winged Tree Swallow.

"There were few ponds near by, so the Black Duck also came here to live. Insects abounded and worms and caterpillars fell from the trees. These the brook trout ate.

"Many frogs made their way to the pond, and the Great Blue Heron, the Mink, the Otter, and the Raccoon stalked the shore, hunting these creatures. Once, when for a long time the skies gave no rain, the streams became dry and the Deer and Bear and many others came to bathe and drink.

"After the Beavers had eaten most of the poplar trees, they moved on, and when the dam began to leak, none were here to repair it. So the water ran out and this dry valley remained. Much silt and top soil washed into the pond, and many leaves and twigs sank to the bottom. This made fertile land, and that is why our corn grows here.

"The Martin must depend upon the Red Squirrel for the Squirrel is its most important food," said the man. "Because it is hunted, the Red Squirrel must always be watchful. Only the wise squirrel escapes the Martin, and this animal has children who are also wise. Each generation becomes more cunning, and this is good for the Squirrel tribe.

"It is good for other animals, too, that the Squirrel lives," continued Big Wolf, "because the squirrel stores hordes of nuts by burying them. Many of these the squirrel never digs up; so the nut begins to grow and soon another tree springs up. In this way the animals help to replant the forest. The Deer, Whitefooted Mouse, Bear, and other animals eat the nuts from trees planted by the Squirrel.

"The Deer and Turkey that feed upon these nuts are captured and eaten by the Wolf and Mountain Lion. So you see many animals depend upon the Red Squirrel."

The two Indians now came to a clearing, and a Red Fox disappeared into its burrow.

"Oh!" exclaimed Big Wolf. "Goldfur, the Fox, has babies." And he led Beaver Boy to the entrance of the den.

"This burrow was dug by Grizzlecoat, the Woodchuck," he explained. "The following year a Raccoon made this its home, and now a family of Red Fox is harbored here."

"In addition to providing a home for the Fox, the Woodchuck provides food for the animal because the Red Fox feeds upon the flesh of the 'Chuck.' But this is good, because this makes the Woodchuck alert and cunning."

Beaver Boy spoke of the mound of loose earth dug out and left before the burrow.

"Ugh! Other animals, too, are diggers," replied the man, pushing a stick into the earth to expose the underground tunnels of the Meadow Mouse and Hairy-tailed Mole. He then led the way into the forest and told Beaver Boy to dig. The boy loosened the soil and found a network of burrows.

"Through all the woodlands," said Big Wolf, "you may find these tunnels. They have been dug by the Star-nosed Mole, the Short-tailed Shrew, the Pine Mouse, and others. All of these creatures travel through these burrows and are unseen by their enemies."



here then, but those that were flooded soon died. Then the Wood Duck, which nests in the hollows of dead trees, came here to live and so did the narrow-winged Tree Swallow.

"There were few ponds near by, so the Black Duck also came here to live. Insects abounded and worms and caterpillars fell from the trees. These the brook trout ate.

"Many frogs made their way to the pond, and the Great Blue Heron, the Mink, the Otter, and the Raccoon stalked the shore, hunting these creatures. Once, when for a long time the skies gave no rain, the streams became dry and the Deer and Bear and many others came to bathe and drink.

"After the Beavers had eaten most of the poplar trees, they moved on, and when the dam began to leak, none were here to repair it. So the water ran out and this dry valley remained. Much silt and top soil washed into the pond, and many leaves and twigs sank to the bottom. This made fertile land, and that is why our corn grows here.

"The Martin must depend upon the Red Squirrel for the Squirrel is its most important food," said the man. "Because it is hunted, the Red Squirrel must always be watchful. Only the wise squirrel escapes the Martin, and this animal has children who are also wise. Each generation becomes more cunning, and this is good for the Squirrel tribe.

"It is good for other animals, too, that the Squirrel lives," continued Big Wolf, "because the squirrel stores hordes of nuts by burying them. Many of these the squirrel never digs up; so the nut begins to grow and soon another tree springs up. In this way the animals help to replant the forest. The Deer, Whitefooted Mouse, Bear, and other animals eat the nuts from trees planted by the Squirrel.

"The Deer and Turkey that feed upon these nuts are captured and eaten by the Wolf and Mountain Lion. So you see many animals depend upon the Red Squirrel."

The two Indians now came to a clearing, and a Red Fox disappeared into its burrow.

"Oh!" exclaimed Big Wolf. "Goldfur, the Fox, has babies." And he led Beaver Boy to the entrance of the den.

"This burrow was dug by Grizzlecoat, the Woodchuck," he explained. "The following year a Raccoon made this its home, and now a family of Red Fox is harbored here.

"In addition to providing a home for the Fox, the Woodchuck provides food for the animal because the Red Fox feeds upon the flesh of the 'Chuck.' But this is good, because this makes the Woodchuck alert and cunning."

Beaver Boy spoke of the mound of loose earth dug out and left before the burrow.

"Ugh! Other animals, too, are diggers," replied the man, pushing a stick into the earth to expose the underground tunnels of the Meadow Mouse and Hairy-tailed Mole. He then led the way into the forest and told Beaver Boy to dig. The boy loosened the soil and found a network of burrows.

"Through all the woodlands," said Big Wolf, "you may find these tunnels. They have been dug by the Star-nosed Mole, the Short-tailed Shrew, the Pine Mouse, and others. All of these creatures travel through these burrows and are unseen by their enemies.



"In digging these tunnels, soil is loosened and turned over, mixing rotting leaves with the earth. Rain washes through the loose soil and the tunnels, making the earth richer, so that trees and plants grow better in the forest."

Evening was approaching, and Beaver Boy slapped a mosquito that had settled on his bare arm. A big Brown Bat flitted through the trees, and the medicine man pointed up saying, "Nearly all night the Bats are out catching insects that flit about in the darkness. Many bugs that annoy us are eaten by these animals."

"The Nighthawk and the Whippoorwill fly about at night and eat insects. During the day, other birds catch many winged insects, while Moles and Shrews eat those that crawl about on the ground."

"Some worms and bugs weaken and kill our trees, but the Woodpeckers and Warblers and other birds kill and eat many of these creatures. Even fish eat insects that drop to the water or that live in the pond until they can fly."

The Indians, continuing toward their village, came upon a huge bird which flew to a near-by tree.

"Turkey Vulture," said Big Wolf, pointing to the carcass of a dead deer. "These birds are scavengers. They eat animals that they find dead. Thus, the dead creatures do not rot and cause unpleasant smells in our forest."

"Scavengers are not like the flesh eaters who hunt their prey. The hunters must be sly and cunning and they must work hard to get food. Lazy animals often go hungry, because the animals they hunt are alert and escape."

"Now I go to my wigwam for the smoke from the floor fire rolls out." And the medicine man strode away.

Beaver Boy knew that Big Wolf had imparted much wisdom, and the boy sat by his small fire pondering what he had learned. He thought of the Beaver, harmless and friendly, whose work was of benefit to so many of the forest folk, and of the Woodchuck, whose digging provided homes

for the Skunk, Raccoon, and Red Fox. He thought, too, of the bats, moles, and birds that captured and ate the worms and insects that annoyed the Indian and killed the forest trees. All of this the Indian lad thought of until the hoot of the Owl, late in the night, lulled him to sleep.

The next day, Big Wolf said to Beaver Boy, "For long hours you sat before your fire making wisdom in your head. What now do you believe?"

The keen eyes of the boy peered into the forest depths as he carefully worded his reply.

"The God of Nature," he answered, "has a great plan. Every living creature and plant is important in the scheme.

"We Indians do not know the value of every animal, bird, and tree, but we do know that everything has its place and nothing should be killed or destroyed unless it be for food or for some other very good reason. This is a law of nature and should we willingly break this law, the Gods will punish us for it. This I believe."

The medicine man nodded his approval.

"You have learned much. You are wise," he said. "The more you learn of the ways and lives of the forest people, the more you will understand their importance."

Check Yourself

1. These stories show two points of view in regard to how people felt in historical times about the way animals should be treated. Decide which point of view you think is right. Be ready to defend your idea.
2. Furnish further evidence gathered outside this story which proves your point.
3. Prepare two columns as shown on page 96. Under column I make a list of the reasons for medieval man's treatment of dumb animals. Under column II list reasons for the Indians' attitude toward animals.

I

II

Reasons for medieval man's
treatment of dumb animals.

Reasons for the Indians'
attitude toward animals.

Make Your Vocabulary Grow

1. Five words from the stories are listed below. After each word are four additional words. Write the five words on a piece of paper. Then from the four words, choose a synonym and write it beside the word.
 - a. carcass—(1) captive, (2) covering, (3) body, (4) tent
 - b. alert—(1) active, (2) arrogant, (3) careless, (4) correct
 - c. abound—(1) pleasant, (2) plentiful, (3) pleasing, (4) interesting
 - d. spectacle—(1) trial, (2) speech, (3) display, (4) pleasure
 - e. freak—(1) ordinary, (2) unusual, (3) unsuitable, (4) unfeeling
2. Five words from the stories are listed below. After each word you will find four additional words. Write the five words. Then from the four words, choose an antonym and write it beside the word.
 - a. heretic—(1) lawyer, (2) historian, (3) believer, (4) teacher
 - b. enormity—(1) magnitude, (2) gravity, (3) display, (4) insignificance
 - c. offender—(1) peacemaker, (2) gentleman, (3) magician, (4) helper
 - d. convicted—(1) forgiven, (2) acquitted, (3) condemned, (4) consoled
 - e. prosecution—(1) uncovering, (2) persistence, (3) defense, (4) amusement
3. In the stories, find the words listed in the first exercise. Do your synonyms convey the same thought?

Loyalty of Animals

To help you recognize similarities in stories

Many animals exhibit unusual loyalty to humans to whom they become attached. These stories should be read for enjoyment and for a comparison of animal behavior.

A DEER THAT PAYS A DEBT

By Erwin Hein

This is the story of Dotty, the deer who pays her debts. Several years ago Mrs. Clifford R. Lynn nursed an injured fawn back to health and thus became the foster mother of several succeeding generations of deer, for her grateful patient—the doe she named Dotty—now comes from the wilderness every spring with a new family to be raised.

Dotty tries a deer's utmost to adopt human behavior. She may be seen riding in the Lynn automobile. She trails Mrs. Lynn at daily chores. She "shakes hands" and rears on two legs to beg morsels. In countless ways Dotty shows devotion to the kindly housewife who saved her life.

It was a night in May that Dotty was brought to Mrs. Lynn. She was a pathetic little seven-pound fawn, barely one week old and much more dead than alive. She had been badly injured by an automobile. Mrs. Lynn washed her wounds and made a warm bed for her in a clothes basket. Every other hour for six weeks she fed the deer from a bottle, trying to keep alive the tiny spark of life. Finally the fawn recovered and was ready to leave the cabin.

Although Mrs. Lynn had become fond of the little waif, she did not try to discourage her return to the forest. It was



the mating call that finally persuaded her. She had hardly known the forest since the day of the accident. Then one autumn day, she stood with Mrs. Lynn at the edge of the forest, gazing into the shadows among the trees. With her nose she nudged her companion and then ventured away, a few steps at a time. At each pause she looked back, and Mrs. Lynn, accepting the hint, walked with her a mile or two. Finally, Dotty gained enough courage to go on alone.

Throughout that winter there were no further signs of Mrs. Lynn's guest. On May 6, however, she bounded home from the wilderness. Soon a fawn was born to her.

Dotty and her offspring remained through the summer. When Dotty sensed the call of the wild again, her daughter went along. There were the same eager gestures from Dotty, because she seemed to expect Mrs. Lynn to go with her. Just as before, the doe reluctantly but inevitably edged away from the comforts of civilization.

The next spring Mrs. Lynn might not have been surprised to see Dotty return, but her timetable precision was startling. On May 6—the date of her previous advent—she minced her way into the clearing again. This time Dotty had twins, a buck and a doe, as she has had each spring since. Never has she missed her homecoming on May 6.

Some of Dotty's children have come back to Mrs. Lynn, but they are not regular visitors. Some haunt her grounds at night, merely snooping for food in the friendly atmosphere of their birthplace, but they are gone with the dawn.

"Each autumn," says Mrs. Lynn, "at the first sign of winter, I wonder what puzzling signals go through Dotty's brain. There is no disputing that she is the pampered child of a tamer world, because I have granted her every whim. But she finds the annual call of the wild irresistible. What is it, then, that brings her home in the spring? Certainly I couldn't possess such appeal for Dotty, except that I have been a kind mother—the only one she can remember."

SPANKY IS A GROUNDHOG

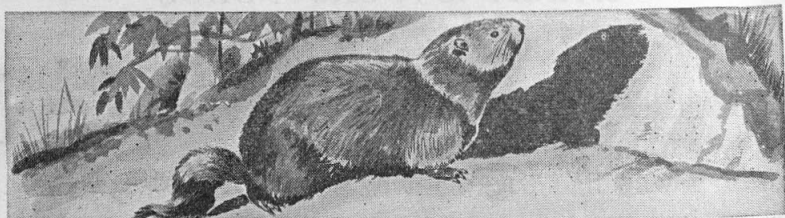
By Maybelle McCurdy

His name is Spanky Groundhog. More than four years ago we found him, almost starved, beside the body of his mother who had been shot by a hunter. We gave him a warm bed and fed him milk from a medicine dropper. He grew rapidly and soon exchanged the dropper for a small bottle. He then began to eat graham crackers which have remained a favorite delicacy.

We supposed, when he was able to shift for himself, he would leave us for the wild. But not Spanky! During his first summer he roamed the woods at will and dug hole after hole in which to hide, but several times a day he would wander in for his tasty graham crackers. Fall came and he started carrying leaves for his winter hibernation. He would rake together a pile and then start cramming them into his mouth with both paws, all the while keeping an alert eye for danger. He could stow away an astonishing number of leaves. When loaded to capacity, he would run for one of his numerous dugouts, soon to return for another load. Then, one cool windy day, he disappeared.

"Now," said we, "that is the last of Spanky, for by spring he will have forgotten us entirely." But back he came the next spring, as great a pet as ever.

Spanky does not keep the time-worn tradition that calls the groundhog out on the second of February when, if he sees his shadow, he returns to his hole for six weeks while we endure as many weeks of bad weather. On the contrary, he comes out when he wishes, regardless of the date. Once it was as late as March twenty-first. And, contrary to popular belief, he is not afraid of his shadow. To prove this he makes a point of appearing on a nice, sunny day, undaunted by the little shadow that persistently dogs his footsteps.



Then, too, Spanky has more intelligence than we thought a lowly woodchuck could possess. He knows his name and will come when called. He is inclined to be jealous of any other animal that aspires to become the pet of the family.

Life is not all sunshine for Spanky who has his troubles. Last summer he wandered over the hill too near the river, where he got his foot caught in a steel trap. But, being an intelligent little animal, he chewed the string with which the trap was tied. Instead of hiding as wild animals often do when injured, he dragged the trap to our door and stood patiently while we extricated his foot. He then ran into his hole and stayed a few days, returning a little wiser for his experience. All in all, we have found him an intelligent, lovable pet, and from association with him we have learned much about groundhogs.

Check Yourself

1. List five points showing similarities in these stories.
2. What did Dotty do to show her intelligence? Read instances from the story which prove your answer.
3. What did Spanky do to prove his instinctive trust? Be ready to prove your answer.
4. Have you known animals that possessed almost human traits such as those shown in these stories? Tell the class about them.

Make Your Vocabulary Grow

1. The first column below is made up of words from "A Deer that Pays a Debt." In the second column find an antonym for each of these words.

a. advent	eagerly
b. persuaded	inaccuracy
c. confidence	doubtfully
d. inevitably	departure
e. pampered	discouraged
f. reluctantly	neglected
g. precision	suspicion
2. The first column below is made up of words from "Spanky Is a Groundhog." In the second column find a synonym for each of these words.

a. delicacy	custom
b. undaunted	ability
c. capacity	luxury
d. aspire	fearless
e. tradition	freed
f. endure	desire
g. extricated	suffer
3. In the story find the words listed in the first exercise. Do your antonyms convey the opposite thought?

Poppy

By Ruth Wright

John Miller was fond of his pet seal, but she grew so large and boisterous that she almost crowded him out of the one-room shack in which he lived on a lonely island. Fortunately, however, his efforts to get rid of Poppy failed. As you read the story, notice its similarities to and differences from other stories in this unit.

Poppy was a harbor seal. When I say "harbor seal," I don't mean the fur-bearing seals that lived in the Arctic Ocean in great herds as long ago as 1492. They are really sea bears, growing to eight feet and walking on four well-defined legs. What I mean are the friendly, mischievous creatures that never grow longer than six feet and love you as does no other pet. They belong to the family of *Phocidae*, if you should want to know their last name, and there are quantities of them along the coast of Maine, sunning themselves on rocks in the summer and on harbor ice in the winter. Poppy was one of these.

I'll begin at the beginning of Poppy's story, nearly ten years ago. At that time there lived on a certain island in Casco Bay a man whom we shall call John Miller. This island is long and low and wooded, a half-hour's row from the mainland. John Miller, a writer of sorts, a man who had found the world too much for him and sought peace there, was its only resident. There was fresh water on the island, making it habitable, and he lived in a cabin he had built of timber towed from shore. He was almost a Robinson Crusoe, except for his friends among the fishermen and a few summer people who waved to him.

Not more than a quarter-mile from John Miller's island, fishermen had their pound, a huge net anchored to barrels. Nearly every morning they hailed him as they passed.

"Want anything?" they'd call, cupping their hands to their mouths to make a megaphone, and he would take the pipe out of his mouth and call back. Usually he didn't want anything. He was contented, reading his books and piling up firewood for his cast-iron stove.

Poppy arrived on a warm, May dawn. There were a few clouds in the west, but most of the sky was unspotted blue. Casco Bay stretched all around as blue as could be, and had the fresh, early-morning smell that makes anybody glad to be alive. The sea was ruffled here and there in merry whitecaps, and there was a whistle in the air—not an angry winter whistle, but a laughing, happy sound that seemed to say, "Come on! Don't you wish you were in a sailboat, just flying along?" The gulls, circling about overhead, uttered their whining cries, but otherwise there should not have been a sound. Yet John Miller had the impression that an animal, not far off, was barking. Was it a dog? But how could a dog be within hearing?

At four o'clock on a May morning there is plenty of daylight on Casco Bay. Miller left his breakfast and strolled out on the rocks beside his cabin. The sound was repeated. It came from the direction of the pound, so he followed the shore line until he was as near as he could be, on a point of land beyond his trees.

The boys should be along soon to haul their pound, he told himself. Surely that barking came from within it, a loud, frightened, insistent bark that once or twice echoed faintly from not many yards away.

He screwed up his eyes but could make out nothing. The sea bore its occasional white ruffles, but there were more ruffles than should have been in the area of the pound. Then came a thrashing about—a loud, frantic bark.

How could a dog get into the pound? How could it bark under water? Did he see a head now and then, or did he just imagine it?

John Miller paced nervously up and down. He wished the fishermen would come. Should he push off in his row-boat to investigate?

At last, with relief, he heard the put-put-put of the motor boat. The fishermen waved as usual. They, too, must have heard the barking for they were examining their pound attentively. Was it too late?

To his amazement he saw their arms waving in real anger. What was the matter?

With the wind blowing away from him, words were not to be caught, but he kept his eyes on the three brawny men. Jerry, their leader, was loading his gun.

Bang!

Miller's curiosity could stand it no longer. In a few strides, he reached his punt and unfastened it from its mooring. As he rowed toward the trio, he saw a large, darkish object floating. It did not look like a fish, and certainly it wasn't a dog.

"That there's what did the damage," growled Jerry, as he approached. "Want the gun?"

"The gun?" asked Miller.

"Sure! If this seal hadn't had her young'un on the shore, she wouldn't have been so fierce about gettin' away. Look at what she's done to our net! It'll take weeks to mend it. She wasn't satisfied with eatin' all the cod in the ocean, but had to get herself tangled in the net. The young'un will be as bad as she is, if it lives to grow up. Better borrow the gun an' shoot it!"

"You mean there's a young seal on my island?"

"Sure thing," said another fisherman. "Seals just about ruin our livin', tearin' up our nets the way they do. Well, here's one less."

Miller refused the gun and rowed back. So the echo he had heard was no echo at all, but a young seal answering its mother. He beached his punt and began a tour of inspection.

The sound had come from the rocks to his right, he thought. He followed them, looking for the baby seal. Sure enough, just above the line of full tide lay a lump of an object about two feet long, lightish in color and covered with soft baby fur. He did not then know that this first fur lasts only for the first few weeks of a harbor seal's life and that it wears off, to be replaced by a sort of hair, but he could not help knowing that the seal was very young. Here was something he had never imagined, and he certainly hadn't the faintest notion what to do with it.

The little thing regarded him with large, protruding, anxious eyes—"pop-eyes," he said to himself. Its hind legs, quite finlike, almost completely fastened together, flapped slightly. There did not seem to be any ears on the smooth, round head, mere hearing holes, but the eyes remained intently on Miller, as if asking what was to be done.

John Miller was a soft-hearted man. To be sure, eels, lobsters, and clams stirred no chord of sympathy in his breast, but a creature with speaking eyes troubled him. It had a human expression. Should he deny the pleading?

Of course, the little thing belonged in the sea! Perhaps he should throw it in and let it shift for itself.

Gingerly, he approached and picked it up. The little creature lay motionless and contented in his arms, regarding him trustfully. John Miller dropped his burden gently into the depth of the ocean that should, he thought, be its home, and started to walk away.

A shuffling sound followed, and then the small body, panting and exhausted, lay at his feet.

"You crazy baby," he said, "why don't you stay where you belong?"

The crazy baby barked faintly. He reached down to drop it again into the sea, meaning this time to hurry home and forget it. But when he stooped for the seal, it reached up and, with a clucking sound, kissed his hand. No one and nothing had ever kissed his hand before.

"I'm not your mother, you poor baby!" he protested. "Don't you know your mother is dead?"

"Woof! Woof!" This was a valiant attempt at a bark; and again, wriggling toward him, the seal kissed his hand.

"I suppose you're hungry, Pop-eye," the soft-hearted Miller said, and the creature shook itself affectionately.

Living alone on the island, the man had acquired the habit of speaking his thoughts aloud, not talking to himself but to the trees and the birds and the squirrels he cared about. When there are no humans around, one finds other friends to whom he can speak his thoughts. So now he spoke to the seal as if it could understand. "You know you can't live here. I'm a landsman and you aren't. And besides, what would you eat?"

Turning his back, he resolutely strode toward his cabin. Wriggling and shuffling, the seal followed close behind, falling exhausted only to pick herself up again.

"Didn't I tell you you're crazy?" said the exasperated man. But this time, when he picked up the little thing, he did not put her into the ocean, but carried her to his doorstep. He could give her some raw mackerel, cut into little bits, but this seemed a very young mammal for a fish menu, however well hashed. On his supply shelf was plenty of evaporated milk. He thinned the contents of his breakfast can and patiently devoted his morning to feeding his visitor. Then he carried the little seal down to the rocks and ordered her to stay there.

As if she would!

Before the day was over, the seal had completely adopted him. She wouldn't go into the water at all but seemed to

prefer the land, and gave him all the trust so recently given her mother.

Of course, after a few days she did slide into the water from time to time and learned to swim; and—perhaps because she was an orphan and had to shift for herself—she began to find her own food. But mostly she wriggled after John Miller, barking softly whenever he neglected her. She soon acquired the habit of lying at his feet as he read. This his occasional visitors found amusing.

Poppy, as he had come to call the young seal, little by little became too devoted. Miller would settle for a nap within doors when something would flop at his outer door. He would demand silence, but Poppy had no regard for solitude. Poppy loved him and wanted to be with him. The only place where she would be quiet was in his arms or at his feet, and as she grew, she barked in ear-splitting tones to say so. When, in desperation, he would let her come in, he would forget she was there and fall over her!

For months, Poppy and Miller lived this sort of life. The seal was willing to scurry about for her own food, she was cute, and she adored him, but she was underfoot. Miller, who loved peace and quiet, missed his freedom.

"Don't you know you're growing to be a big girl?" he would ask the seal as she balanced a herring between her



whiskers and watched him with attentive love. Poppy would throw the herring into the air, give a short bark, catch her lunch, and then look at her master for approval.

"Poppy, you're old enough to find seal friends now. You're no longer a helpless baby," Miller would complain. "I came here to be alone. Now either you or I must leave this island. Don't you understand that I can't have a five-foot animal using up all the small space of my one room? I can't even be tidy with you here—you upset all my papers and books and dishes; you know you do."

Poppy wriggled with happiness at being talked to and snuggled lovingly against her friend.

"You're a pest—my friends won't come to see me any more. They say your nose is cold and clammy when you touch them, and they don't like cold, clammy noses. You bark and interrupt whenever I want to talk to them. Soon they won't come here at all."

Finally Miller engaged his fisher friends to take him and Poppy for a long ride in their motor boat. They had difficulty inducing her to wriggle into the boat for she had grown amazingly. The fishermen steered far out to sea, far, far beyond Seguin light and the sight of land—some twenty miles, in fact. Then, regretfully—for he loved her in spite of her persistent devotion—Miller helped throw the seal overboard.

At first she seemed about to follow, but soon, as the fishermen put on speed and returned landward by a roundabout way, she was lost to view.

"Well, good-by, Poppy!" said John Miller, blowing his nose. "You'll be all right, I know."

On the mainland, he stocked up with fresh provisions. He hummed a little, feeling free at last, and thought of a quiet evening. Poppy had grown quite noisy lately.

"Poor Poppy!" he thought. "Poor little thing!" But he told himself that he was glad that she was gone.

The fishermen dropped him off at his cove. He slung his provisions over his shoulder and climbed to his cabin. There, on his doorstep, sprawled Poppy, the happiest creature in the world. Somehow, she had found her way back and was prepared to greet her friend!

Well, what could he do but accept the situation? Poppy, convinced of her welcome, grew even noisier.

Then, one day, John Miller took cold—a very bad cold indeed. He was too sick to build his fire. He lay between his blankets, shivering and coughing. In vain did Poppy kiss his hot face and hands. Finally, the man gathered enough strength to open the door and push her away.

“She’ll probably beat the house down,” he groaned, “but it’s better than having her in here with me.”

Out-of-doors, Poppy raised her head and stared at the window. Then, without a sound, she shuffled and wriggled to the tiny cove. Sliding into the ocean, she disappeared.

From the window which faced his bed, Miller saw her going. Half delirious, he watched her and wondered.

“Is it possible that Poppy, faithful Poppy, is deserting me forever? Is she afraid of death, and does she have some memory of her mother’s dying? Does she think I, too, am going to die?”

It was hours and hours later, in the night, that the men came, Jerry leading the way. They called from the shore but, by the time they reached the cove, Miller was too ill to answer. So they climbed to the cabin carrying railroad lanterns and pounded at the door. Miller lay on his cot in a high fever.

“We dassn’t leave him here,” said Jerry.

The men stood round him and wondered, their rough faces troubled in the light of their lanterns.

“We can carry him in his blankets.”

So, very gently, they carried him to the boat and took him to the nearest available cottage on shore. There he lay

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"We can carry him in his blankets."

So, very gently, they carried him to the boat and took him to the nearest available cottage on shore. There he lay

for weeks, in a semi-stupor, while he was nursed back to convalescence from a nearly fatal case of pneumonia.

"Poppy deserted me," were almost the first words he spoke when he was fully conscious.

"Oh, no, she didn't," Jerry assured him. "That thar Pop-eye o' yours was what spread the alarm. Mightn't have missed you for days if she hadn't raised the roof with her barkin.' Didn't she near drive the village out of their senses? Why," said Jerry, "I got down my shotgun and tried to take a crack at her. But wasn't she the wise 'un? Didn't she just duck? Sort o' sensed a shotgun wasn't no friend o' seals."

"You mean," marveled Miller, "that Poppy came here to tell you I was sick?"

"What else? Not only that, but druv the whole village crazy. After I scared her with the shotgun, didn't she sail her lummoX of a body to the upper end of the village and bark till everybody took notice of her?"

"Yes, she would," murmured Miller, "she would. And I thought she had no brains!"

"At first I didn't catch on," Jerry added. "Then, all of a sudden, I remembered your Pop-eye. This here seal was no old boy, so I sez to Enoch here, 'Somethin's wrong on that thar island; somethin's wrong with John Miller. Won't do no harm to pay him a visit and see.' And here you be!"

That all happened long ago, and John Miller was never strong enough to go back to live alone on his island. Indeed, he never went back again at all for he had to be taken to a sister's, out West, to spend the rest of his days. And he never heard of Poppy again. So far as he knew, she lived the life of other harbor seals after his departure and managed her affairs without human companionship.

But harbor seals often live to be as old as ten years, and last May some fishermen—old Jerry was one of them—went to haul their pound not far from the island on which

John Miller used to live. A noise made them look in the direction of the cove where Miller had kept his punt, and an odd sight met their eyes. There was an old mother seal with twin babies in the cove. She had placed her little ones high on the rocks to sun themselves, probably before she taught them to swim, for most baby seals have to be taught to swim, sometimes even against their will. Her head was raised, her white whiskers bristled, and she was barking—barking as if she were calling a friend and couldn't understand why he did not come.

Old Jerry exchanged an awed glance with Enoch. "Remember that Pop-eye o' Miller's?" he asked guardedly. "Ye don't suppose that there is her, do ye?"

Share Your Ideas

1. What other stories of this unit did you recall as you read about Poppy and Mr. Miller? Give an explanation of the reasons for these comparisons.
2. List interesting human characteristics revealed by Poppy.
3. Give a character sketch of Mr. Miller. Be prepared to prove statements about him by reading from the story.
4. Prove by evidence from the story that Poppy possessed the following characteristics:
 - a. devotion
 - b. playfulness
 - c. intelligence
 - d. persistence

Make Your Vocabulary Grow

The following list of words is taken from the story. Use your dictionary for pronunciations and meanings if you are unfamiliar with them. Then use each word in a sentence.

insistent

exasperated

brawny

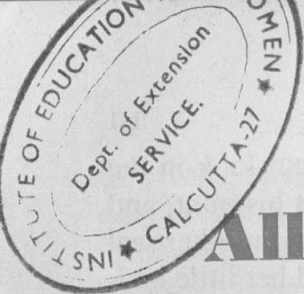
inducing

mooring

convalescence

resolutely

mischievous



All about a Dog

By Henry H. Curran

To help you form judgments

Anyone who has ever lost a dog can sympathize with both the boy and the girl in this story. As you read, try to think of how this unusual situation came about. Be prepared to give your own interpretation of the condition revealed in this story. Read first for enjoyment; then ask yourself why things happened as they did. Solve a perplexing problem through good thinking.

The summons for the man's appearance in court read "unlawfully withholding property." That kind of summons can mean anything, but it usually means a dog.

A pale girl in white came forward to press her claim. She was slender, beautiful, with blue eyes and dark hair. With her mother beside her, the girl told her story. Danny was a two-year-old police dog. He had come into her home a puppy, and now for six months he had been lost.

Her mother finished the story. "My husband found the dog, with the young man there." She motioned toward the defendant. "He is sure it's the same dog. He found out who the young man is and had the summons presented. There can't be any mistake."

"Where is the dog?" asked the magistrate.

"Downstairs in the complaint room," put in the young man, an honest-looking fellow with indignation in his voice. "He's my dog, Judge. I bought him fair and square, and I like him and want to keep him. He likes me, too."

"Have you the license?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, here it is." It was in order.



The Judge dug out the young man's story piece by piece. Once or twice he had to tell him to look at him as he answered, for his eyes kept turning to the girl.

"I've got to settle it the old way," the Judge said in despair. "We'll leave it to the dog. Do exactly as I say."

He ordered the mother and girl to another room, out of sight. As the door closed behind them, he noticed the defendant still looking at the girl.

Then, as the crowded courtroom waited in silence, the dog was led in—a gentle, intelligent police dog. When the attendant unleashed him at the door, he bounded up the aisle straight to the defendant. He leaped up, then stood beside him in dumb affection.

"Oh, Judge, he's my dog," the man said. "I'm sorry for these people, but it's some other dog they've lost."

"All right. Now for the test," the Judge replied.

The attendant took the dog away again. The young man went to a far room, and the girl and her mother returned. "You must not make a sign," the Judge told them both.

Then the dog, unleashed by the attendant, appeared at the door. The Judge glanced at the girl whose eyes were suddenly shining. The dog bounded up the aisle again and,

failing to find his master, stood looking this way and that. Then with a waggish look he ran back. So it was a game!

Without prompting he ran back and forth between the benches, looking at the people sitting in silent excitement.

When the dog reached the mother, he stopped and then leaped up at her, putting his forepaws in her lap. There was a murmur through the courtroom. The Judge looked at the girl. She was breathing rapidly, but she gave no sign.

Wrong again? The dog seemed to wonder, then again took up his hunt. In and out he bounded, missing no one.

And now it was finished. He had been to every bench and stood looking at the Judge, still undecided. Had he lost the game? The silence in the courtroom became uncomfortable.

Suddenly he turned his fine head straight toward the girl standing against the wall and looked long and unbelievably. Then he took one great leap across the space, bounded high up toward the girl, licked her cheek, fell back, and leaped again.

The girl was game. She kept her eyes on the Judge, giving no sign to the dog.

The leaping went on. Some day she would be as she had been? The dog had no doubt.

The Judge signaled to the girl. Then she bent and as the dog leaped up again, she took him into her arms and held him there, close.

"Danny," she said.

The case was over. When the young man came out, he took the leash the attendant handed back to him and looked long at the girl, at the dog, at the peculiar ecstatic grin on the dog's face. The girl still held the dog in her arms. For the first time the Judge thought he saw a hint of color in her cheeks. The young man walked toward her.

"Here is the leash," he said. "I thought you'd like to have it." He gulped.

"Thanks," said the girl. She put the dog down, took the leash, and then for the first time she smiled straight at the defendant, a smile full of sympathy. "I'm sorry," she said.

As they all filed out, the Judge heard the young fellow say to the girl, "I'd like to show you how to put him through the tricks I taught him—may I come along?"

"Please do," said the girl. Together they left, the dog between them, leaping up first at one and then at the other.

The Judge wondered.

Check Yourself

1. Prove from the story that the Judge knew he could rely on the devotion and intelligence of the dog.
2. Do you think the young man was telling the Judge the truth when he told him he had purchased the dog? Give reasons based on the story.
3. Can you think of any possible solution of how this "double ownership" of the dog came about? Remember that even the Judge wondered. Have good reasons for your answer.
4. Give possible reasons for the way the young man continued to look at the girl.
5. Write another chapter for this story, telling of more adventures of the dog, the girl, and the man.

Make Your Vocabulary Grow

Find each of the following words on the pages indicated. Read the sentence containing the word to be sure you understand its meaning in that particular sense. Then write a sentence using the same word but showing a different meaning.

press, page 112

claim, page 112

complaint, page 112

square, page 112

game, page 114

case, page 114

hint, page 114

filed, page 115

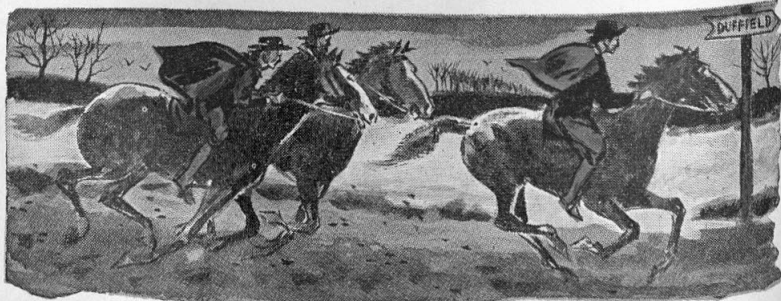
How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix

By Robert Browning

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good-speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sunk to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other: we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and the twilight dawned clear;



At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
 At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
 So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black, every one,
 To stare, through the mist, at us galloping past;
 And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his head and crest—just one sharp ear bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
 And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
 And the thick, heavy spume-flakes, which, aye and anon,
 His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
 Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
 We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
 Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
 And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
 As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
 Till, over my Dalhem, a dome-spire sprang white,
 And, "Gallop!" cried Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and, all in a moment, his roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;

And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red round his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jackboots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in my stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang—any noise, bad or
good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

Share Your Ideas

1. Discuss with the class the story of the poem.
2. At about what time did the ride begin? At about what time did it end?
3. Why did the men ride without speaking to each other except when it was absolutely necessary?
4. Why did you feel that Roland would reach Aix?
5. The poet portrays a vivid picture of Roland as he appeared early in the ride. Read these lines.
6. How did the rider help Roland make the last stretch?
7. Why would a horse look "askance" at his master as Roland did during the ride?
8. Describe the scene at Aix when Roland and his rider finally reached the town.

Mactavish Winks

By Hubert Evans

Kathleen was greatly disturbed when the beaver sanctuary in which she was interested was threatened with destruction. The following story, which tells how her loyalty was rewarded, is unusual and entertaining. As you read, compare the story with the preceding one. Look for similarities and differences.

"But that's all it is—a hobby. And you can't eat hobbies." Uncle Sandy smote the kitchen table with emphasis.

"Of course," Kathleen's mother ventured. "But if there were some other way—"

"Yes, if. But the guest cabins need alterations before the season opens. And if you're going ahead with the new dining hall, where's the money coming from?"

"We might get along without the new hall," Kathleen suggested. But even to herself the words lacked conviction.

"That's up to you and your mother," her uncle stated. "But as long as you two are hiring me to do the outside work and keep the place up, I have to have some money for improvements. Goodness knows, you've worked hard enough trying to make Beaver Lodge pay. And has it?"

The dark-haired girl across the table shook her head.

"Then look, Kathleen. Why not try it the way this tourist bureau fellow suggests? A nine-hole golf course would pay dividends. That director knows what the public wants. That's what he's paid for. He says it'll be sure-fire. He knows of another place that did that, and right now they're booked up for weeks ahead. First I'll blow up those beaver dams."

Neither Kathleen nor her mother spoke, and Uncle Sandy went on, "That forty acres of willow bottom is good land—too good to waste on a colony of pet beavers that nobody but you can ever get near, and that never put a dollar into anybody's pocket."

Kathleen glanced at her mother and as quickly looked away. It was only natural that this matter-of-fact uncle did not understand. They had been her father's hobby, those beavers. She recalled the morning, years ago, when her father had brought her to the willow flat to share in his discovery. Lush second growth was springing up on the abandoned pasture, and a lone bank beaver, later to become the patriarch of the colony, had just taken possession. It was then that her father had shown her the fresh cuttings and the mud pie which "Mactavish," as he had whimsically named the newly arrived colonist, had smoothed down on the grass as if to record his claim to these acres of low banks.

A mate had come and, year by year, the beavers had added to their dam. At first, like human pioneers, their home had been a makeshift, only a tunnel in the bank. Then they had moved into permanent quarters in the big lodge which they had built. Year by year the wings of the dam had spread in a long crescent, as more and more of the willow flat was flooded. A network of canals had been constructed, and as the colony multiplied, other dams had been built upstream. The fast-growing willows had provided plentiful forage for the inhabitants of all the lodges until the place had become an established sanctuary.

"We'll have to face it," the girl heard her mother say. "Tonight Kathleen and I will talk it over."

Later that evening, an alert girl, in slacks and sweater, slipped into the dusk of the willows. No, she thought, as she followed the familiar trail, a beaver sanctuary did not pay—not according to her uncle's profit-and-loss philos-

ophy. And yet, in values he could never understand, these wards of hers did pay. Like shy spirits of a vanished past they spoke to her, as they had to her father, of nature's slow, sure ways; of patience, of lovable, mute intelligence, and of a life that had endured through countless centuries here in the valley. Asking nothing but to be left alone, these few survivors had been surrounded by civilization which now demanded that they be sent into oblivion.

Close to the big dam, Kathleen halted and then crouched behind a clump of willow scrub. Mactavish usually made his round of inspection while some light remained. She sometimes had amused herself with the fancy that Mactavish was sparing himself a bit in his old age and was keeping earlier hours, leaving the younger generation to do the night work.

Of course that was only a fancy, for more than once a late night visit had been rewarded by a glimpse of the venerable old fellow. Dear, portly old Mactavish! With the willow bottom doomed, his remaining days, like the days of his descendants, were few.



Then, through the heavy dusk, Kathleen saw a V-shaped ripple disturb the silken smoothness of the pond. Past the low dome of the nearest lodge it came, moving purposefully toward the end of the dam. In the twilight she saw the familiar rounded head, and then Mactavish's mild eyes were studying the clump. She knew he sensed her presence, but in his shy way Mactavish trusted her. The broad tail swirled as the old beaver turned away and swam close to

the lip of the dam. Kathleen stood up cautiously to watch. Then, as he vanished under the far bushes, a blinding flash lit up the pond.

After that burst of eerie light, the darkness seemed almost terrifying. Never before had a poacher tried to raid the little colony. For a taut minute the girl stood her ground. Away at the head of the pond she heard a beaver's tail sound an explosive warning. And then, ahead of her, there came the glare of a moving flashlight. Someone was splashing toward her along the crest of the beaver dam.

The intruder was not twenty feet away when Kathleen stepped forward to challenge him.

"Who are you?" she called sharply. "What are you doing here?"

The stranger halted in his tracks. "Taking a beaver picture." Though surprised, the voice was friendly. "Who's that?" And then before she decided to answer, he turned his flashlight first on himself, then on her. Kathleen saw a broad-shouldered young man, hardly more than a boy, in waders and a mackinaw.

He was grinning broadly. "Why, hello! I know you. You're from the Lodge. Remember yesterday when I pulled in there to fill my radiator? There are daffodils along the driveway. You were working with a trowel."

But of course she remembered. And after he had gone, Uncle Sandy had told them he was a college student, helping in a survey of soil erosion the Department of Agriculture was making in the valley. "Is—is night photography part of your work?" she found herself inquiring.

The young man was aware of the hint of raillery in her voice. "Only my hobby," he told her. "Seriously, though, here you have a good opportunity for wildlife pictures."

Suddenly there came to her mind the many rare pictures she herself might have taken; close-ups of the one and only Mactavish, of his crew of workers felling trees, of beavers

old and young, building, playing. It would have been something to remember them by. But now it was too late.

"There's a trail here," Kathleen said. "If you like, I can show you a short cut out to the road."

With the girl in the lead, they left the willow bottom.

"Would it be all right for me to come back sometime and try some other shots?" he asked as they parted at the road. "My name's Ted Devlin, and I'll be on the soil erosion survey all summer."

"Quite. But you must come soon. Better make it tomorrow night."

"That's fine. Thanks." Suddenly his tone changed. "Look here—is something wrong? Anything I can do?"

"You can let me have copies of the pictures. There's a new dam under construction farther up the stream. If you like, you might have supper with us at the Lodge tomorrow evening, and I'll go along and show you."

"Great. I'd like to take pictures of that new dam every week—progress pictures, exactly as they do on engineering jobs. A series like that would be something different—"

"I wouldn't count on that," Kathleen warned. "You see, in a few days there probably won't be any beaver colony here." Tight-lipped, she told him of the impending doom of Mactavish and his clan.

Early the next morning Uncle Sandy drove the twenty miles down the valley to Beaver City. When he returned, he lost no time in reporting to Kathleen and her mother the result of his visit.

"Had almost an hour with the director of the tourist bureau," he explained enthusiastically. "And, folks, it's all planned. I gave him the layout of that willow bottom, and he wants us to start work as soon as I can borrow a tractor. He's sure a golf course will make the place."

Kathleen was on her feet. Throughout the entire valley, the willow bottom was the one remaining place of refuge

for the beavers. Once driven from it, they would soon be scattered and annihilated. She could see them, hungry and bewildered, along the banks of the valley's deforested streams, hiding in culverts and under bridges by day, traveling through the countless perils of the night in vain search of the swamps and backwaters that were no more. Blind, unreasoning rebellion possessed her.

"Now don't you worry, Kathleen," her uncle urged. "Those beavers will be taken care of."

"But how?" Her gray eyes were afire with anger—not at her uncle, but at the harsh necessity which was dictating this ruthless destruction of the peaceful colony along the upper stream.

"I've been making inquiries. There are a couple of men from the Beaver City Zoo that want them. They're bringing out some wire cage traps. All those beavers will get a nice new home in Beaver City Park."

Kathleen could visualize it all: the iron bars around the beaver pen in the park, the prim shrubbery, the concrete so thinly disguised by turf and greenery, and, through the enclosure, the spirit-broken stream winding its sluggish way between low walls of rock.

"They'll be all right there. They'll be safe anyway," her uncle was saying. "Anyway, Kathleen, it was the best I could do."

"I know." All day Kathleen had been telling herself she must face the destruction of the beaver colony. Now she knew the move to Beaver City Park would be a living death for dear old Mactavish and his mate, although some of the younger ones might grow used to it.

"When they come with the cages, I'll go with them to the willows," she steeled herself to say. "I can show them the best places." Though she felt like a betrayer, the least she could do for the beavers was to see the job quickly and humanely done.

Uncle Sandy looked up admiringly. "That's the right attitude, Kathleen," he said gruffly.

After supper at the Lodge that evening, Kathleen and Ted Devlin wandered toward the big dam among the willows. Already the sun had left the water, and the cool air currents carried the tang of awakening spring, the moist odors of sun-warmed swampland, the scent of willow buds. The light was off the pond's surface, and the delicate filigree of overhanging branches lay etched on the clear water.

"I want every picture you can get tonight, Ted," Kathleen insisted. And then, when they were starting single file along the bank and he could not see her face, she told him of her uncle's arrangements for the beaver colony's fate.

A wisp of new moon hung above the western ridges when, the photographs of the new dam taken, they parted at the door of the Lodge. Ted had started the old car when something made him call back to the girl in the doorway.

"I wasn't going to tell you this—because it's only a chance in a thousand. But I've been making a survey along this creek, and if I work fast, maybe I can finish my report tonight. And, well—about the beavers—don't cross a bridge until you come to it."

"But I've told you, haven't I," said Kathleen, "that the beavers have to go? Surely you can see that!"

"I can see a lot of things," he grinned. "But don't worry till the time comes." And with that exasperating bit of advice he started the engine again. "I'll hurry. If I work late, I'll get my report to the Chief tomorrow. Be seeing you."

Puzzled, Kathleen watched the car's taillight vanish down the road. A college undergraduate studying soil erosion—what could he do to save Mactavish and the rest, working back there among the willows in blissful ignorance of the destruction hovering over them? But he meant well, and when there was no longer a willow bottom, the pictures would be helpful.



Kathleen was at the house when Ted Devlin's old car came careening up the driveway a few days later. She went down the steps to meet him.

"Special letter for your mother," he said with attempted casualness. But Kathleen could see that he was excited. "Just got back from the city. The Chief has read my report."

A moment later Kathleen was reading the letter her mother passed over to her. It bore a Government letter-head and said:

"As part of our survey of soil erosion problems in your valley, this department desires to lease, for a period of five or more years, a swamp on your land which has been for some time occupied by beavers.

"One of our field men, Mr. T. Devlin, has laid before this department certain information which would seem to indicate the value of these animals in the fight against drought and soil erosion. While this is by no means conclusive evidence, work in other parts of the country would seem to support the claims of this young field worker. Certainly they amply justify long-term observation. And since this colony on your property is in an area easy of access, I am authorized to offer you an annual rental of—"And then

she read a figure which made the income from a nine-hole golf course seem of secondary importance.

"Agreeable?" Ted Devlin asked eagerly.

Kathleen saw her mother, standing by the porch rail, look far across the rolling acres of the homestead. And when she turned, her eyes were shining.

"Beyond anything we could have hoped," she said. "After supper Kathleen will reply. You'll stay, Ted?"

And while their guest and Uncle Sandy engaged in technical discussions about crops and subsoil irrigation, Kathleen wrote the letter which accepted the offer. Then she and Ted Devlin went along the trail to the lookout place.

Mactavish was punctual that evening. But not until he had completed his patrol of his estate did Ted speak.

"Tell me something," he urged. "Do beavers—I mean wise old ones like Mactavish—ever wink?"

"I never saw one."

"Maybe not. But when Mactavish was looking at us just now, I could have sworn he half closed one eye!"

Kathleen laughed. "If Mactavish had climbed to the top of his house over there and shouted 'Hallelujah' I wouldn't have been surprised. It's what *I* feel like doing."

Check Yourself

1. Compare this story with "Poppy" as to
 - a. General theme
 - b. Characters depicted
2. Can you justify Uncle Sandy's point of view in regard to the beaver colony? Compare his with that of Kathleen. Which do you think was right?
3. In what way were the beavers of the story compared with "human pioneers"?
4. What was the chief value of the beaver colony from Kathleen's point of view? Prepare to read your answer orally. What do you learn about Kathleen from this information?

5. In what way did Mactavish prove that he trusted Kathleen?
6. Explain how the question of the beaver colony was finally settled to the satisfaction of everyone concerned.
7. List several items about beavers that you learned from this story.
8. Assemble information showing how it would be possible for beavers to be of value in a fight against drought and soil erosion. Be prepared to discuss this in class.
9. Think of some other way in which the problem of this story might have been solved. Compare conclusions made by class members.

Make Your Vocabulary Grow

Twelve phrases from the story are listed below. In each, one word is underlined. Use your dictionary to find the meanings and pronunciations of these words. Then be ready to explain the relation of each phrase to the entire story.

1. delicate filigree of overhanging branches
2. whimsically named him "Mactavish"
3. portly old Mactavish
4. eerie light
5. poacher tried to raid
6. survey of soil erosion
7. hint of raillery
8. impending doom of Mactavish
9. soon be scattered and annihilated
10. steeled herself to say
11. tang of awakening spring
12. authorized to offer

About Cats

By Paul W. Kearney

To check your comprehension and speed

Cats are never the recipients of mere affection or distaste; you either love them or loathe them. But no matter where you stand on the subject, you will find here interesting facts about a much misunderstood animal. Read the story carefully because you will be asked to check your comprehension and find your rate of reading. There are 1205 words in the story.

Study the Word List First

feline	invariably	uncanny
animosity	psychiatrists	disdain
bludgeon	retrievers	authenticated

Napoleon hated cats—indeed, was afraid of them; Wellington, his conqueror, loved them. No matter where you stand in this feline debate, you have impressive company.

The subject of cats causes more animosity among people than almost any other harmless topic you can name. Cage birds, goldfish, pigeons, or other pets may leave an individual cold, but as far as cats are concerned, you either love them or loathe them. Probably the explanation is that a great many people do not understand cats—a theory supported by the volume of fantastic notions about them.

Not long ago a well-known writer about animals aroused the ire of some cat admirers by charging, (1) that men hate cats and women love them; (2) that cats are spongers who won't do a lick of work; (3) that cats can't be trained to do tricks; (4) that a cat simply doesn't know what loyalty

is. This last, of course, is the echo of that old fallacy that a cat becomes attached to a house, but never to a person.

None of these notions seems to be born out by experience. First of all, men don't invariably hate cats. You can start with Mahomet, who made history by cutting off the sleeve of his cloak rather than disturb the cat that was sleeping on it, and go on from there to write a book about cat-loving men, including such names as those of Richelieu, Victor Hugo, Lord Chesterfield (who left his cat a pension), Mark Twain, Ben Jonson (who used to buy his cat oysters at the tavern), Pope Pius IX, Sir Walter Scott (whose cat ruled his pet bloodhound with an iron paw), and a thousand others of enormous historical significance.

Men hate cats? The fact of the matter is that the cat fancy was really established in this country by the most masculine men of colonial days, the seafaring New Englanders who brought them to these shores from every port they touched. And it is doubtful if you will find a ship sailing in normal times, from the tramp steamer to the palatial liner, without from one to a dozen cats aboard.

Cats won't work? Wrong again. Hundreds of cats are on the "payrolls" of the U. S. Post Office, the British Postal Service, and the British War Office—by legislative action. Cats work in a mental hospital on Long Island, accomplishing a job that sometimes stumps the shrewdest psychiatrists: quieting violent patients. At a tennis court in New York, a cat works as a "ball boy"; at City Hall, the Official Custodian for years, according to the legend on his collar, was a cat named Tammany. Indeed, cats have been working since their earliest days in ancient Egypt when they served as retrievers, even for water fowl. The point is that cats will work gladly—if they like the work.

To the charge that cats can't be readily trained to do tricks, the same "if" applies; although cats are not so responsive to such training as are dogs (cats are high-

spirited and resent ridicule), they certainly can be taught tricks provided you understand them and their aversion to being made foolish. I have no use for trick animals myself, but as a matter of experiment I've owned or known eight different cats that would box, stand on their hind legs and beg, retrieve balls, "shake hands," sing upon request (alto or soprano), roll over and play dead, and waltz; and I know of one that leaped five feet off the floor and did a double somersault on the way down.

There are a number of things which cats learn by themselves—opening latched doors or gates, pulling ropes to ring a bell, turning on a water faucet for a drink, and many more. A New York firehouse once had a black cat who slid down the brass pole with the men when the alarm bell tapped; on a grain ship, there was a cat that climbed ladders and ropes even when the vessel was pitching in heavy seas; at Sheepshead Bay where the fishing boats come in, Minnie, a wharf cat, disdains dead fish and catches her food alive by diving off the dock after it.

In Greenwich Village, in New York City, Mrs. Ernst Auerbach, one of the most successful breeders of Siamese cats in the country, has a family of cats uncanny in their intelligence. The oven door has to be tied shut because these animals have learned how to open it and snare the contents; the hot water has to be turned off at night under the basin because the Auerbach cats discovered that running the hot water warmed the room on a chill evening! The cats were taught none of these things; they picked them up through native intelligence.

From the standpoint of training, it is often more important that cats be taught *not* to do certain things, such as clawing the furniture or stalking birds. In the training of all animals, the basis must be either reward or punishment. The first is invariably food; the second, at least among humane people, needs to be reasonable. Only cowards

willingly hurt defenseless animals, even for discipline, when the same results can be accomplished in other ways.

You can break your pet of jumping on the new sofa by belaboring her with a broomstick; you can get just as good results by folding (not rolling) a newspaper over and over until it makes a double bludgeon. With this you can whack your cat with enough vigor to satisfy your temper without injuring the animal—and the noise of the slap, magnified by the paper folds, will serve as a warning to the wayward cat.

The worst slur of all, however, is that cats are disloyal. A book could be written to refute this charge; there are dozens of authenticated cases of cats which refused to eat for varying periods after the loss of their owners—in two instances, to my knowledge, the cats died. It is clear that they cultivate the same human attachments as dogs.

An eloquent demonstration of loyalty concerned a cat whose hind legs were paralyzed and whose forelegs were weak. Most people would have had the crippled cat gassed, but the woman who found it put it in a basket on the window sill and cared for it like a child. One night while the woman slept, a fire broke out in the house. Her first knowledge of the situation came when the paralyzed cat, dragging its helpless body across the floor by its forepaws, clawed at the bedclothing until she awoke!

You can own a dog and he will glory in the bondage; he will stay with you, stupidly enough, even through cruelty and abuse. By the same token, you may think that you own your cat because it chooses to live with you, but that's your error. That cat doesn't belong to you; you belong to the cat on good behavior—and the most you can expect is that it will treat you as an equal! "When I play with my cat," mused the skeptic, Montaigne, "how do I know she does not make jest of me?" To this there is no conclusive answer.¹²⁰⁵

Check Yourself

A. On your paper, write the words that belong in the blanks of the following sentences:

1. It seems that people either love or _____ cats.
2. Cat fancy was established in America by men of _____ days.
3. Cats will work gladly if they _____ their work.
4. In training cats, it is important to teach them _____ to do certain things.
5. In the training of all animals, the basis must be either reward or _____.
6. Only _____ willingly hurt defenseless animals.
7. The worst slur on cats is that they are _____.
8. Cats cultivate the same human attachments as _____.

B. Copy four misconceptions about cats from the list:

1. Ben Jonson used to buy oysters for his cat.
2. A cat does not know a great deal about loyalty.
3. Cats can best be trained by severe punishment.
4. Cats are not intelligent but can be taught to do certain tricks.
5. Cats are not as responsive to training as are dogs.
6. Men hate cats and women love them.

C. On your paper, write the word from the word list, page 129, that makes the sentence correct.

1. There are many _____ cases where cats have exhibited extreme loyalty.
2. Cats acted as _____ in ancient Egypt.
3. Cats have been able to perform work in mental hospitals which stumped _____.
4. Mrs. Ernst Auerbach of New York has a family of cats almost _____ in their intelligence.

Know Your Dictionary

Since the days of the earliest inhabitants of this earth, when dictionaries really began, styles in dictionaries have changed as much as in clothes or architecture.

The first man was a resourceful person, more capable of defending himself against the dinosaur than we are of dealing with the atomic bomb. It didn't take him long to realize that he needed a place to live, something to wear, and food for his stomach.

He made his home in the caves and used a club as his weapon. He decided that if fur could keep an animal warm, it could keep him warm, too. So, if Mother wanted a new gown, a good-sized tiger suddenly died. If Junior needed a pair of rompers, a mother wolf just couldn't find her baby any more. Then man practiced economy by using the flesh of these same animals as his food.

Indeed, only by modern standards of life was the earliest man crude. After much head scratching, he overcame a great problem—the communication of his own ideas. He realized that his monosyllabic grunts meant nothing to other cave dwellers. So he pointed at objects as he grunted, and soon the same sounds were returned to him, to indicate like meanings.

Then came the real problem—how to record these sounds as the basis of a system of human communication, later known as words. The most natural and convenient place for keeping a record of his symbols and picture words was the wall of his own cave. Thus, the cave dweller became

the first lexicographer, and the walls of his cave became the first dictionary.

Dictionaries have developed hand in hand with life, for, after all, a dictionary is nothing more than an alphabetical recording of life. A complete history of dictionaries would fill volumes, but it is enough here for you to know a few high spots in their development:

1. Egyptian and Mayan hieroglyphics (3500 B. C. to 1500 A. D.).
2. First formal dictionary: by Pa-Out-She, Chinese scholar, 1100 B. C.
3. Roman, Arabian, and Greek dictionaries.
4. First great English dictionary: *A Dictionary of the English Language*, by Dr. Samuel Johnson, 1755.
5. Foremost English dictionary: *New English Dictionary (The Oxford Dictionary)*, 1884-1928.
6. First great American dictionary: *American Dictionary of the English Language*, by Noah Webster, 1828.
7. Foremost current American dictionaries:
 - (a) Webster's *New International Dictionary* (unabridged)
 - (b) The Funk and Wagnalls *New Standard Dictionary* (unabridged)
 - (c) *The Winston Dictionary* (abridged)

The present American dictionary field has separated itself sharply into "unabridged" and "abridged" types. An unabridged (unlimited) book today includes almost 650,000 terms, and the best abridged (hand-picked) dictionary includes approximately 100,000 terms. What a contrast with Noah Webster and his 40,000 new definitions!

Styles in dictionaries have indeed changed. The earlier works were really little more than reference books, used to find the pronunciation, spelling, and definition of a

word. They included only "hard" words for cultured readers, and did nothing about the "easy" words for ordinary readers. Neither did they make definitions simple nor attempt to interest people with verbal and pictorial illustrations. Today, dictionaries have been made practical for people of all levels of life. They not only teach you to think, speak, and write correctly, but their full, interesting contents enable you to gain much knowledge in a pleasant way. The modern dictionary aim is to present everything worth knowing about nearly all the words of our language, thus giving the actual historical development of the language. Added to this are many featured appendixes, such as national flags, gazetteer, and atlas.

Dictionaries have now also entered the specialized fields of modern American life. No longer can you expect to find all sorts of scientific and technical information in the ordinary dictionary. Rather, many prominent fields, such as law, music, and radio, have their own dictionaries—in fact, there are even dictionaries of American slang and dictionaries for crossword puzzle addicts.

Thus you can rightly think of a modern American dictionary as valuable and very personal to you—not at all dull, lifeless, and boring. You may define it quite simply as an alphabetical listing of the words of your own everyday life—compiled specifically for you.

This feeling of intimacy is natural because of the very makeup of a dictionary. Words are really the friendliest things in the world, and they are never happier than when you use them constantly. Like human beings, words thrive on popularity. They make only one very simple request—that you use them correctly and effectively. Obviously, there is only one way for you to be positive of this use—*know your dictionary.*

Check Yourself

1. Discuss the ways in which this article increased your appreciation and understanding of the dictionary.
2. Find the word *distress* in your dictionary. List six types of information concerning this word that you may obtain from the dictionary.
3. List the types of information to be found in the appendixes of your dictionary.
4. On what subjects are the full page color illustrations based?
5. Which maps are included in the atlas of your dictionary?

Share Your Ideas and Experiences

1. Report to the class any information which proves that animals have given valuable help to men. Use newspapers, magazines, encyclopedias, and other sources for reference. The following topics are suggestive although others may be used:
 - a. How scientists have used animals for the benefit of mankind
 - b. The work of the Seeing Eye dogs
 - c. The tasks elephants perform for man
 - d. How dogs serve man in the frozen north
2. Relate stories of horses or other animals that were trained by kindness but could not be ruled by force.
3. Have a discussion about dogs of the movies—glamour dogs. Since these dogs have to be alert and possess more than ordinary intelligence, their stories should appeal to all animal lovers.
4. Tell the class about any unusual characteristics of a pet of yours.

Select Good Books

Nature and Books belong to the eyes that see them.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The following books give interesting illustrations of the relationships possible between people and animals:

THE LONE WOODSMAN, by Warren Hastings Miller

This is the story of Dan Pickett who, with his dog Pepper, becomes lost in the Canadian wilds. They exhibit unusual resourcefulness in their long struggle for survival. You will be thrilled with the adventures of these two.

ANIMAL PIONEERS, by Catherine C. Coblenz

This fine book tells how animals assisted in building America. They accompanied the pioneers and helped overcome the hazards of early life in this country. The stories are as realistic and interesting as the other Coblenz pioneer stories.

ELEPHANT TALES, by Esse Forrester O'Brien

Here is a collection of twenty-eight of the most delightful tales of elephants. Each involves a good story and instructs the reader on characteristics of elephants in general. Excellent photographs on almost every page enhance the reader's enjoyment.

KING OF THE HILLS, by Stephen W. Meader

Breck Townsend went to the New Hampshire hills during the hunting season. His object, however, was not to kill deer but to photograph them. Knight, the largest and most elusive of the deer, was the object of his search. Breck not only obtained the "shot" he wanted, but was able to bring to justice a group of gangsters who shot deer illegally.

LAD OF SUNNYBANK FARM

LAD: A DOG, by Albert Payson Terhune

These books relate the true story of a great collie from puppyhood to the time of his death sixteen years later. His story is told by his owner, Mr. Terhune. Throughout the books, Lad proves to the reader that he possesses qualities that are almost human. He had a gallant heart, extraordinary loyalty, and vast wisdom. The books are full of adventure as well as of pathos.

FROG, THE HORSE THAT KNEW NO MASTER, by Major M. S. Peck

There are many animals that will not be conquered by force. Frog, a horse, was one of these. It was through kindness and not force that Frog was finally tamed and became a friend to man.

3

Man and Science Work Together



The Wonderful Tube Spectacles

By Katherine Marcuse

In 1608 the father of Gretchen and Jan was the best spectacle maker in all Holland. When the children's curiosity about his magnifying glasses ended disastrously, Herr Lippershey at first felt that they should be punished for their misdeeds. He was soon convinced, however, that they had accidentally discovered something of inestimable value to man. History tells us that Herr Lippershey's magic spectacles were the basis of Galileo's telescope.

Gretchen heard her brother Jan calling her in a tone so excited that she thought he must have found a *gulden* on the cobbled streets of Middleburg.

"What is it?" she cried. Then her eyes followed his pointing finger. The door of her father's workshop—that interesting place—stood open.

Gretchen's mouth opened in surprise. Her father, she was proudly aware, was the best spectacle maker in Middleburg, perhaps in all Holland, in this year of our Lord, 1608. He had gone away today, leaving the door of the workshop ajar. Did they dare go and look around in it? There were so many wonderful things to see—the sharp cutting tools, the grinders, the shining circles of glass, the leather fastenings and horn rims of the spectacles Herr

Lippershey made for the rich merchants of Middleburg. Sometimes their father let them watch him at work, but it would be more fun to examine something more closely.

"Come on," Jan urged. Gretchen did not hesitate. She was too eager to touch the shining things and furthermore, if she refused, her brother would say, "Just like a girl."

Together they entered the workshop and cautiously moved about, not touching anything, while Malkin, the cat, followed them, waving her plummy tail.

Suddenly Gretchen saw the things that she liked best of all. Magnifying lenses, her father had called them. He had held one before her eye and shown her how big it made even the pores of his hand look. It had seemed like magic to Gretchen. Now she could play with it by herself!

A fly lit on the workbench and she bent over it, staring through the magnifying glass. Suddenly the creature swelled to an amazing size. How the eyes bulged! How hairy the legs! Gretchen laughed as she watched it rub its jointed legs across its nose. This was a fascinating game.

"You take a glass too, Jan," Gretchen urged, "and we'll make everything big."

Jan picked up a second lens, and the two children bounded around the workshop peering delightedly through the wonderful lenses. But there were more interesting things to look at outside. Jan wandered out into the garden and lay on his stomach, watching an ant carrying a speck of food. But the ant's load became a heavy bundle, just as the grains of sand on the path became big rocks over which it must clamber. Gretchen peered at her dress, and suddenly her mother's weaving no longer seemed a smooth surface. Each thread was distinct, and tiny holes could be seen.

But finally Jan began to tire of the game. He rolled over lazily on the grass and yawned. He seemed to have looked through the glass at everything in sight.

Then he noticed Malkin climbing over the gabled roof of their home. He raised his glass to his eye and looked through it. But nothing happened. In fact, he could scarcely see anything at all. Malkin just looked blurry. He focused it upon the treetops, but they remained the same size. Finally he looked at Gretchen at the other side of the garden, and she didn't grow either. When he looked down at the grass close to him, however, it swelled into fat, waving stalks.

Suddenly he understood. "This glass works only when you look at things close by," he said disappointedly. "I wish it made faraway things seem big, too."

At last Gretchen sat down beside him, letting the glass she had been handling slip through her fingers. Idly Jan picked it up and looked through it. Then he tried looking through both lenses at once. Just for fun he moved them back and forth in front of one eye, holding one close to his eye and the other farther away, while he gazed up at the weathercock on top of the church steeple across the square. As he moved them, he was so startled that he almost dropped the glasses. The golden weathercock had suddenly jumped toward him!

Jan put down the glasses and looked at the weathercock again. No, there it was where it belonged; he must be dreaming. But then he raised the glasses as before and looked once more. Instantly the weathercock seemed to leap closer to him. He could see clearly every feather in its tail as the wind veered it around, and even the worn gilt on its beak. This was a wonderful game! He held the glasses for Gretchen, and she gave a delighted gasp as the weathercock came closer.

Then suddenly her exclamation turned to one of dismay. There were voices on the other side of the house, and she could hear her father's deep tones. Although he had never told them not to go into the workshop, he might be annoyed; they must put the glasses back quickly.

Jan and Gretchen sprang to their feet and ran into the workshop.

"Where did you find the lenses?" demanded Jan.

"Here." Gretchen pointed. They both rushed toward the bench, put down the glasses, and hurried to the door. But in their haste they pushed against each other and bumped a little table. There was the tinkling sound of breaking glass. Turning, the children saw the wonderful new spectacles, which their father had just finished for the Mayor of Middleburg, lying shattered on the floor. Without waiting to pick up the pieces they rushed outside. On the lawn they stared at each other in dismay. What should they do? How angry their father would be! Then they noticed Malkin wandering into the workshop, her gray tail waving. Why not let her take the blame?

For the rest of the afternoon Jan and Gretchen were very quiet, and at supper even the food didn't taste quite right. Their father's expression made them uncomfortable.

After a while he said, "The Mayor's new spectacles were broken while I was away. I suppose it was my fault. I left the door open, and the cat must have wandered in and knocked them onto the floor."

Jan and Gretchen looked at each other. The flaky pastry of Mother's special *kuchen* turned soggy in their mouths.

After supper they went out into the garden.

"I wish we could tell Father about the weathercock," Jan said. "Maybe he doesn't know the glasses make it come closer."

"Yes, but—" Gretchen sighed.

"I know—" Jan murmured wretchedly. They couldn't tell without admitting they had been in the workshop.

They sat in silence, watching Malkin creeping over the grass, stalking an invisible mouse. "Well, we didn't get caught," Jan said, trying to sound cheerful, "and it didn't hurt Malkin any to take the blame."

"No—" agreed Gretchen doubtfully. It had all been very simple. But somehow it didn't make them feel better.

Shadows crept over the garden. The tulips stood stiffly on their stems, the colors darkening in their cups. Jan and Gretchen looked at the golden weathercock whose tail caught the last ray of the sun and gleamed brightly, then plunged into darkness. Soon it would be time to go to bed.

Now a light flickered through the crack of the workshop door. Their father was working; perhaps he was making a new pair of spectacles to replace the ones they had broken.

Suddenly Jan stood up. "I'm going to tell him I did it," he declared. "It was I who pushed against the table."

"But I pushed against you," Gretchen said bravely. Quickly, before they could change their minds, they hurried into the workshop.

With a kindly smile their father looked up from his work. But his face changed before their eyes as he listened. It grew dark and stern and cold. Jan went bravely on.



They would be punished, of course, for touching what was not theirs, not for the accident. Suddenly Gretchen determined to tell her father about the weathercock.

"I'm sorry we touched your things," she apologized, "very sorry, Father. But the most wonderful thing happened. We looked at the weathercock on the church steeple through two of the glasses—the magnifying ones. Jan held them like this, and the figure came close to us, really close! You could see it as clearly as if you held it in your hand."

Her father's face showed no interest. "That is a very nice fairy story," he said coldly. "I am glad you had the courage to admit what you did. But don't think you can make me forget by telling me fanciful stories."

"But it's not fanciful!" Jan cried. "It's true."

Their father looked doubtfully from one earnest face to the other.

"Show me then," he commanded.

With trembling fingers Jan picked up the two lenses. "I held them like this," he began. Herr Lippershey took them in his own hands and held them before his eyes. Then he put them down and rubbed his eyes as if he thought he were dreaming.

"You see, Father?" Jan was dancing with excitement.

"Yes, I see," their father said slowly. "Perhaps all men will see better for what you have found today."

Their father spoke truly. The next morning, when they came down to breakfast, they found a strange cardboard tube on the table. Though Jan and Gretchen did not know it, they were looking at the first telescope.

"Put it to your eye," their father commanded, "and look out the window!"

This time the weathercock seemed very close, and they could see him even more clearly, because the lenses were now held firmly within the cardboard tube. It was just like having a new eye.

But the wonderful glasses were to mean much more than that. Jan and Gretchen had looked at the golden weathercock across the square. Far away, in Italy, a man called Galileo, a great scientist, heard of those tubes the children used as playthings. And he said to himself, "If these glasses help one to see across the square, perhaps, just perhaps, if the lenses were strong enough, they would help to see millions of miles across space to the stars!"

For months he experimented, having special lenses ground for him, placing different kinds in tubes. "There must be one lens curving outward and one curving inward," he said to himself.

One night his dream came true. Before his eyes the Milky Way sprang into clear view. Now he could see separately the millions of stars which composed it. He looked at the moon and no longer saw the imaginary face of a man, but the outlines of mountains and gigantic craters. Night after night he gazed, discovering new stars that no one had ever seen before. Furthermore he discovered that some of them moved—the four stars, for instance, that circled around the planet Jupiter.

"And it all started because of you," Herr Lippershey said thoughtfully to Jan and Gretchen. "Galileo is a very great man. These tube spectacles, as he calls them, will solve untold mysteries. But perhaps, if he had never heard of two children playing with the clumsy spyglasses I made for them, perhaps he would never have invented his own. Strange," he added, holding the gray cat on his knee and stroking her fur, "because if you had let Malkin take the blame for breaking the spectacles, all this might never have happened."

"Don't forget the weathercock," said Gretchen, training her telescope on his gilt tail. "He's very important."

The weathercock, revolving proudly in the wind, seemed to think so too.

Share Your Ideas and Experiences

1. Describe the situation that led to Herr Lippershey's discovery of the magic spectacles.
2. For what two reasons did Jan and Gretchen refuse to allow Malkin to take the blame for their accident?
3. According to this story, what did Galileo see with his telescope?
4. Find out how the discovery of the telescope helped mankind. Discuss your findings with the class, using reference books for information.
5. Select a current magazine on which to make an oral report. Since this unit deals with phases of science, choose a publication that pertains to science or one that features a science department. In your report, give the following information about the magazine:
 - a. How frequently it is published
 - b. What types of material it contains
 - c. What features you like best—stories, articles, illustrations, and so forth
 - d. What value it has for the reader
6. Most inventions come about through careful study and experimentation. The invention discussed in this story was the result of chance. See if you can find out about other inventions which came about by chance. Use the book suggestions on page 206, an encyclopedia, magazine, or other source material.

How Fido Licked Airfield Fog

from *Popular Science Monthly*

To help you assimilate ideas by outlining

You have learned that the initial step in expert reading is to read through an article to obtain first the major idea. The ability to get this first "over-view" of reading material is very important. Then you will often find it necessary to consider what part of this material should be remembered. You will also wish to have an economical way of retaining these points. You can accomplish this by developing definite techniques for rereading.

Looking back over a selection to determine the way an author organized his material into major and minor ideas for the benefit of readers is one excellent way of determining important points and fixing the material in mind. Read this article to discover how the author follows a specific plan.

Mark Twain made the statement that everyone complains about the weather but no one does anything about it. This is no longer true. Fido (Fog Investigation Dispersal Operation) conquered the weather in limited areas at air bases in England and was a vital achievement in hastening the end of World War II. It enabled 2,500 allied bombers to operate from one Continental and fifteen British fogbound airfields. Otherwise they would have been grounded because of intense fog. Fido succeeded where other experiments had failed. Under normal conditions the fog can be cleared in ten minutes. It has been shooved away

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in six minutes. A special Fido project to aid peacetime air transport is under construction at Middlesex, England. There an area of 3,700 by 200 yards will be cleared of fog.

Fido disperses fog with heat. This is provided by a continuous line of petroleum burners installed parallel to and some distance from each airstrip. Flames spurt up two feet high from thousands of tiny gas jets in the pipes. These burn with a fierce, white-yellow glare. The temperature of the atmosphere is raised, causing the water droplets to evaporate. The height that can be cleared of fog depends upon the wind and moisture content of the fog. Sometimes it is difficult to get good clearance of the fog up to 100 feet, but even this limited height enables planes to come in safely during the worst weather.

Check Yourself

1. State the major idea of this article.
2. Study the outline, observing how minor ideas relate to the two main points.

- I. Fido successfully clears airfields of fog.
 - A. It helped end World War II.
 - B. Bombers operated which would ordinarily have been grounded.
 - C. Fido clears the air in from six to ten minutes.
 - D. A special Fido peacetime project is being constructed.
- II. Fido disperses fog with heat.
 - A. A line of petroleum burners is installed.
 - B. From these pipes flames spurt up from gas burners, evaporating fog.
 - C. The height of clearance depends upon the wind and moisture content.

How do you think outlining the information helped you assimilate the major and minor ideas?

Radar's Victory

By Harry M. Davis

Read the following article to learn the major idea of the entire selection. Following the article is a partial outline. The major and minor ideas of the paragraphs are sketched out, with blanks in the sentences. Reread the article in order to make a complete outline which will serve to fix the organization of ideas in mind. Then copy the outline, filling in the correct words.

In December 1938, radar's man-made eyes first proved their usefulness by leading a lost flyer back to land. On that cloudy, windy night, less than a year before World War II began, a convoy of trucks and strangely rigged trailers was hooked up to an Army searchlight in a carefully guarded area near the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay. The equipment was the first service test model of the Signal Corps Laboratories' "Detector Against Aircraft, Radio." From Langley Field, Virginia, an Army bomber flew toward the test zone. The pilot's instructions were to approach from any angle on the landward side. The radar operators were to find him and light him up with a searchlight so that anti-aircraft guns could pretend to shoot him down.

In this important test, which would decide whether listening-horn sound locators were to become out-of-date, the new radio detector apparently failed. For 45 minutes the antennas were turned from side to side and tilted up and down, yet the anxious watchers of the scope could see no signal. High-ranking observers, some of them skeptical about this new gadget that was supposed to see through clouds, were getting impatient. The engineers were worried.

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Then Dr. Harold Zahl, physicist of the Signal Corps Laboratories, had an idea. He asked the Coast Artillery liaison officer to search toward the sea. The operator cranked his wheel until the antenna faced east. Almost immediately a "pip" showed on the scope—a little inverted "V" formed as the trace of the electron beam rose from the base line to indicate an echo which was coming from an object twenty-three miles away. The direction of the antennas showed that the object was out over the Atlantic.

Meanwhile, the pilot had been telling the test officials by radio that he was 20,000 feet above Fort Monroe, Virginia. The radar operators radioed the pilot to circle around. As he did, the echo on the scope bobbed up and down. The operators then told the pilot to drop below the clouds for a look. He found nothing but a vast expanse of cold, gray water which showed him that he was lost. From then on the pilot took his instructions from the radar operators. They navigated him back to shore by radio, telling him all the time just where he was. That was the first known occasion in America when radar served in air navigation.

Check Yourself

1. Give the major idea of this entire selection.
2. Complete this outline.

I. On a night in December 1938, man-made eyes were first put to work.

A. A convoy of _____ and _____ was hooked up to an Army searchlight near the Chesapeake Bay.

B. An Army bomber was to fly from _____ toward the _____.

C. Radar operators were to find him and pretend to _____ him down.

II. At first the new radar detector apparently _____, but it finally registered.

- A. The engineers were told by Dr. Zahl to search toward the_____.
 - B. A "pip" now showed on the_____.
 - C. The position of the "pip" showed the object to be twenty-three_____away over the_____.
- III. The_____instructed the pilot as to position and navigation.
- A. The _____ was told to circle around and drop below the_____ for a look.
 - B. From then on he took instructions from the_____.
 - C. This was the first time in America that _____served in air navigation.

Science Is the Umpire

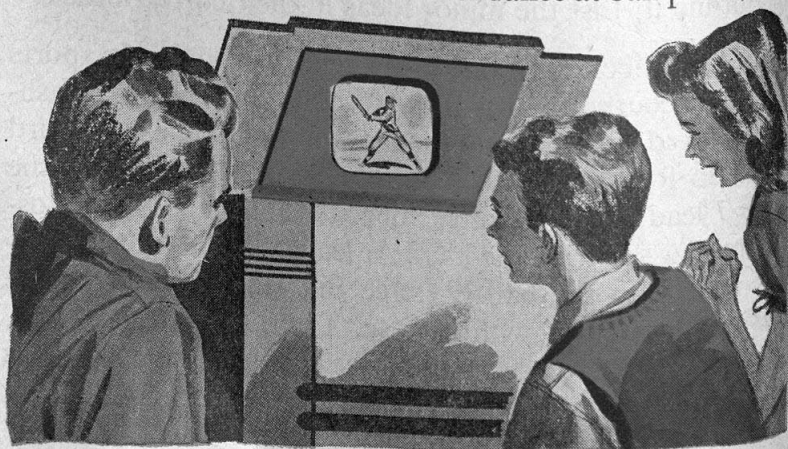
By Paul Gardner

Read the next two articles for enjoyment and to learn the major idea of each. Then reread each selection and outline it. List the minor ideas in their correct order.

In December 1939, one of the tensest moments in sports history occurred. With forty seconds to play, the Washington Redskins were on the New York Giants' eight-yard line. Bo Russell had to kick a field goal to overcome the 9 to 7 lead of the Giants. Silent tension filled the atmosphere. Russell tried the kick. At least \$50,000 for the players rode with the ball. Referee Bill Halloran judged the desperate attempt with his eye. There was a tense wait. Then Halloran ruled the kick wide. Thousands of unhappy fans milled onto the field to protest the decision. A riot was avoided only by police.

Science in another decade may make sports decisions more accurately. In football, for instance, a transmitter near the goal posts might flash invisible electric beams which if intercepted would record a goal. The sport of fencing already employs a unique electrical scoring device. In the national epee fencing championships, special suits are worn with an electrical attachment which signals each touch. A touch may be made anywhere in the epee championships, thus making accurate judgments imperative. Tennis leaders are discussing use of the electric eye. Close decisions have often swayed important matches. The next Olympic Games will employ camera eye for finishes. The starting device for runners, which was tried out successfully in Denmark, will be used widely. Pole vault contests may have invisible beams in place of the crossbar.

Baseball men, on the other hand, have already considered scientific umpiring and believe it would not be practical. The radio beam could not be applied in judging balls and strikes because the batter would break the beam himself if his hand or his bat were over the plate before the pitch. Science, however, will invade the baseball world in the form of television. Baseball men are opposed to it because it would cut down the attendance at ball parks, but



commercially sponsored television broadcasts are expected to cover the loss of attendance revenue.

Television will soon play a tremendous role in all types of sports. Everyone in the country will be a potential spectator. Boxing is already counting heavily on television. According to the world's leading promoters, the next heavyweight championship fight will gross an all-time high because television will bring it simultaneously to hundreds of theaters.

State the major idea of the selection. Then outline the major and minor ideas.

Our Watchdogs of Heat and Power

By Gold V. Sanders

Though you may be entirely unconscious of the fact, there are thousands of thermostats working for you right now, making your daily life more comfortable. The more we go in for automatic living, the more we depend upon these small instruments that are so efficient and yet so simple. Everything from heating pads to Superfortresses depends upon thermostats for smooth and reliable operation. The B-29 has over 350 of them to keep its many vital instruments functioning in temperatures that may change from 70 below to 100 above zero in a few minutes.

If you have an ordinary room thermostat, you don't have to go down to the basement to regulate the furnace. The thermostat behind that small case in the wall figuratively goes downstairs for you as often as is necessary, turning the fire up or down, keeping an even temperature in the living quarters, and doing it far more accurately than

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you could. This efficient chore boy is yours for life at a cost of about six dollars.

The housewife is greatly benefited by thermostats. She sets her oven to the proper temperature to bake a cake. The thermostat is what she adjusts when she sets the dial. While her cake is baking, she may do some pressing with a modern electric iron which is held at the right heat by a thermostat about the size of a silver dollar. This device can also be adjusted for different kinds of fabrics. Such an iron will not overheat if left connected. The waffle iron flashes a light, a signal given by the internal thermostat, indicating that the waffle is done to the color desired and that the current has now been turned off. The automatic toaster is controlled in the same way. The water tank needs no attention if it is equipped with a thermostat.

In your car, the automatic choke is driven by a thermostat that graduates the amount of air admitted to the carburetor from a cold start to a full warm-up. Another thermostat holds the water stationary around the cylinders so that the engine warms up quickly, then opens a valve to permit circulation. The car's cigarette lighter, that clicks out when the heating element is red hot, owes its action to a simple bimetallic disk that turns off the current.

These are the most common tasks of thermostats, the ones nearest us in our daily habits. In factories, of course, they do an endless variety of complicated jobs without which modern mass production would not be possible. War weapons of all kinds depend upon their simple, positive action. Many of these thermostats are of the circuit-breaker type and guard the many small motors in mechanized equipment from overheating. They also keep the oil at the proper temperature in hydraulic gun mounts.

State the major idea of the entire selection. Then outline the major and minor ideas. How has outlining assisted you in assimilating the material?

Making the Sun Work for Us

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

To help you select key ideas

From the beginning of time men have been inventors. In their struggle for life against wild beasts and the elements, they invented crude tools. Slowly their tools improved, but not until Man made use of Power was he able to do the remarkable things he does today.

Read the story for enjoyment and to find the key ideas which will serve as "holders" or "associations" for major points in the reading and will therefore assist you in assimilating what you read.

You probably know about the ox-cart and how the forest people made use of wheels in building their first wagons and carts. In other parts of the earth men built wheels, but they were of a different sort, used for a different purpose.

It may have been one of the men of the clay country, or of that wonderful land along the Nile, or some thinker in far-off China, but somewhere, we do not know where, some man used his brain to make things easier for himself and for the people about him by inventing the water wheel.

If you had lived in those far-off days, your father might have told you to go down to the bank of the river every morning and dip out water until dark with a bucket tied to the end of a swinging pole. You would not have liked it, and before the day ended you would have been very tired.

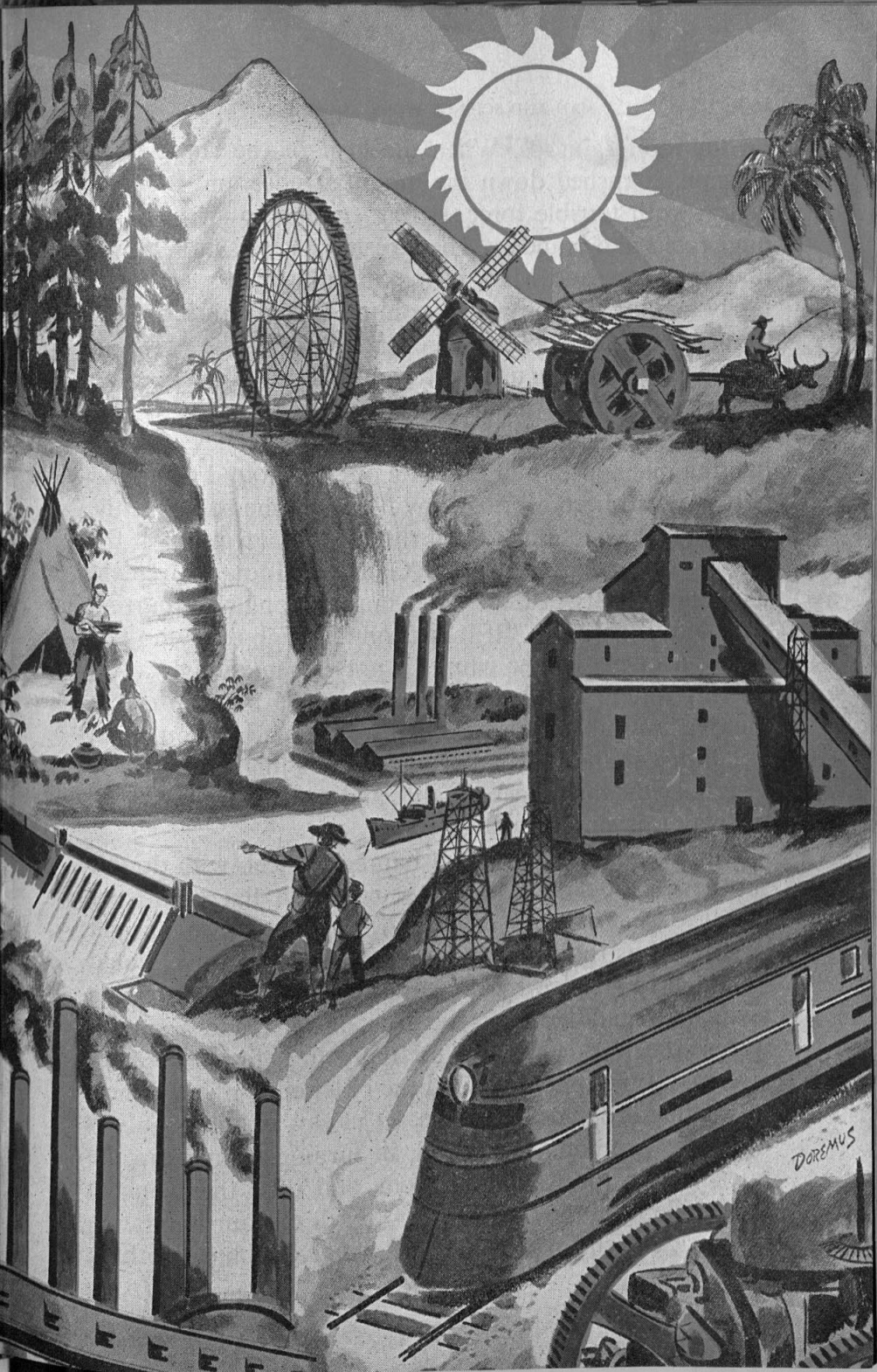
Now, if you had been a dull and stupid plodder, you would have grumbled and fussed, but you would have gone

on dipping up water just the same, day after day, without trying to think of a way to make your task easier. But if you had been a thinker, you might have thought of two ways to get your work done for you, and both of these ways would have required the use of a wheel.

In the first place, you might have said to yourself, "It would certainly be much nicer if I could find a way to have that strong, lazy ox out there in the field do all this hard work for me." And after thinking that, you might have made a framework or wheel out of bamboo, with buckets hanging all around the rim of it, and set it up between two posts driven into the bed of the river. Then, by means of a notched or gear wheel on shore, you could have had the ox turn the wheel in the water and bring up a full bucket on the end of every spoke. This would have been much easier for you. All you would have had to do would have been to sit on the bank and empty the buckets as they came up into a wooden gutter or trough leading to your ditch. But it would have required an ox to turn the wheel and a driver for the ox, and you might not have had an ox.

Or you might have thought about the matter in another and quite a different way. Suppose you had noticed that every time you dipped the bucket at the end of your pole in the stream, the swift current swept it along and sometimes almost pulled the other end of the pole out of your hands. You might have said, "The current of the river is stronger than I am. Why can't I make it work for me?"

This thing the river current used to sweep your bucket along is called Power, and it is by making use of Power that Man is able to do all the wonderful things he does today. And the power in the river current really came from the sun, because the heat of the sun had turned the moisture of the sea, of rivers and lakes, of the land, into vapour, which, being lighter than air, had floated upward and formed clouds. The snow from these clouds had fallen



on the mountaintops. When the heat of the sun melted it again, it rushed down the mountainsides and into the valleys with terrible force, strong enough to sweep aside huge rocks and boulders. These rushing waters hold power in every drop, and Man, in making use of this power, is really making the sun work for him. At Niagara Falls and thousands of other places all over the world, the power of falling water is being used to turn wheels, driving mills and factories, or huge dynamos which make electricity, so that we can truly say that the sun is running our trolley cars and lighting our houses and grinding our wheat and corn.

If you had been a bright boy living on the banks of the Tigris in Mesopotamia, or of the Nile in Egypt, or of the Hwang Ho in China, or of the Ganges in India, you might have thought about that power in the strong river current and said to yourself, "If it is strong enough to sweep this pole out of my hands, why is it not strong enough to lift up this water?" Perhaps you might have been sure that the river was able to do your work for you, but you could not at first see how to make it do so. You might never have seen the way, but somebody did, and when you think of it, the way was simple enough.

All that was needed was a bamboo wheel, with double spokes set side by side and joined with flat boards or paddles. Such wheel, set up in the river on two upright posts, just as the wheel was set for the ox to turn, would be made to revolve by the current of the river sweeping against its paddles. You have no doubt made a similar water wheel yourself, and set it up in a little brook or stream. Now suppose around the outer edge of this wheel were hung little buckets made, let us say, of short, hollow pieces of bamboo. The wheel, in turning, would dip the buckets into the water, fill them, and raise them on the other side until they were within reach of your hands. As in the case of the ox-driven wheel, you would have nothing

to do but sit on the bank and tilt the little buckets into the trough at the top. That would certainly be very much easier than dipping up the water yourself, and there would be no need for an ox or another man to drive him.

But that is not all. Presently you would have found a way to make the buckets tilt themselves into the trough, turning upside down when they reached the top, and then, so far as getting water from the river was concerned, you could go away and leave it. You would no longer have that tiresome labor to perform, for the river would be doing it for you. And really the sun would be doing it, too.

Then after a while you would find that the turning water wheel could do a great many more things for you than just raise water. For one thing, it could grind grain.

Suppose the people of your country had for hundreds of years been making grain into coarse flour by pounding it on a hollow rock with a smooth, round stone. If you had been a young girl, in those far-off days, you might have been very weary of making flour in that way. It was slow and tiresome, and as the tribes got larger and more and more flour was needed to feed them, quicker and better ways had to be found.

One of these ways was to take two round, flat stones, called millstones, with holes in their centers, and place one on top of the other and turn it around. The grain, fed into the space between the two stones, was soon ground to flour which ran out along little grooves cut in the stones.

The upper stone had a long handle or bar fastened to it and was turned by a man, often a slave. He had to walk round and round all day, turning the heavy stone.

Later on, when the stones were made larger, an ox or a horse or a donkey was used instead of the slave. But oxen and horses and donkeys and even slaves have to be fed, which costs money, and so men looked for other ways of turning their millstones. And they soon found two.

One was to use the power of rivers and streams. If water wheels could be used to raise water, they could just as well be used to grind flour. The axle of the water wheel, on which it turned around, was made longer, and on the end of it was a wheel with notches, or cogs as they are called, cut in its edge. There were other notches, of the same size, on the top of the upper millstone, or in a ring of hard wood fastened to it. When the cogged wheel at the end of the axle turned, it also turned the millstone by catching in the notches around its rim, and so ground the corn.

The other way was just as simple. Men found out how to make wind wheels as well as water wheels; that is, they made wheels with sails, instead of paddles, and when the wind blew, it turned the windmill which turned the millstones.

Both windmills and water wheels are very ancient inventions, and yet both are in use today. In Holland, a large part of which is below the level of the sea, the water is kept out by great walls of earth and stone called dikes, and along these dikes are hundreds and thousands of windmills, driving pumps to pump out the water that leaks in, and thus keep the country from being flooded. You have no doubt seen such mills, pumping water from wells to houses in the country where there are no city water pipes. And windmills for grinding grain are still in use in countries where men haven't learned to use electricity or steam.

In the case of windmills, too, it is really the sun that is working for us. When the sun's rays heat up the air in one place, that heated air rises. And when it rises, cooler air rushes in to take its place, causing what we call wind.

But it is not through wind and water only that Man is able to make the sun work for him. He does it in many other ways. It is the heat of the sun that causes plants and trees to grow. Without this heat they could not live. If you chop down a tree and burn the wood in a fire to keep you warm, you are getting back the same heat that the sun used

in making the tree grow. Or if you burn the wood to make steam and drive an engine with it, the stored-up heat from the sun is what makes the engine go. Even the great beds of coal were formed from ferns and trees grown by the heat of the sun, and so when you ride on a railroad train, the power which drives the engine comes from energy stored up millions of years ago by the sun.

But you cannot make the sun or any of the other great forces of nature work for you unless you use your brain. Thousands of men all over the world are finding new ways to make use of these great forces, and it is to these thinkers that we look for the progress of the future.

Check Yourself

1. Write the most suitable major idea of the selection.
2. As you reread the story, write the correct completion for each of these statements. Your completed statements will give you the key ideas of the selection.
 - a. Early man first used the wheel as_____.
 - b. If you had lived in those early days and your job had been to dip water out of the river all day, you might have had an ox_____.
 - c. You might have finally discovered that the Power of the water could turn a wheel to bring up the buckets and that you had no need of the_____.
 - d. Presently you would have found a way to make the buckets lift themselves_____.
 - e. After a while you would have found that the turning water wheel could do more than just raise _____.
 - f. Men also found that wind could turn_____.
 - g. It is not through wind and water only that man is able to make the sun_____.
 - h. You cannot make any great force of nature work unless you_____.

Tubal Cain

By Charles Mackay

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!"



Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they said, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, "Alas that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face
And a bright courageous eye,

And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made"—
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang; "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"

Share Your Ideas

1. Describe Tubal Cain as he is first pictured.
2. Explain the cause of the change in Tubal Cain's mood.
Read lines by which the poet portrays the two moods.
3. Read aloud the lines of the poem that show how Tubal Cain solved his difficulty.
4. The poem states that swords were made before plowshares. Give reasons for this situation.
5. Express in one good sentence the major idea of the last stanza.
6. Read the poem orally for further enjoyment.

Introducing the Modern Age of Steam

By Franklin M. and Claire Reck

All of you know that steam is a wonderful source of power. You have observed the steam engine in a locomotive and realized that the wheels are turned because of the tremendous force of steam. Even before the days of James Watt, men knew the power of steam, but they did not know how to make use of it economically. Read Watt's story for enjoyment and to learn the major idea. Then reread the story for the specific purpose of selecting key ideas and assimilating information.

The man who was to build the first modern steam engine—an engine so efficient and economical that it could be applied to boats and carriages—was born in the fishing village of Greenock, Scotland, on January 19, 1736. Newcomen's engines had been in use for thirty years, and people were getting used to the idea of having steam do their work.

James Watt was born into a family that was respected in the community. His father was a shipwright and ship chandler, supplying vessels with navigating instruments and other supplies. He was treasurer of Greenock and a member of the town council.

So young James was luckier than most. His father had a carpenter's bench and forge, and it wasn't surprising that James should become proficient with tools and interested in mechanical design. Unable to attend school because of constant illness and headaches, he learned mathematics, handwriting, and reading from his parents. One result of

his sickness may have been his concentration on things mechanical, rather than energy expended in play.

He decided to become an instrument maker, and at the age of eighteen he went to Glasgow. But soon it was evident that he could find better teachers in London, so he went to the capital where he worked for John Morgan, a mathematical instrument maker in Finch Lane, Cornhill. For the privilege of learning the business, young Watt paid twenty guineas (a little over a hundred dollars) and donated his labor for a year. To save his parents money he limited himself to eight shillings (approximately a dollar and ninety-two cents) a week for food, and he wrote friends that the slim diet and long hours of work left him with a "gnawing pain" in his back.

He became an expert constructor of rules, theodolites, and calipers, and would have stayed on in London if he hadn't been in danger of being impressed into service as a seaman. In those days shipmasters were recruiting men by the simple expedient of picking up idlers off the street and putting them aboard a ship. Had that happened to Watt, who knows how long the age of steam might have been delayed?

Watt returned to Glasgow and started in business for himself. One of his customers was the college of Glasgow. The college possessed a small model of a Newcomen engine, and when Watt was called upon to repair it, chance was presenting him his great life work.

It was in 1763 that Watt repaired the model, and from that time on most of his thoughts were on steam. A student in the medical school, John Robison, suggested that steam engines might be used to propel carriages, and Watt made a model with tin cylinders and gears to transfer the power to the drive wheel.

But what constantly bothered him was the inefficiency of the Newcomen engine. He made careful experiments in

the laboratory and concluded that three-fourths of the steam was condensed and wasted as the piston rose.

"The cylinder should remain hot," he told himself. "It should, in fact, remain as hot as steam at all times."

But how could it remain hot when the steam had to be condensed and a vacuum created in order to draw the piston down? In the Newcomen engine, a jet of water was introduced into the cylinder to cool it and aid in condensation. This happened from twelve to twenty times per minute, thus alternately cooling and heating the cylinder that many times each minute. No wonder there was waste.

Yet how could this waste be avoided when there must be a vacuum for each downstroke. This was the problem that kept him sleepless and preoccupied for days.

The idea came to him during a Sunday afternoon walk. It came like a sudden, blinding revelation, and the solution was so simple that he wondered why he hadn't thought of it before. The thing to do was to provide a condenser separate from the cylinder. Then the steam could be drawn from the cylinder into the separate chamber and condensed there. This would permit the cylinder to remain hot, and the terrific loss in the Newcomen engine could be avoided.

From that time on, Watt could think of little else. Years of misery, disappointment, and poverty were to follow before the eventual triumph.

He began making models. His regular work suffered, and his income was reduced to the vanishing point. He borrowed from friends and finally obtained some backing from a wealthy physician and inventor, Doctor Roebuck. Night after night for years he experimented, altered, and retested.

He had married some time before, and during this time of experiment his wife died. Then Doctor Roebuck suffered financial reverses, and Watt lost the man's backing. About this time he wrote a friend, "Of all things in life, there is nothing more foolish than inventing."

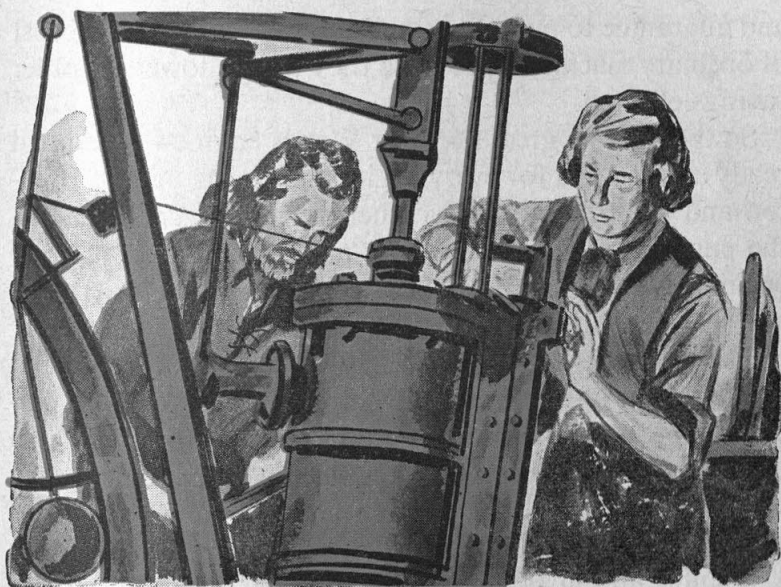
His idea for a separate condenser had occurred in 1765, and by 1769 he felt that he was far enough along to take out a patent. He titled his application, "A New Method of Lessening the Consumption of Steam and Fuel in Fire-Engines." The exact date of the patent was January 5, 1769.

But the steam engine might have been little more than an unrealized patent if Watt hadn't gained the interest of Matthew Boulton, the owner of a great factory at Soho, near Birmingham, a factory manufacturing articles of silver, vases, bronzes, and clocks. Boulton was a wise, courageous man who was quick to see the value of Watt's improvements, and after some negotiation he bought out the Roebuck interest in the steam engine.

Watt's chief trouble at this time was the lack of skilled workmen and tools that would do precise machine work. There was no accurate way, at the time, of boring a cylinder. A machine tool industry would have to be developed before a steam-tight engine could be built. As a result, Watt's models didn't work as satisfactorily as they should, and he wrote Boulton that he (Watt) was by no means the proper man to carry the invention to a conclusion, that he was a dupe of mankind, that he saw no chance of ever earning enough to become independent.

Finally, Boulton induced Watt to come to Soho where there were skilled workmen and facilities not available in Glasgow. In 1774 Watt complied, and before long, with Boulton's serene encouragement, he completed an engine that performed as he had anticipated. Of this first workable, successful engine he wrote, "The fire-engine I have invented is now going and answers much better than any other that has yet been made; and I expect that the invention will be very beneficial to me."

It was cautious enthusiasm—the kind of enthusiasm to be expected from a man who had suffered nine years of toil and disappointment.



Watt now had an engine that differed in several important respects from Newcomen's. It had a separate condenser, so that the cylinder could be kept hot instead of being alternately cooled and heated. There was a steam jacket around the cylinder to keep it hot. The top of Newcomen's engines had been left open, but Watt's cylinder was covered, to keep out the cold air. The hot water from the condenser was fed back into the boiler, further saving fuel.

So, while George III and his Parliament were following the trade policies that were responsible for a revolution in America, a simple, non-belligerent Scotsman was giving the world an invention that would bring on a revolution in men's lives all over the world.

While Watt was working toward that first successful engine of 1774, news of it had spread around. Mine owners in Cornwall had written that their mines would have to be abandoned if they didn't get Mr. Watt's machine for pumping out the water. And Doctor Small, one of Watt's minor partners, had replied that Watt would build them a machine

and guarantee to pump out their mines at half the fuel cost of ordinary machines, provided they were allowed all other savings effected.

So there was a great need for Watt's engine—a demand ready and waiting for every engine the young firm of Boulton and Watt could build. Wherever they were installed, the engines proved themselves, and the factory at Soho expanded as rapidly as skilled workmen could be trained and new tools devised to speed up the manufacture.

The ten years from 1775 to 1785 were the busiest and most fruitful of the Scotch inventor's life. In 1781 he patented devices for obtaining a rotary motion from his steam engine, and this made it available not only for up-and-down pumping but for turning shafts and wheels. This meant that the engine could be used to operate factories and mills, and in 1786 the Albion Mills, near Blackfriars' Bridge, London, were provided with steam power. Two engines of fifty horsepower each were installed to drive twenty pairs of stones, which meant that the world was witnessing a new event in history. The power in coal—the energy stored in black rock ages ago—was being used to grind grain into flour and meal. Up till then, wind power and water power had done much of the work, and hand power the rest. Now coal, operating through a Watt engine, was doing it. And a Watt engine didn't have to be near a stream to harness a current, or on a hill to catch the breeze. It could be anywhere.

It is doubtful if any visitor to the Albion Mills was overawed by the sight of a steam engine grinding flour. Certainly he couldn't have foreseen that this was the beginning of an age in which coal would take over a large part of man's work.

Other Watt inventions followed. He patented a double-acting steam engine in which the steam acted alternately on each side of the piston. He patented a compound en-

gine—two engines working together on the same crankshaft. He invented a steam hammer for forges that delivered ninety blows per minute.

Understanding steam's elasticity—its power to expand—he cut off the introduction of steam at the quarter stroke, and let the expanding power of steam drive the piston the rest of the way, saving further fuel.

In 1784 he patented devices for applying steam power to a "locomotive engine," thus anticipating the coming of railroads. For ten years there seemed no end to the inventions that came from his active, fertile mind.

By 1785 his great work was done, and he and Boulton, with Darwin, Priestley, and others, formed a society for philosophical discussions. They called it the Lunar Society because their meetings were held monthly at the full of the moon, a time when the members could drive home by moonlight.

Watt had married again and raised a family. In 1800 the partnership of Boulton and Watt was dissolved, and Watt retired to Heathfield to tinker in his attic workshop and chat with friends. He made occasional trips to London and was welcomed as the greatest living engineer.

Boulton, the man who had given Watt encouragement when it was most needed and had contributed not only capital but organizing ability, skilled workmen, and an unwavering faith in their ultimate success, died in 1809.

Ten years later James Watt died, and the nation erected his statue in Westminster Abbey.

"The part he played in the mechanical applications of steam," wrote a Frenchman, "can be compared only with that of Newton in astronomy and of Shakespeare in poetry."

Check Yourself

1. State in your own words the major idea of the entire story. Find proof for your statement.

2. Reread the story, noticing the following key ideas:
 - a. The period of Watt's youth which includes his early training in London.
 - b. The period of Watt's early manhood which includes his return to Glasgow and his first work on engines.
 - c. The period of his apparent failure.
 - d. The period of his first success which began with his association with Boulton.
 - e. The period of great triumph in which he perfected many inventions.
3. Study each section in order to fix these key ideas in mind. Then discuss the information in each section.

The Song of Steam

By George Washington Cutter

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As a tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boasts of human might,
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil that he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love,
I could but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! Ha! Ha! they found me at last,
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,
And laughed in my iron strength!
Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide!

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline
Or the dawn of the glorious day;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I carry, I spin, I weave,
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no brains to decay,
No bones to be laid on the shelf,
And soon I intend you may go and play,
While I manage the world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns the chain.

Share Your Ideas

1. What is the major idea of the first four lines? What effect is produced by using the same lines to begin and to end the poem?
2. Read lines that show how "steam" feels about man.
3. Find lines that show how "steam" feels about itself.
4. List important accomplishments of steam as revealed by the poem.
5. Read the poem orally. Interpret the lines to bring out the strength and majesty of steam as revealed by the poem.

Striking Oil

By Gertrude Hartman

In 1859 another power was discovered—the power of petroleum, or “rock oil” as it was first called. Within a period of less than fifty years it became the second most important power resource of the industrial world. Read the story to find the key ideas and check your ability to assimilate information.

Many scientists think that oil was formed from water plants and the remains of fish buried under the surface of the earth in the very early days of its history. The seas of the early world swarmed with all kinds of creatures. During those ages terrible earthquakes often crumpled and twisted the earth's surface, and the ocean bed was violently shaken. Millions of fish and sea plants were destroyed, and their remains were buried beneath the surface of the earth.

As ages passed, the sand and mud under which the sea creatures were buried became very deep; in time they were changed to rock, which pressed down upon their remains. Crushed by the weight of the rocks above them, these gave out a great deal of oil which collected in pools. Thus, slowly, through many ages, the plants and animals of the early world, far beneath the surface of the earth, were turned into thick, dark oil, sometimes called petroleum.

This process may have gone on very generally all over the world. In the course of time the oil probably soaked through porous rocks, and today it is found only in those places where there are certain kinds of rock through which it could not make its way. In such places it remained imprisoned beneath the rocks where it collected in pools.

When the oil was pressed too hard, it sometimes jetted up between rocks and through the soil to the surface. Sometimes it seeped up through crevices in the rocks or bubbled up in creeks.

The existence of petroleum, or rock oil, in various parts of the world had been known from earliest times. The Indians in our country used it to rub on their joints to cure rheumatism. They collected it from streams, where it floated on the surface of the water, by dipping blankets into the stream, letting them become soaked with the oily scum, and wringing out the oil into gourds. From the Indians the early settlers learned its value.

In northwestern Pennsylvania oil floated in such quantities on a little stream that it was called Oil Creek. An enterprising businessman named Samuel Kier built up a business of bottling this oil and selling Kier's Rock Oil for its medicinal value.

Then George H. Bissell, a New Haven businessman, became interested in oil. He purchased a large tract of land at Titusville near Oil Creek, and formed the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company. Thus the first oil company in the world came into existence.

Bissell foresaw a fortune for the man who could obtain oil in large quantities. But how could this be done? Certainly not by dipping it from the surface of streams. He came to the conclusion that under the surface of the earth were pools of oil, and that by drilling down through the rocks he might reach the oil and pump it up.

Bissell sent Edwin L. Drake to Oil Creek Valley to attempt the new method of drilling oil from the earth. Drake was a firm believer in the enterprise and put all his savings into it. "Underneath this little town of yours," he said to the people of Titusville, "is a storehouse of wealth—wealth greater than that of the Indies." But the people only laughed at him for having such foolish ideas.



To help him, Drake hired Uncle Billy Smith, who had had experience in drilling salt wells, and his two sons. His plan was to dig up the earth until he reached solid rock and then drill until he tapped a pool of petroleum.

On the banks of Oil Creek the men began digging with pick and shovel. Fifteen feet down the walls caved in, but props were inserted and the digging went on. At thirty-six feet, solid rock was reached and drilling was begun. It was slow work. The drill bored deeper and deeper into the rock, but no oil came forth.

From the surrounding area people gathered to watch the men drilling at the rate of a few feet a day, hoping to reach oil which might be hundreds of miles down under the earth. They called the well "Drake's Folly."

Week after week, in spite of one disappointment after another, the men drilled. On August 27, 1859, however, after they had reached the depth of sixty-nine feet with no results, they stopped work in discouragement and went home.

The next morning Sam Smith, Uncle Billy's son, strolled out to the deserted well and peered down into the deep hole. It was full of black, oily liquid, bubbling and frothing!

"Oil! Oil!" he shouted in great excitement. "We've struck it!"

Success at last! Drake and his helpers quickly rigged up a simple pump and began to pump up the dark liquid. They filled with the oil everything they could lay their hands on. And still it came. Then Uncle Billy mounted a mule and started for Titusville to tell the people there that "Drake's Folly" was not so foolish after all.

News of Drake's success spread rapidly. Thousands of people realized that a new source of wealth had been found and rushed to western Pennsylvania to buy land near by. Farms that had been considered worthless were sold for fabulous sums. Teamsters arrived in droves. Their wagons churned the roads into oily mud as their leaking loads spilled and splashed on their way to the railroad station. Hundreds of flatboats, heavily laden with barrels of oil, floated down Oil Creek.

Poor clerks and laboring men gave up their jobs and swarmed to the spot where fortunes were to be made so easily. Companies were formed, and stock in these companies was offered for sale. Many new wells were drilled, and oil began to flow in larger and larger quantities. Thus a new industry was born.

Sometimes oil was struck and fortunes were made. In other places oil was not found, and many of the unfortunate investors lost everything they had. Geologists made a careful study of the rock which contained the oil and were able to tell where it could be found. But the oil speculators would not heed their warnings, and many of them put their money into mere holes in the ground.

The pools of oil often lie far below the surface of the earth. A tall tower latticework is built above the spot chosen for drilling an oil well. To the top of this derrick are fastened the pulleys over which the ropes that operate the machinery are to pass. An engine is placed near the

foot of the derrick and covered with a rude shed. This engine is attached to a machine called a walking beam, which is used in working the drill. The walking beam is a large lever balanced on an axle at its middle point, with one end attached to the engine and the other to the drill. By this means the engine drives the drill, and the drill bores its way down through the rock.

In most cases pumps are required to force the oil up to the surface, but sometimes, when drillers strike the oil pool, the oil rushes up through the pipes and spouts hundreds of feet into the air like a fountain. This is called a gusher. Where oil is plentiful many wells are drilled. Sometimes the derricks in these places are built so close together that the oil field looks like a forest with tall derricks instead of trees.

The oil, as it comes from the earth, is thick and dark. It contains many impurities which must be removed before it is suitable for use. The removal of these impurities and the separation of the various substances found in the crude oil is called refining. By this process the sticky, dirty-looking oil is transformed into kerosene, gasoline, naphtha, and other useful products.

First the petroleum is heated in a great tank to the temperature at which one of its products will turn to vapor. As this vapor passes through cooled pipes, it condenses into liquid which flows down into another tank. Then the tank containing the remaining petroleum is heated to a higher temperature. With this greater heat another product in the petroleum is changed into vapor, drawn off, and condensed. The process of heating the tank of petroleum to higher and higher temperatures continues until all the products in the petroleum have been transformed into vapor. When all these have been taken off, there remains a heavy, black, tarlike sediment. This is the oil which is used to run ships and locomotives and to heat buildings.

The first widespread use of oil was to give the world a new light. Before this, candles and whale-oil lamps were the only means people had of lighting their houses. Candles were tedious to make and gave poor light. Oil, made from the fat of whales, gave a better light; but whale oil was expensive because it was becoming difficult to obtain.

From New England hardy crews set out on long, dangerous voyages, searching the sea for whales. These animals had been hunted to such an extent that they were hard to find. Only after months, and sometimes years, did the ships return with great casks of oil, made from the blubber of the whale. People were beginning to wonder what they would do for light. The discovery that rock oil would burn and produce a good light relieved anxiety about illumination and gave a better and cheaper substitute for whale oil.

For nearly twenty years after Drake's discovery Pennsylvania furnished all the oil in the United States. Later, wherever oil springs were known, wells were bored. Rich oil fields were found in Ohio, West Virginia, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, California, and other parts of the United States. It was discovered in other countries, too. Next in importance to the United States is Mexico, which supplies the world with one quarter of its petroleum, while Iran's oil is part of the greatest oil reservoir on earth. There are also great quantities in South America, Arabia, Russia, and the Far East.

From 1860 to 1900 only small quantities of oil were produced. But during those years the gas engine was being perfected, and after 1890 oil was used successfully to run automobiles. Within a short time it became the second most important power resource of the industrial world.

With the increasing use of oil, the transportation of petroleum from the oil fields to the refineries presented a difficult problem. The great oil fields were hundreds of miles away from the industrial region where most of the

oil was refined. How was the tremendous quantity of oil to be shipped over such great distances? At first it was put in barrels and sent by wagons, trains, and ships. But these methods were expensive and slow. Some better means of transportation had to be found. In time, tankers were constructed for carrying oil on the water and tank cars for transporting it on land.

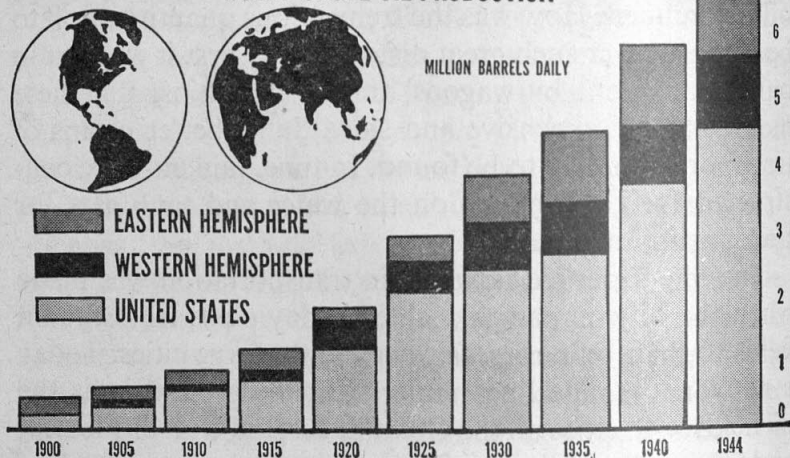
The most marked advance in transportation was made when the oil companies decided to lay pipes from the oil fields to their refineries, far away in the large cities. Today a network of pipe lines underneath the ground joins the oil fields with cities on the Great Lakes, the Gulf of Mexico, and along the Atlantic Coast. They are constructed of strong iron tubing that will withstand great pressure. Engines are placed at intervals to pump the oil through the pipes. Thus, oil can be transported quickly and cheaply.

Modern industry is becoming increasingly dependent upon oil. One of its by-products, gasoline, is used in running automobiles and airplanes; another, fuel oil, propels many great ships and furnishes the power for some of the locomotives on our railroads. Manufacturers in many industries have begun to use oil-burning engines in their factories. Oil keeps the wheels of machines and engines turning smoothly. Many homes are heated by oil. Today, all over the world, men are searching for this precious liquid.

Check Yourself

1. State the major idea of the entire selection.
2. The first two key ideas are listed below. As you reread the selection, choose others to complete the list.
 - a. Scientists believe that water plants and fish which remained buried underneath the earth turned into what we call petroleum.
 - b. From earliest times man has known of the existence of rock oil.

WORLD CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION



Crude Oil Production

To help you interpret a bar graph

As you know, graphs show relationships between items or facts. They are based on accurate statistics. There are different types, such as bar graphs, line graphs, circle graphs, and pictorial graphs. Study the bar graph given above to grasp its major idea. Then, by using facts from the graph, answer these questions:

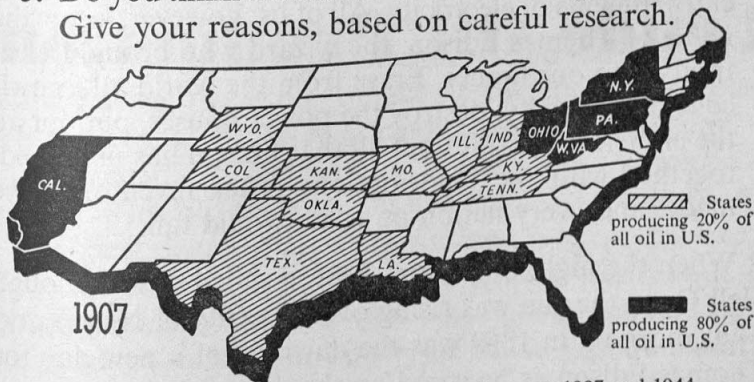
1. How does United States oil production in 1920 compare with that of 1940 in terms of millions of barrels daily?
2. Compare Eastern Hemisphere production for 1925 and 1930.
3. In what year did the Western Hemisphere show the first appreciable production?
4. You can see that after 1905 oil production in the United States steadily increased. Explain the reason for this in the light of what you have read in this unit.

Petroleum Resources

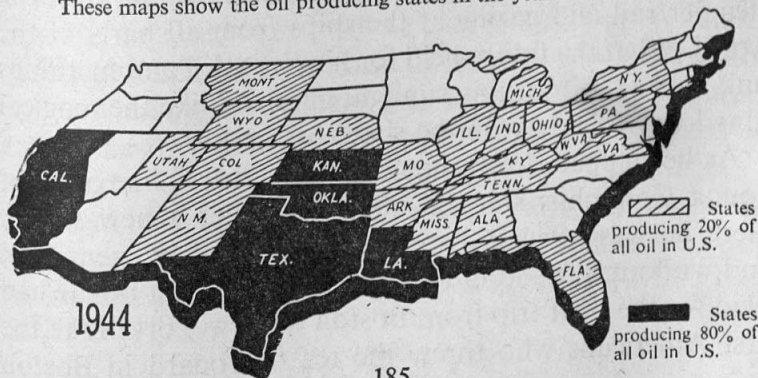
To help you interpret shaded maps

Study the legend and the maps to obtain the major ideas and then answer the following questions:

1. In 1907, how many states were producing oil?
2. Name the five states that were at that time producing 80 per cent of all the oil in the United States.
3. How many oil producing states were there by 1944? Name the states that began producing oil after 1907.
4. Name the five states that were producing 80 per cent of all oil in 1944. Which of these states was among those producing 80 per cent of all oil in 1907?
5. Do you think that in the future this map will change? Give your reasons, based on careful research.



These maps show the oil producing states in the years 1907 and 1944.



Poverty to Independence

By Francis Trevelyan Miller

The wonders of today have been made possible by electricity, a development of power. Although the study of this power began about twenty-five hundred years ago in faraway Greece by a man named Thales, it is only within the last century that electricity has been of practical aid to mankind. Few of us know the names of the early students of electricity. All of us, however, know the name of Thomas Edison, the wizard who brought electricity into our homes. Erase from the world all knowledge of electricity, destroy the power houses, put out all the electric lights, blot out all that Edison has produced, together with the contributions other inventors have made, and every nation on earth would fall.

When the night boat from Boston sailed down through Hell Gate, the sun was rising over the City of New York. That morning in 1869 was the dawning of a new day for Thomas Edison as he stood on the deck, leaning over the steamer rail and gazing at the ships from all parts of the world. What the future held for him was still among things unknown. The morning sunlight glistened like the magical kingdom of Cathay on the scene before his eyes.

As he stepped down the gangplank, it was like another young Columbus starting out to conquer a new world. Here he was—twenty-two years old—in debt, penniless, and without a friend in this great city. His last dollar had paid for the boat trip from Boston to New York. Like the first Americans who threw the tea overboard in Boston

Harbor, he had thrown overboard everything he possessed on earth to make this new venture. Even his books and instruments had been left behind as security for his debts. No one could have been poorer in worldly possessions. Benjamin Franklin, walking into Philadelphia from Boston, with a loaf of bread under his arm, presents no more inspiring picture than does Thomas Edison as he entered New York "dead broke."

But there were some things that could not be taken away from him—his courage, his perseverance, his experience, and the knowledge and character which he had gained in his boyhood days. These now represented his entire capital.

"My first thought after leaving the boat," he said in describing this historic day, "was to find some way to get breakfast. I was without sufficient money to obtain it."

Hungry, he passed the coffeehouses and looked in as he walked along the street. Finally he came to a warehouse where a tea taster was inspecting a cargo from Ceylon.

"I wonder, sir," said Edison, "if you could give me a cup of tea?" This cup of tea was his first breakfast in New York.

He spent that day largely in visiting the telegraph offices to locate the operators with whom he had "conversed" in stolen moments over the wires when he himself had been an operator in Boston. Finally he found a good-natured operator who had heard all about him. "I am out of a job myself," he said, "but I will be glad to lend you a dollar." This was Edison's first friend in New York—and his first dollar. That night he walked into the gas-lighted restaurant across the way from Washington Market and ordered his supper.

"I had to make my dollar go a long way," he explained later, "so I ordered apple dumplings and coffee. It seemed to me that I had never eaten anything so good in all my life."



Then he had an idea—he would look up Jerry Borst, the “speed king,” who had tried to beat him from this end of the New York wire No. 1.

“He was the most silent man I had ever met,” stated Edison. “He listened, stroked his beard, and said nothing, but he took me over about midnight to an all-night lunch house in a basement—Oliver’s—and pointed out the celebrated newspaper men there.”

“That’s a great place—a plate of cakes, a cup of coffee, and a Russian bath for ten cents!” exclaimed Borst. This, Edison said, represented fifty per cent of his entire conversation for two days.

Whether to spend his nights in the telegraph office or to find a place where he could sleep so that he could make his “invasions of the city” during the daytime was his first problem. This was solved by securing permission to pass the nights in the battery room of the Gold Indicator Company, a concern that supplied a newly invented electrical indicator to record the quotations on the floor of the Gold Exchange in Wall Street. Three days he lived on the borrowed dollar, until, at the most unexpected moment, he walked directly into his first opportunity.

This first opportunity lay at his very feet—right where he was sleeping, in the battery room. On the third day after his arrival, there was a sudden commotion in the offices of the Gold Indicator Company—the transmitter which was sending quotations to the floor of the Gold Exchange suddenly stopped during an exciting moment in the market. Pandemonium broke loose—not only in the Indicator office but in the three hundred brokerage offices which were depending upon these quotations.

“Within three minutes,” explained Edison, “three hundred boys—a boy from every broker in the Street—were rushing up the stairs shouting that the quotations had stopped.”

The inventor of the instrument—Doctor S. S. Laws, a former Vice President of the Gold Exchange—rushed into the room in tense excitement. He demanded to know what had happened. The superintendent stood speechless. Young Edison hesitantly volunteered to fix it.

“Fix it! Fix it! Be quick!” ordered Laws.

The young inventor from Boston stepped to the instrument and found that a broken contact spring had dropped between the two gear wheels. He removed the spring and set the contact wheels at zero. Orders were issued for the entire force of men to rush to the three hundred offices of the financial district to set the instruments. Two hours later the system was again in perfect operation and peace was restored in the brokers’ offices. The importance of this can be realized when it is remembered that this was before the invention of the telephone, and speculators were dependent upon the new telegraph system or messenger boys.

“What’s that boy’s name?” demanded Doctor Laws, indicating Edison.

On the following day, when Laws entered his office, he sent for Edison. Sitting in the midst of stacks of books on science and physics, he attacked him with a barrage of questions: “What are you doing? Where did you come from? What do you know about telegraphy? What do you know about my indicator? How does it work?”

Edison answered promptly the severest examination he had ever been given. (It was a questionnaire that equaled his own famous tests for boys inaugurated some fifty years later.) It ended with an order to Edison to come in early in the morning. Since he was sleeping in the battery room, he didn’t have far to go.

“I have decided to put you in charge of my whole plant,” announced Laws. “Your salary will be \$300 a month!”

Edison admitted that the announcement left him speechless. He thought his luck was too good to last, but he lived

up to his reputation and gave full service for the money. This opened for him the opportunity to utilize his inventive ingenuity, and he worked day and night on improvements and developments for the indicator. Soon he became an important figure along the Street.



Then dawned the sensational day—"Black Friday," September 24, 1869. Speculators were thrown into panic. Jay Gould and James Fisk had cornered the gold market. Frenzied throngs stood on the sidewalks along Wall Street; the crowds reached through Broad Street and New Street and the entire financial district. It was a surging, crazy crowd. Fortunes were made and lost in a minute. Gould and Fisk manipulated the market with great profits to themselves and fearful consequences to the rest of the world. Quotations went up and down faster than the indicator could follow, and Edison's men were forced to meet the emergency. It was a severe test for the Gold Indicator, but by one o'clock Edison had managed to get the machines up to the correct figures. Then, with his crew sending the right quotations to the boards, he sat down calmly and watched the frenzied crowds.

One of the operators walked over to Edison and, extending his hand, exclaimed, "Shake, Edison. We're all right. We haven't a cent to lose!"

It is interesting to note here that, while right in the midst of these enormous transactions, with fortunes being made and lost, Edison never speculated. He had invented a stock ticker and was general manager of an indicator company, with closest inside information concerning pools and the manipulations on the market, but never was he drawn into the whirlpool. His inventions were to build industries which were to be the center of tremendous activities on the market. Twelve years later, after the installation of the first central station of his incandescent light system, he was to

watch the shares of the first Edison Electric Light Company advance in price from \$100 to \$3,500 and stand calmly by as his new invention forced gas stocks to drop with amazing results.



Six days after "Black Friday," Edison, Franklin L. Pope, and J. N. Ashley, publisher of the *Telegrapher* formed the firm of Pope, Edison and Company—Electrical Engineers and General Telegraph Agency. The Gold Indicator Company had been consolidated with the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company which was later absorbed by the Western Union.

The new concern started out energetically, with visions of great prosperity. Edison, in order to be in constant touch with his partner, Pope, lived with him at his home in Elizabeth, New Jersey. They began their experiments in the small shop of Doctor Bradley, in Jersey City, because it was located near the station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and they could "jump off the train and go to work" on their way from New York.

This progressive young firm of electrical engineers was watched very closely by General Marshall Lefferts, President of the Western Union. Its first invention was an improved "Gold Printer," along with the installation of private telegraph lines. The concern was soon taken over by the Western Union, and the partnership dissolved with "some profit."



Marshall Lefferts now engaged Edison to concentrate his time on the improvement of the stock ticker. This ticker was then a very crude instrument, and Edison immediately developed a number of important improvements on which he secured numerous patents. Among other devices, he developed a unison stop. Finally he produced "Edison's Universal Printer."

Fortune stood knocking at young Edison's door, but he himself admitted that he did not realize it at the time. The first stroke of good luck in his life had come—the result of all the industry and energy and determination from the days of the first laboratory back home.

One eventful day Edison was summoned to General Lefferts' office. As he entered, he noted from the expression on the General's face that something of consequence was pending. He had faced his superiors so many times with dire results that he was prepared for better or worse.

"Edison," exclaimed General Lefferts, "how much do you want for your 'Universal Printer'?"

This was a vital moment. Edison had thought \$5,000 would be about right, but when faced by the bargaining General he was about to drop his figure to \$3,000 or even less. Instead he suggested, "Well, General, suppose you make an offer."

"How would \$40,000 strike you?" asked Lefferts.

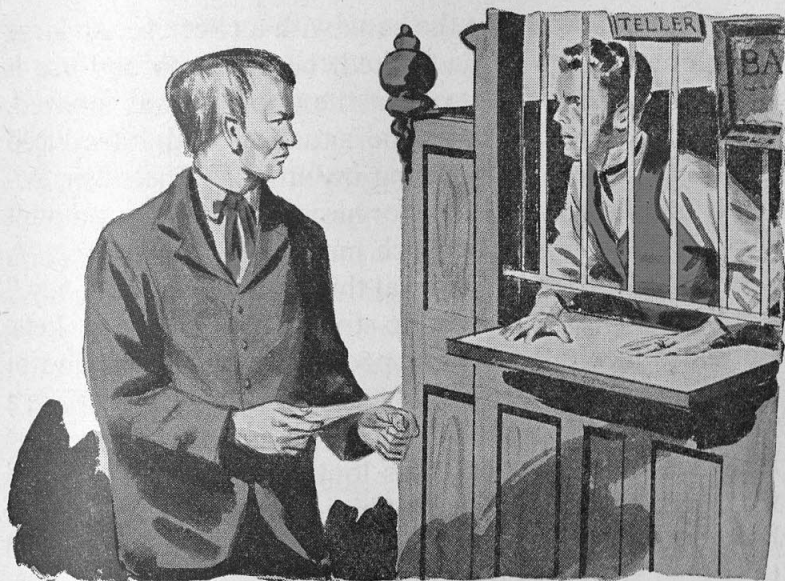
Edison was so startled that he could almost feel his heart stop beating. Finally he managed to collect himself and answered reflectively, "I think that is fair."

"Come around in three days to sign the contract," exclaimed General Lefferts, "and I will give you the money."

When Edison left the office, he admitted he had to pinch himself to see if he was alive. That night he began to reflect on the matter and could not believe that his work was worth such a huge sum. He sat down and estimated the value of his time and trouble, without apparently any realization of what the invention was worth to the Western Union. He even consulted his conscience and wondered if he should tell the General that the price was too high.

"Three days later, however," said Edison, "I walked into the General's office. He handed me the contract, and I signed it without reading it."





General Lefferts presented the check for \$40,000—the first check Edison had ever received. He walked out of the office in search of a bank, the “piece of paper” in his hand. Stepping up to the paying teller’s window, he handed him the check like a businessman. The teller looked first at it, then at him, and finally handed it back. Edison believed for a moment that he had been cheated and hurried out of the bank “to let the cold sweat evaporate.”

Back in General Lefferts’ office, he walked in and told him what had happened. The General sat back in his chair and laughed uproariously.

“All that’s the matter is this—the check must be endorsed!” explained General Lefferts. “That is probably what the teller told you, and you did not understand. I will send my secretary over to identify you.”

The teller was surprised to see Edison return with General Lefferts’ secretary. While his keen knowledge of signatures had told him that this one was genuine, he had been somewhat perplexed by this strange young man, rather

poorly dressed, entering the bank with a check for so large an amount. When he had asked the youth to endorse it and had seen him shoot out of the door, he was amazed.

The secretary explained the situation and introduced Edison as one of the "coming inventors." The teller evidently had a sense of humor for he counted out the amount in small bills—a bundle which measured a cubic foot.

Edison stood there, gazing at this "mountain of money," and then gravely proceeded to stow it away in his pockets. He had difficulty in finding pocket room—every one of them was bulging with bills. He felt as if he himself were a "walking bank," and as he hurried down the street, he imagined that everybody was looking at him and feared that a policeman would arrest him for robbing a bank. He hurried to his room which was then in Newark and locked the door. There he sat up all night guarding his fortune.

General Lefferts' office was again in an uproar when Edison appeared the next morning with his pockets bulging and asked what was to be done with the money. The General then gave him his first practical advice in financial matters and issued orders for the deposit of the money to Edison's account—*his first bank account*.

Forty thousand dollars! "Black Friday" had been "Good Friday" for young Edison. He had seized the opportunity to turn adversity into prosperity during the worst panic Wall Street had ever known.

Check Yourself

1. After your first reading of this article tell in one sentence why you think Edison was able to perform such miracles.
2. When you reread an article for the purpose of finding key ideas and remembering important information, it is often desirable to take notes. These notes help you remember the material and furnish a method of

review. They should not be taken, however, unless an "overview" of the material is first obtained. Remember that in note taking you must select only the important ideas.

Below is a statement of the key idea of the first section, followed by the items which developed the key idea. Study this example carefully. Then reread the remaining five sections of the article. Make a statement of the key idea of each section and arrange your own notes under each. Group only the important information under the large headings. Compare your notes with those of other members of the class. Then list on the board the five key ideas, with suitable notes under each.

Edison arrived in New York without funds or friends.

1. He had risked everything and gone into debt to make this venture.
2. He had only his courage, experience, and good character.
3. His first breakfast was a cup of tea.
4. His first day was spent visiting telegraph offices.
5. He borrowed a dollar from a telegraph operator.

Conquest of the Air

By Frank P. Bachman

To help you assimilate material through taking notes

Flying, perhaps, has captured the imagination of man more than has any other form of travel. Many obstacles stood in the paths of men who were determined to fly, but they served only to challenge their courage as they pushed on to greater and greater achievements. The story of the conquest of the air is a romance of men with imagination, determination, and the spirit of adventure. Read it for enjoyment as well as to obtain an overview of the information. Then reread for key ideas that trace the development of air transportation and take notes to support each.

Always, since he first watched the bird, man has wanted to fly. There is an old Greek story of Daedalus, who made wings of wax with which he and his son Icarus tried to fly over the sea. Daedalus told Icarus not to go near the sun lest his wings melt. Icarus was a knowing youth. He ventured too near the sun, his wax wings melted and dropped off, and he fell into the sea and was drowned.

There is also the familiar story of an American boy named Darius Green who tried to fly. He was, however, no more successful than was Icarus of old, though he did escape the latter's fate, only falling into his father's barnyard.

The first man who tried seriously to learn to fly was a German named Otto Lilienthal. He built a wing-shaped glider. With this fastened securely under his arm, he would make a running start and glide from the top of high hills or tall buildings. He thus worked for five years, studying

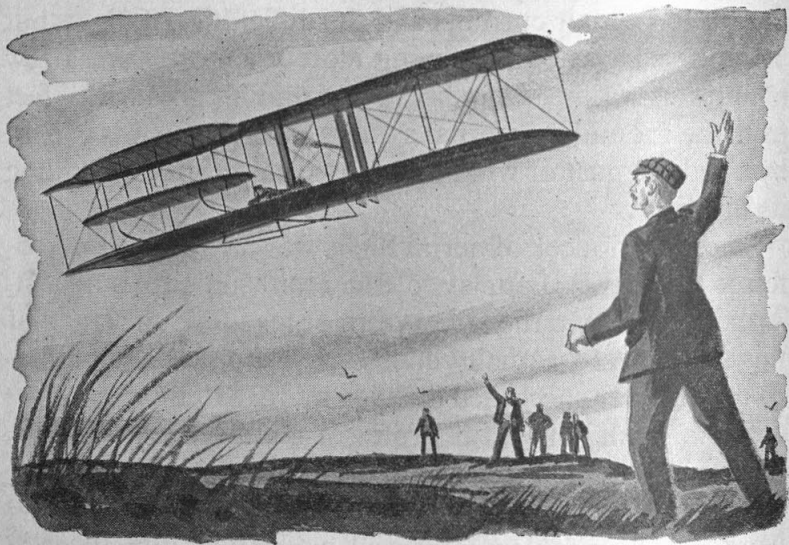
how to master air currents and the difficulties of flight, but he never succeeded in staying aloft for more than a few minutes at a time. One day, when gliding about fifty feet from the ground, Lilienthal's queer contraption was caught by a sudden gust of wind and hurled to the ground, killing its inventor.

Another pioneer of aerial flight was an American, Professor Samuel P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution. Although he gave the latter years of his life to the study of this subject and actually constructed a power-driven machine, he never succeeded in flying more than three quarters of a mile at any one time. Professor Langley's experiments, however, attracted much attention, and French and English scientists with the finest technical training began to work on the problem of aerial navigation. But the first to succeed in flying a heavier-than-air, power-driven machine were two Americans, Orville and Wilbur Wright.

The Wright brothers were born in Dayton, Ohio. They were always interested in mechanical things and owned and conducted a successful shop for the repair of bicycles. Their attention was first called to the flying machine by reading, in 1896, of the death of Lilienthal. They began to work on a flying machine as a mere matter of sport.

They had no money to spend on experiments, nor did they care to risk their lives in trying to fly before they knew how. Accordingly they spent much time in watching birds fly, and in discussing the principles of flight. They read all the books they could find on the subject, and studied all the different flying machines that had been made.

The first flying craft constructed by the Wright brothers—and they always made their own machines—was a glider, which they flew like a kite. It was controlled by levers worked from the ground by ropes. They were thus able to study the principles of flight, and how to control a flying machine suspended in the air.



Their next machine was a man-carrying glider which they used, much as Lilienthal had done, to glide in the air from high hills. It was easy enough to glide along on the air, but it was very difficult to balance the glider and to control its course. In order to experiment safely, they went in 1900 to Kitty Hawk, a secluded place on the Atlantic Coast of North Carolina, where there were high sand hills, which offered good opportunities for gliding, and a soft place on which to light, should they fall. During the two succeeding years they made about a thousand glider flights, several as much as six hundred feet long.

Their next step was to find a way to propel the glider. During 1903 they were busy on a suitable gasoline motor, but it was not until December of that year that they were ready for their first attempt to fly in a motor-propelled machine. For the trial trip, they went again to Kitty Hawk. The brothers were confident that their machine would fly, but they made no predictions and had little to say.

"The first flight lasted only twelve seconds, a flight very modest compared with that of birds, but it was, neverthe-

less, the first in the history of the world in which a machine carrying a man had raised itself by its own power into the air in free flight, had sailed forward on a level course without reduction of speed, and had finally landed without damage. The second and third flights (the same day) were a little longer, and the fourth lasted fifty-nine seconds, covering a distance of eight hundred and thirty-five feet over the ground against a twenty-mile wind."

What had started as a sport thus developed with the Wright brothers into a serious scientific study. By 1905 they had so mastered the motor that they were able to make a flight of twenty-four miles, at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. Up to this time they had worked in comparative quiet and without mention in the newspapers and magazines. But their long flights now began to attract the attention of the world.

In 1908 Wilbur took a machine to France. The French newspapers printed cartoons of him, making fun of his shabby-looking machine. But this same Wilbur was not long in breaking the world's record, with a flight of fifty-two miles in ninety-two minutes. A few days later he won a prize of twenty thousand francs. The following year their machine was accepted by our government for use in the army, and the French government gave the Wright brothers an order for thirty machines.

At the same time that Wilbur was breaking world records and winning prizes in France, Orville was making famous flights at Fort Myer, Virginia, flying for more than an hour at a time, often with a passenger.

The summer of 1909 witnessed the greatest triumphs so far in aerial navigation. Bleriot, a Frenchman, crossed the English Channel in his monoplane. Soon afterwards, Zeppelin sailed two hundred and twenty miles in his dirigible balloon, and Orville Wright carried a passenger from Fort Myer to Kitty Hawk.

From then until 1914, when World War I began, flights of this type continued, and each contributed something to the conquest of the air. In the United States, Calbraith Perry Rodgers began a transcontinental flight September 11, 1911. The journey was of long duration and extremely hazardous. It consisted merely of a series of short hops with a great deal of motor trouble. Robert C. Fowler accomplished a similar flight at about the same time. His experiences, if possible, were even more dangerous than those of Rodgers. The attention of the world was drawn to these flights, however, and soon aviators began discussing the possibility of crossing the Atlantic in planes. The fulfillment of that dream was postponed by the war.

With the end of the war, men again turned their thoughts toward crossing the Atlantic by plane. The North Atlantic route was chosen for the first flights because at this point the ocean is narrowest. Unfortunately air travel there is stormy. The first flights were made in naval planes, and they were extremely hazardous and often unsuccessful, but they turned the attention of the world toward the possibility of plane service between America and Europe. The brave pioneers who piloted these planes paved the way for later developments.

Then in 1927 Charles A. Lindbergh flashed like a meteor across the skies. His dramatic solo flight from New York to Paris was an important step in the development of aviation. Since his first glimpse of an airplane in 1912, Lindbergh had been fascinated by flying. He left college in his sophomore year to study aeronautics and then launched upon a "barnstorming" career. This is a term aviators used for flying around the country, taking passengers for short flights. Then followed his enlistment as an air cadet in the Army Air Service, and upon receiving his wings at Kelly Field, he became an airmail pilot. By this time he had aroused the interest of flying enthusiasts in the Middle West.

It was while he was flying mail from St. Louis to Chicago that he decided to compete for the \$25,000 prize offered for a New York to Paris non-stop flight. Flying the mail in all kinds of weather, together with his period of barnstorming, provided valuable experience for this historic trip.

By leaving New York on May 20, 1927, at 7:52 A. M. and arriving in Paris approximately thirty-three hours later, Lindbergh set a new record for a long distance solo flight. He was acclaimed both at home and abroad, and his success stimulated a tremendous interest in aviation on the part of the public. Confidence was aroused and commercial aviation took on new aspects.

The field of aviation spread by leaps and bounds. Airplane construction became a major industry, one of whose biggest problems was to find materials strong enough to withstand the strains of flight, yet light enough to be practical. Aluminum and its alloys have played an important part in filling this need. But a pound of aluminum cost five hundred and forty-five dollars in 1852. Gradual improvements in processing brought this fantastic price down to twenty-seven dollars a pound, but even that was too high for general use in the manufacturing industry.

While attending a chemistry class in Oberlin College in 1885, Charles Martin Hall heard his chemistry teacher say, "Any person who discovers a process by which aluminum can be made on a commercial scale will bless humanity and make a fortune for himself." This stimulated Hall to begin the experiments which, a year later, resulted in his perfecting a method by which he could extract aluminum from bauxite, its ore.

He found that bauxite would dissolve in cryolite, a mineral found in Greenland. When electricity was passed through this molten mixture of cryolite and bauxite, the aluminum was separated from the oxygen with which it

was combined. This method of separation is largely responsible for the reduction in the cost of aluminum to less than twenty cents a pound today.

The manufacture of light alloys gave added impetus to the development of lighter-than-air craft. Centuries ago man learned that anything which was lighter in weight than an equal volume of air would rise in the air. Balloons, bags filled with a light gas such as coal gas, hydrogen, or helium, were made large enough to carry men into the air. Balloons have been used to obtain weather information and for observation purposes in times of war.

After the development of the gasoline engine, it did not require much stretch of the imagination to try to propel a gas-filled bag by means of motors and a rudder. The dirigibles, or Zeppelins as they are called by the Germans, have a more rigid construction than the balloons. The 19,500 mile round-the-world record of twenty-one days made by the *Graf Zeppelin* in 1929 was a great achievement. The flights of the *Shenandoah*, *Akron*, *Macon*, and the *Hindenburg* contributed much to the advancement of aerial science, but their untimely destruction by storm or fire has raised many questions relative to the usefulness of dirigibles.

Another type of flying craft was invented by a young Spaniard, Juan de la Cierva, which he called the autogiro. The windmill-like blades rotate horizontally above the cockpit and are used in taking off from and alighting at a limited area. In addition, the autogiro has the usual type of propeller, mounted in front of the engine. This craft is particularly well adapted to landing in congested areas where the fields are likely to be small. An autogiro has been employed in Philadelphia to carry mail from the roof of the main post office to the near-by airport in Camden.

The progress of the industry is so rapid that any statement about types of planes and speed of travel soon becomes past history. We are all familiar with the various

types of army and navy planes, the great commercial planes, and the still larger transpacific and transatlantic planes. We have all heard of the service of planes in the transportation to hospitals of dangerously ill persons, of the speed with which they carry food and medicines to people marooned in times of flood or to isolated places on the earth. We know of the value of the plane to farmers whose orchards and fields are sprayed from the air, and to forest rangers whose job is facilitated by the vigilance of pilots. The airplane is certainly one of the greatest influences in our modern civilization.

Check Yourself

Reread the material and list the key ideas which trace the development of air transportation. Express the thought in your own words as briefly as possible. Then take notes on the important items of each key idea. Continue until you have listed all the key ideas and made suitable notes under each. Discuss the important points with your class.

Make Your Vocabulary Grow

Every field has its own vocabulary, and since science is so closely related to your lives, you will want to understand the language used by scientific workers. You know the meanings of many of the following terms. Use your dictionaries to find definitions of those you do not know. Then skim through the stories to study these words in context:

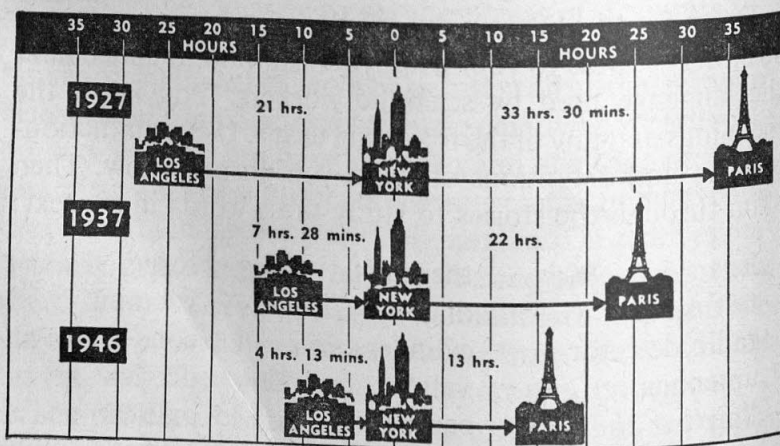
lens
test model
radio detector
antennas
"pip"
scope
electron beam

thermostat
dial
cylinders
valve
circuit
automatic
transmitter

forge
vacuum
condenser
derrick
axle
refine
carbon

Share Your Ideas and Experiences

1. Discuss the qualities of a successful inventor. Quote examples of such qualities found in these stories.
2. Discuss how nature has helped scientists. Cite examples from the stories in this unit.
3. Make a booklet of "famous inventions." Use drawings, pictures, and narrative to illustrate interesting points.
4. Make a list of the inventions you use today. Which are the most important for your comfort?
5. Choose one of the following topics or a similar one on which to prepare a talk. Use at least two references to secure adequate information.
 - a. The making of glass
 - b. The story of paper
 - c. The chief sources of industrial power in your community
 - d. The inventions needed at present by your community
6. From the bibliography choose a book. Review it for the group, following one of the plans given on page 67.



The Shrinking World

To help you interpret a pictorial graph

The graph on page 204 shows two decades of speed in the air, with Lindbergh's record flight of 1927 as a base. You frequently see this type of pictorial graph in newspapers and current publications to illustrate relationships of specific information. Answer the questions that follow by interpreting the graph correctly.

1. Explain why this chart is called "The Shrinking World."
2. From the reading you have done in this unit, explain why 1927 was used as a starting point for this chart.
3. You will notice that from 1927 to 1946 the flying hours between Los Angeles and New York have been reduced more than the flying hours between New York and Paris. Find reasons for this condition and report them to the class.
4. In which period is the decrease in flying time more marked? If you can account for this, give your information to the class.
5. How much longer did it take to fly from Los Angeles to New York in 1927 than in 1937?
6. How much longer did it take to fly from New York to Paris in 1937 than in 1946?
7. From studying the chart, what speed could you expect airplanes to attain in the next ten years?
8. How does this graph maker arrive at the symbols he uses?
9. How do you account for the popularity and wide use of graphs and charts of this type?

Select Good Books

Books, the children of the brain.

JONATHAN SWIFT

Boys and girls who are interested in the inventions of yesterday and tomorrow will enjoy these books:

FROM MAN TO MACHINES, A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF INVENTIONS, by Agnes Rogers

By means of pictures and clearly written narrative, this book explains the chief inventions upon which our machine age is based. You will find it instructive and intensely interesting.

POWER FROM START TO FINISH, by Franklin M. and Claire Reck

This book begins with a discussion of the sun as the source of all energy, and of how, directly or indirectly, all the power employed is derived from it. You will read about many inventions which make our lives what they are today.

HOW THINGS WORK, by George Russell Harrison

Here is a book full of interesting information about energy, aviation, photography, and other things which are controlled by the laws of physics and chemistry.

SCIENCE LOOKS AHEAD, by A. M. Low

You can spend many hours with this book if you are interested in today and tomorrow. You will read of new developments in everything from medicine to flying.

WONDER BOOK OF THE AIR, by C. B. Allen and Lauren D. Lyman

Here is an account of man's conquest of the air from his earliest endeavors to the development of modern air transportation.

THOMAS A. EDISON, by Francis Trevelyan Miller

This is the colorful and inspiring narrative of the man who literally transformed the world with his amazing inventions. His diligence and the respect he commanded in his lifetime are an inspiration.

WONDER BOOK OF TRAINS AND RAILROADING, by Norman Carlisle, Reginald Cleveland, and Jonathan Wood

This is a comprehensive and fascinating story of railroads and their history. The many photographs add greatly to the interest of the book.

FLOWING GOLD: THE ROMANCE OF OIL, by John F. Floherty

In a most interesting manner, this book recounts a history of oil from the first discovery to the magnificent present-day industry. The photographs and drawings add to the value of the narrative.

4

Before Our Time



Justice at Piepowder Court

By Esther Melbourne Knox

While the Earl of Winchester was fighting in the Crusades, his daughter, Alix, and his estate were left in the care of Alix's aunt who was neither prudent nor fair. The Lady Marthe looked out for her own interests, not those of the people of the village. She failed to reckon, however, with the courage of Alix, who saw that justice reigned at the Court of the Dusty Foot. Piepowder was a court of quick decisions at the great medieval fair where those accused need not even stop to wipe the dust from their feet before a hearing.

Alix had to climb eighteen high, familiar steps before she found Old John in the guard room of the north tower. Through nearly all of her sixteen years she had sought him out for advice and comfort—in Gatehouse, Outer Ward, Keep, each post less important than the one before. And now he was old, and this place in the north tower seemed his last, for danger never came to Winchester from the north where lay the moors. In the past it had come from the south and the near seacoast, but these last three years danger had seemed to lie within the walls, not without.

This misty July afternoon in the year of our Lord, 1130, Alix set her small, high-arched feet in the center of each

high step in furious haste. It annoyed her to see the long points of her scarlet shoes as they emerged from the billowing gray of her woolen gown. They were so worn that her toes actually showed through the shameful holes! More than a year ago her father, the Earl of Winchester, now fighting in the Holy Wars in Syria, had sent them home to her by a traveling monk. And Alix, entranced by the color and suppleness of the morocco leather, had vowed never again to wear the crude buskins from the shop of the Winchester shoemaker.

When she reached the small room at the top of the stairs, she was out of breath. Old John was asleep, his heavy casque tilted at a rakish angle. With the spindle she held in her hand, she prodded him crossly in the middle of his broad back, trying at the same time to peer beyond him through the paneless slit of a window.

"Ah, it's you, milady Alix! I must have dropped off for a moment!" His voice was a relieved rumble.

"'Dropped off,' indeed!" she mimicked. "Doubtless you've been asleep for hours! I suppose there's no use in asking you if you've seen Clement Tirrel ride his white horse up our hill since midday."

Old John yawned prodigiously as he pushed away the persistent spindle. "Clement Tirrel is a good lad. Why be angry with him? He is busy, doubtless, at the garrison."

Alix's chin sank into the bright silken scarf knotted about her throat. Her brown eyes showed sudden sparks of red, and her dark brows met ominously over her short nose.

John blinked and sat up straight. "It fair makes my casque rise up on my old head—that look of your father in anger," he told her. "How plain I can see him, so big and well-fed! He must be full twelve stone heavier than you—but I warrant his anger is no heavier." He crossed himself piously. "Now you said 'midday.' I saw him ride up early—young Clement—well before the sun had—"

"I know!" Alix's voice was sharp. "He rode up from the garrison to ask me to go with him to the sea. He knows where some swans are nesting, and he was going to capture a cygnet for me. But no—no, indeed! My lady aunt had other plans for me." She shook the spindle at him and her voice rose furiously. "Since sunup I have been working at spinning in the gloomy old Hall. And having my ears vexed the while with the stupidest Latin verses I ever listened to!

"And there's another thing!" she burst out, her soft lips trembling, which made her look more like an injured child than an imperious young lady of sixteen. "Do you know that she has forbidden me the Fair—the *Fair*, John? Why, every year, as far back as I can remember, I have gone to the St. Swithin's Day Fair. And this year I need many things. Look at these!" She stuck up one shabby, red-clad foot indignantly. "And I should have silk for a church gown and a new kirtle, and one of those new cloaks of velvet stuff cut in a great circle. Why, even Clement, who rarely has the wit to notice such things, agrees that I am shabby for an Earl's daughter."

"Tcck—tcck!" murmured the old man in distress.

"John, what has come over my lady aunt this year? She was always—how shall I say it?—grandly aware of her position since my father ordered her from Caen to care for his motherless daughter in his absence. But now one would think her Queen Maud herself."

"Don't be too hard on her," John shook his head. "She is only doing her duty as she sees it."

"Well, I do not like her way—be it duty or whatever!"

"Nor I," agreed Old John mildly; "nor any of us. She is not overly just, nor is she farseeing. Did you know she has lowered our wages, fixed by the Earl years ago? And—is your maid, Sofia, still in the dungeon?"

Alix nodded. "She is to be released today. I could have told my lady aunt how the girl came by that sack of silver.

She has a friend who is a moneyer in town and naturally she fears to plunge him into trouble by telling." A frown furrowed her smooth brow. "No, the Lady Marthe does not grasp the needs of our people, nor the temper of their steel. There isn't a man or a maid within our walls but who feels he could die tomorrow, with no one in authority to hold his head or call the priest. And as for me, John, I have no one but you, and—and Clement Tirrel, perhaps."

"The de Gise? Have you not someone in him?" John rolled his watery eyes slyly.

Alix rose to his bait. "Have you lost your wits? I would not have Geoffrey de Gise as a friend—with his silly Latin verses and his saffron-colored face—if he were wrapped in ermine lined with London gold!"

John's crooked grin showed the gaps of missing teeth, but his eyes were soft with affection and with purpose.

"The Lady Marthe has other thoughts, child. If you were wed, we'll say, and gone to London, then—"

Alix leaned toward him. "Then she would be forever the Lady of Winchester. What a fool I've been! Geoffrey has, in truth, been casting sheep's eyes at me, and now I see why. Why else would he linger so long at the Castle? He has duties in other shires as sheriff. It was because he is sheriff that I smiled on him at first. There have been so many complaints over taxes that I thought I might coax him to speak with the King for our craftsmen."

The old man nodded sympathetically, then bent forward, his eye caught by the sight of a man moving on foot up the steep road to the castle gates. Alix pressed close, intent upon the figure below. Her sharply focused eyes brightened. "It is Lars Lefferts, master of the town craftsmen."

John nodded again. "Taxes have to be paid the day after St. Swithin's Day. Lars told Thomas Renault, who told me, that with the rise in taxes, the townsmen will be hard pressed this winter to buy meal for bread unless something

is done. Lars has already sent a message to the King at Westminster, I think."

"And what did the King say?"

"Nothing. It is as if he never received it."

"Can it be for sport, John, that our King is called the 'Lion of Justice'?"

John shrugged and Alix looked at him, alert as a small brown sparrow. "He comes up our hill, I'll wager, to petition Geoffrey, as King's sheriff. And Geoffrey will fondle his dry hands and look learned and do nothing at all! And he sits at our table above the salt and sips my father's wine. If my father were here, *he'd* do something!" The voluminous skirt of her gray gown flew out like wings as she turned to the stairs. Over her shoulder she flung back, "If Clement should come, send someone to me, will you? My lady aunt has forbidden him the Hall, since he burst in upon our spinning this morning."



She was glad of the softness of her red shoes as she sped silently across the courtyard and through the long, damp corridor that gave on the rear of the Castle's great Hall. There was only one audience place, and she meant to be there when the master of the town craftsmen entered.

The vaulted Hall was shadowy and smelled evilly of the smoke of long-vanished fires. Entering, Alix went directly to her place near the cavernous fireplace. Lady Marthe looked up from her embroidery frame, and Geoffrey rose from the stool on which he had been sitting with a big book of verses spread across his knobby knees.

"I thought," remarked the Sheriff drily, "that our small swallow had flown to greener fields."

"Yes, what happened, Alix?" Her aunt's voice was querulous. "You must work faster if all that flax is to be twisted before sundown."

Alix stooped to pick up a bundle of the stiff flax fiber. "Oh, I remembered an errand to send myself upon."

There was a stir at the doorway—a servant was ushering in the man Alix had seen climbing the hill. He bowed low as he approached the group. Geoffrey rose to meet him. "As if," thought Alix, "he were the Lord of Winchester!"

"My lady, Sire, and my lady Alix!" Lars bowed again to each in turn. He told his name and standing in the town and then carefully unrolled the scroll he carried.

The man's petition was a fair one. The tax had been unjustly raised. Business was good, but with such a tax it was not worth a man's while to sell. He spoke of the coming winter and of the probable plight of those he represented if an adjustment were not made. Clearly he felt confident that the King's sheriff, a guest in his lord's castle, would do something. Glancing at Geoffrey's face, Alix had no such confidence. His lips were pursed and, just as she had pictured, he was rubbing his hands together in the way she disliked.

Lars had finished now. He bowed low. There was complete silence in the Hall. Why did not her lady aunt speak? thought Alix angrily. She stood there as if stricken dumb! Was she not the Earl's representative? And had he not always stood between the people of Winchester and trouble?

"May I say, Sire," Lars turned to de Gise, "that you will inform the King of our sore plight in order that justice may be done?"

Geoffrey linked long fingers in maddening deliberation. "Say, rather," he drawled, "that I will think on it."

"But taxes must be gathered the day after St. Swithin's Day, Sire!"

Geoffrey's bow was a dismissal and an insult. The Lady Marthe also bowed, grandly. And as the man turned and found his way to the door, Alix reached blindly for another bundle of flax. Her lips were set in a hard line, and, if she had raised her eyes from her spinning, one would have seen that red sparks smoldered in them.

The cathedral bells tolled for early prayers the next morning in a tidal wave of sound, drenching not only the street below the bell tower but the entire countryside with their urgency. People on the way to church involuntarily quickened their steps, but Alix, lagging two paces behind her maid, Sofia, continued to walk unheeding past the garrison, hoping to see Clement Tirrel. There was the sudden crash of a gate, a clatter of heavy buskins on the cobbles, and he was beside her—long-legged and brown.

"Why do you look so solemn?" he coaxed. "Send Sofia on to prayers because I must talk with you. Hurry along, Sofia. You have many prayers to say for stealing all that silver!" He winked at her, and she grinned broadly.

The two stood in the sheltering arch of the garrison stableyard, while the street emptied. When the bells fell into silence, Clement spoke. "Alix, it promises to be a fine day for a gallop. Let us go after the cygnet!" His blue eyes danced as he outlined his plan. "Your aunt will be angered, but then," he shrugged, "she cannot put *you* in the dungeon. I can get you a swift-paced horse from my father's stables and think—think of the smell of the mallow in the

marshes, of the wheeling of the swifts in that ivy-greened ruin on the beach! And the swans! The cygnet I marked for you is fair indeed, with its snowy plumage and its bill the color of blood. I can get you a license to keep him, too. My father will speak to the Bishop who, you know, is nephew to the King."

Alix shook her head. "I cannot."

"Are you afraid?" mocked the boy.

"No," she answered, "but there are other things I must do. Your father would ask the Bishop to get the King's permission for me to keep a swan, you say? Would—would he do more? Would he ask the Bishop to implore the King to lower the tax of our Winchester craftsmen?"

Clement's face sobered. "It would be useless even to ask him, Alix. Lars Lefferts sought my father last night to send a petition to the King after de Gise had sneered at him. But my father refused, not wishing to be concerned in such a hazardous matter. Lars swore then that he would see the Bishop himself, but the Verger would not allow him entrance."

"Then I, myself, will see the Bishop," declared Alix. "I do not think he will refuse to see my father's daughter."

"You are foolish!" cried Clement. "I know that nothing can be done. Tell me, are you going to the Fair? The booths and shops and the great platforms are going up fast on the hill back of the town."

"I can see them from my bower window," nodded Alix.

"Such an odd crew has been hurrying in to town since the gates were opened at dawn! Foreign wagons and horses and men bowed down with strange bundles and strings of stranger merchandise. There was a dancing bear and—"

"Perhaps I *shall* go to the Fair," said Alix.

"With me?" Clement's voice was eager.

But Alix was smoothing the dark braids that bound her head so neatly. "I must hurry. Prayers are over. The Verger will be in the church now. Clement, do you remember,"

she asked abruptly, "the call of the small white owl we used when we hunted birds' nests on the moor in the spring?"

"The owl's call?" echoed Clement.

Suddenly the voice of a small, driven owl echoed to the topmost reach of the stone arch under which they stood.

Clement grinned and answered, less expertly but well enough to satisfy Alix.

"Then, as the sun slips behind the forest wall tomorrow, listen for that small owl under the Castle's north guard tower, if you would go with me to the Fair. If the owl does not call, go on alone."

Clement caught at her arm, eager to learn more, but she was gone.

"But I have said it, milady!" The fat Verger spoke pompously. "My Sire, the Bishop, cannot grant an audience to anyone until after the Fair is over." He tried to sound regretful, for he knew her rank, but by the way he pressed his thin lips together, it was plain to Alix that his was a nature that enjoyed refusing.

"But that will be a whole fortnight! No, I must see him today. The Fair does not even begin until tomorrow."

"You do not comprehend, milady," the Verger protested, "the magnitude of the work of so great a Fair. Until late into the starlight, for instance, my honored Sire, on his knees, must bless the holy relics he is to sell tomorrow—relics brought by monks from Beyond-the-Sea."

Alix snatched at his words like a gull at a herring. "The Bishop is to sell holy relics tomorrow—sell them *himself*?"

The Verger nodded. "And you will do well, milady, to buy. They are so rare—"

Alix bowed, with a smile of such sweetness and relief that the Verger stepped back, his cheeks reddening.

The next day Clement Tirrel waited in the shadow of the wall under the north guard tower. He sat with his back

against the rough stone, his long legs drawn up. The sun had dipped behind the forest before he heard it—the voice of the owl followed by the sound of footsteps. He jumped to his feet to meet the small figure rounding the wall.

“Is it you, Sofia?” he called, disappointed, for he knew the shrouding wimple and clumsy buskins of Alix’s maid.

But it was Alix herself who pulled the covering from her face. “Does it become me?” she asked.

Clement wrinkled his nose in reply.

Alix laughed, unconcerned. “I vowed never again to let any but my precious red shoes touch my feet—and, in truth, I have kept my vow. They are under Sofia’s buskins—and with room to spare! Shall we start?”

“But why this garb? And what makes you so stout?”

Alix patted her bulky gown complacently. “Stuffed!” she twinkled. “Stuffed with woolen! My lady aunt forbade me the Fair, but I’ll go anyway for I have business there.”

“You’ll run no danger of detection if the wimple covers your face!” Clement told her. “Give me your hand. It’s a hard scramble down these sharp rocks.”

This great annual fair was indeed a sight to quicken anyone’s pulse! The entire hilltop beyond the castle had been laid out like a miniature town, with a wide midway and many booths and shops. There were squares where stood large covered platforms for tumblers, gaudy curtained boxes for Punch and Judy, gay pavilions with streaming gonfalons. In the shops there were woolens from Flanders, fragrant spices and silks and velvets from the East, Gascony wine in bulging casks, furs and strings of amber from Germany, leather goods and cages of fierce-eyed falcons from the Hungarian plains. Flares were already blowing in the gentle evening breezes, and the sound of music mingled with the sharp cries of the hawkers.

“Is it not perfect!” sighed Alix, in delight at the scene before her. “I must hunt an Eastern leather merchant to

find red shoes like those my father sent me. And I wonder, Clement—do you see anywhere a place where holy relics might be sold?”

“Time enough for that,” said Clement, “when we have strolled about. Look yonder!” He pointed out a booth with enormous shapes of smooth green, striped with white.

“Is it really fruit?” Alix’s eyes opened wide. The merchant, a swarthy fellow in a loose gown of soiled white, saw their interest and ran to pull them toward his wares.

“Fruit! Good fruit!” he said in careful English.

Alix put out her arms, and he plumped one of the green shapes into them, laughing and showing his gleaming teeth. “Watermelon,” he told them haltingly.

Clement poured a small stream of silver into his ready brown hand, and he and Alix looked around excitedly for a spot in which to eat their strange purchase. They found it in an open place near a shop hung with shoes and boots. “It is a good place to sit,” approved Alix. “When we have eaten, I’ll ask this merchant about red shoes.”

“He looks an evil fellow,” remarked Clement, frowning at the wizened face and the furtive step of the merchant who now approached them.

“Boots? Fine shoes?” he asked, rubbing soiled hands.

“Not now!” Clement’s tone was curt. “We are merely sitting here to eat.”

“Not so close!” snarled the merchant, his vision of coins fading. “You will keep buyers away!”

When they were seated, Clement took from his belt a knife of fine Sheffield steel and held it over the melon.

“Cut it through quickly!” begged Alix. “I shall die if I do not know at once what it holds.”

When the melon was halved and spread before them, juice spurting, delicate pink flesh and black seeds a-gleam, they were speechless. Clement cut a succulent square and held it out on the point of the knife.

"It is so strange," murmured Alix with difficulty. "Cut me another piece—larger."

"Quick!" said Clement suddenly. "Cover your face!"

Alix pulled the wimple around her mouth and chin in time to avoid recognition by the Lady Marthe and Geoffrey de Gise who were walking down the midway.

"The lady has bought baubles a-plenty for herself," murmured Clement. "Did you see the length of purple velvet on one arm and the necklace dangling from the other?"

"I did not know they were coming," whispered Alix.

Clement held out another square of the dripping fruit. "What difference—there are other castle folk abroad, doubtless. Look! Here comes one! Why, it's Old John. Now, what business has he with that evil fellow?"

They watched the old man approach the leather merchant. They could not hear the words that passed between them, but they saw John measure a careful length in the air with his hands and shake his old head at goods the man was evidently showing him. Then they saw him counting coins and nodding his head. They could not see what he had bought until he walked on up the midway. From Old John's hand dangled a pair of red shoes.

"For me!" cried Alix. She rose to follow John, but Clement pulled her back.

"Your lady aunt went in that direction," he cautioned.

"But—the shoes are for me! My dear, dear Old—" She broke off in sudden alarm. The evil-looking merchant had darted like a snake after the old man and now had him by the arm, shouting and snatching at the red shoes. A crowd collected as if by magic. Old John struggled to free himself, yet keep the shoes. Once more Clement held Alix back.

"Watch a moment," he begged.

A man pushed his way through the crowd to the struggling pair, a stout man in a cleric's black robe. "It's the Verger," breathed Alix.



"And look yonder," Clement whispered. The Bishop, resplendent in his tall mitre and snowy surplice and leaning on his pastoral staff, was making his dignified way down the midway. The flares shone on his serene face.

The noise of the quarrel lessened as he approached and a cry went up, "*Pied-poudreaux! Piepowder! Piepowder!*" More and more voices took it up until it rose in a shout.

The Bishop stopped, and they watched the Verger confer with him. The leather merchant and Old John were pushed toward a platform, one which had been made ready for a tumblers' performance. The red shoes were by this time in the Verger's hand. Jerking her wimple across her face again, Alix leaped to her feet and Clement followed.

The Court of Piepowder—the Court of the Dusty Foot—was one of quick decisions. The Bishop had been asked, evidently, to judge the pair and, remembering the merchant's sly look, Alix's heart beat rapidly. It was dark now and the flares flickered oddly on the faces around the platform. Alix's eyes swept them hurriedly. She did not see the man, close-wrapped in a dark cloak, who leaned against the platform as if too weary to hold his thin body erect.

"It's plain the old man stole the shoes!" she heard a shepherd say to a woman beside him. She turned on him fiercely, but now the Bishop was mounting the platform,

and the merchant and Old John were pulled up after him. The Verger took his stand beside them.

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" he shouted. "In this Court of Piepowder, this man is accused of stealing a pair of red shoes!"

Old John struggled away from those who held him. "I paid with gold!" he shouted, his face puckered with bewilderment.

"Silence!" roared the Verger. "Who knows this man?"

There was a stir and someone was deferentially urged forward. It was the Lady Marthe. A hush fell as her thin voice rose. "I know this man. He is a guard at the Castle."

"Thank you, milady." The Verger bowed deeply. "Do you know him to be honest?"

Lady Marthe shrugged. "Is there an honest man to be found these days?" she simpered.

"Do you think, milady, that this man would have gold enough with which to buy foreign goods?"

She shook her head in doubt.

The Verger pointed now to the fawning merchant. "And who knows this man?"

It seemed then as if voices shouted from every direction. Six or eight rough fellows struggled to the edge of the platform. They knew him well; he was honest beyond a doubt.

The man in the dark cloak stirred at that, hesitated, and then moved forward as if to speak. But before he could say a word, a grotesque little figure had scrambled up on the platform. It was Alix. She had torn off Sofia's wimple, and her glossy braids were awry. Her brown eyes, in the light of the flares, showed sparks of anger.

"Do you know me?" she asked the Verger in a full, clear voice. "And you, Holy Sire?" She turned to the Bishop.

"It is—it is the daughter of the Earl!" stammered the Verger, staring at her oddly plump person and awkward buskins. The Bishop recognized her, also, and nodded. A curious expression lay in his calm eyes.

"You will listen," spoke Alix to the crowd, "because what I say is true. I have known this man—" she indicated John who looked at her with a shocked and frightened face—"since I was a baby. He taught me to walk. I know him to be as honest as God's blue sky. He bought those red shoes for me, with his savings of years. With my own eyes I saw him count out the gold. Of the lady who said she knew him—" her eyes flashed and she pounded one small fist against the other—"I will say nothing but that she is not one of us at Winchester. But you—how can you do this to one of your own? These men—can you not see it is an evil plot? Where is justice—the justice of Piepowder Court?"

The Bishop put a quiet hand on her shoulder. "It is plain," he told the crowd mildly, "that the old man is not guilty. Piepowder Court is dismissed!"

Alix turned to him. "Holy Sire, there is something else which needs clear vision and a just heart. Will you listen?"

The Bishop nodded. With careful choosing of words, Alix told him what she knew of the burdensome tax imposed upon the Winchester craftsmen. She told it well and, when she had finished, she bowed her head.

"My child," said the Bishop gravely, "in this sad world loyalty is a rare and precious jewel. I had not heard the case of the craftsmen presented as you have told it. There is truth and justice in what you say, and I shall make sure my royal uncle knows of it before many hours have passed. And—one thing more—" raising a hand for silence, for the people had begun to cheer—"I thank you in the name of our King for your stout English courage!"

"I have done nothing," her voice was smothered, "nothing but what my father would do if he were here. God speed him safely home to those who need him sorely!"

A sob had risen in her throat, and she covered her eyes for a moment. That was why she did not see him until he stood before her—the tall man in the dark cloak.

"He *is* at home, my child!" He held out his arms to her, and his cloak fell from his shoulder so that all who stared so unbelievably saw the crimson cross blazing on his back.

For a moment Alix hesitated. Was this indeed the Lord of Winchester, he who had left them, three weary years before, with the cross so brave on his breast? Was this stranger, worn and thin and wasted by illness, in truth that mighty man, strong and straight as the oaks of the New Forest? Then his smile flashed out at her, and his voice, dear and familiar, uttered her name.

"Father!" she cried. "Oh, Father!" and hid her face on his shoulder that none might see her happy tears.

Share Your Ideas

1. Mention several ways in which the author portrays a typical medieval scene.
2. In what year did this incident of the story occur? What was the nickname of the King? What important movement of history was taking place at this time? What effect did this have on the events of the story?
3. At the beginning of the story, Old John told Alix she resembled her father in character. Cite instances which prove that Old John's opinion was correct.
4. Discuss the various features of the Fair as revealed by the story. Compare them with the features of present-day fairs as you know them.
5. From what you learned in the story, explain the type of government in England in medieval days.
6. What does the existence of the Court of the Dusty Foot indicate in regard to law and order in medieval days? Compare its justice to that of courts of today.
7. List and define words in the context which indicate the historic setting of the story. Use your dictionaries if necessary.

The Crusades

To show you how to make a summary

A summary is a condensed statement of the thought of an article. It should not be confused with an outline which has to do with relationship of major and minor ideas in a selection. Summarizing is another method by which you can determine important points in reading and fix them in mind. Making summaries will aid you in understanding and assimilating the material you read.

Read the following paragraph and the summary. Then study the directions for making a summary.

PILGRIMAGES

During the Middle Ages, along with the tournaments and battles, people gave much thought to having their sins forgiven in order to escape punishment after death. To accomplish this purpose they made pilgrimages to holy places to pray before shrines. Many also went to these shrines to pray for deliverance from some dread disease. Because they were doing penance, it was considered advantageous to make the journey as uncomfortable as possible—in fact, many pilgrims traveled barefooted. Pilgrims were known by their rough cloaks and their staffs, and many begged their bread as they went.

SUMMARY

During the Middle Ages many people made pilgrimages to shrines to seek forgiveness for their sins or to ask to be delivered from dread diseases. They punished themselves en route by wearing rough cloaks, traveling barefooted, and begging for their bread.

Directions for summarizing:

1. Write the major idea of the paragraph.
2. Make brief notes on important details.
3. Combine 1 and 2 to make a brief summary. Use your own words, not those of the text.
4. Revise your summary, combining sentences, substituting phrases for clauses and words for phrases.

THE PURPOSES OF THE CRUSADES

To help you write a summary

The next three paragraphs contain interesting information about the crusades. Read them for enjoyment and then write a concise summary for each. Follow the directions for summarizing.

The most meritorious pilgrimage of all was that to the Holy Land where Christians of Europe beheld the place where the Savior had lived and viewed the tomb where He had lain. Jerusalem, however, was in the hands of Mohammedans, and Christians were often badly treated by the Moslems. In 1095 a great religious gathering was held in France. Here Pope Urban II asked all Europe to cease private warfare and band together to release the Holy Places from the hands of the Turks. Because of his eloquence and the influence of a man called "Peter the Hermit," it was not long before a huge army was moving across Europe toward Constantinople. This first band of crusaders captured Jerusalem and held it for about a hundred years. From the beginning, however, these religious uprisings lacked organization. They held an idealistic and picturesque appeal, but they were brutal in that for over two hundred years, they caused men to perish by the thousands without gaining their immediate objective.

Write a summary of this paragraph.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

By the beginning of the thirteenth century, the people of Europe realized that the crusades had failed. They felt that the crusaders were sinful and that only those who were innocent and pure of heart could regain the Holy Land. A French shepherd lad, Stephen, had a vision, and he reported that Jesus had commanded him to activate a children's crusade. It was not long before thousands of children answered his appeal. In Germany, a boy named Nicolas led a group of children in the same cause. Over 50,000 children took part in this huge movement. Weaponless and without food, they expected Jerusalem to fall without a blow. Most of them either starved or were enslaved; none reached Palestine; and only a few returned home safely. This is one of the most pitiful tragedies in history.

Summarize this article.

RESULTS OF THE CRUSADES

There were nine crusades between the eleventh and the thirteenth centuries. As far as the Holy Land was concerned, their hardships were in vain. Palestine remained in the hands of the Mohammedans. However, important changes resulted in Europe. Medieval Europe, just emerging from the Dark Ages, came into contact with the higher civilizations of the Orient. Men brought back products unknown to Europe. New ideas and a new culture emerged. The crusades also diminished the power of the nobility of Europe. Many were killed, and those who returned were broken in power. During their absence the people had gained liberties hitherto unknown. The power of feudalism was weakened, and the foundation of the great middle class had been laid. Finally, the crusades kept the Turks from encroaching on Europe before the nations were strong enough to stop them.

Summarize this article



Messenger to London

By George Yerpe

To help you summarize a story

In the sixteenth century Philip II of Spain, ruler of the world's greatest empire, was planning to add England to his conquests. In this story a brave and alert boy plays his part in the war against Spain's plot for control of Europe. First read the story for enjoyment. Then follow the directions for writing a summary.

"This year of 1573 will be remembered as the time when men began their struggle against tyranny," my brother Arnold had said. "That struggle will last for hundreds of years and spread over the world, David, before it is won."

Now, as I hurried through the dusk settling on the streets of Dover, his words echoed in my mind, filling my thoughts of the future with foreboding. For we lived in a world that groaned with oppression and, though the hearts of all were full of rebellion, only a few had found the courage to act. Among them was my brother, Arnold Hunter.

The first rumblings of the angry storm had come from Holland when that tiny republic dared to rebel against Philip of Spain, ruler of the mightiest empire on earth. It was in the dark days which followed that Arnold had crossed the channel to offer his sword in the cause of freedom. I knew that he had acted wisely, and I often wished that I were old enough to be with him. It never occurred to me that before I reached my father's inn that very night, I too would be plunged into the same bitter struggle.

I had foolishly remained in school too long—the streets held too much danger these days to walk them alone.

Everything seemed quiet and peaceful until I came to the square. Suddenly, sounds of violence burst upon my ears, and I leaped into a doorway for shelter. There were harsh shouts mingled with the clash of ringing steel. Across the square I could see a tall man, his back to the wall, holding half a dozen others at bay. He wore the plumed hat and long cape of a cavalier, and his flashing blade danced like a circle of fire between him and his enemies.

Then I noticed something strange. These others were not Englishmen. They had odd pointed helmets and small black beards which made them all look alike to me. The leader wore a bright red sash about his waist. Spaniards! I could feel a hot glow of anger rising within me. Spain had overrun all the small countries of Europe. Now she dared to bring her violence into the villages of England.

"Here, this way," I shouted, and into the fray I flung a stone as large as my two fists. It struck the leader squarely upon his helmet and knocked him to the ground. The cavalier leaped over him and started in my direction, but he had to turn back and defend himself. I flung several more stones savagely, and while his assailants were trying to avoid them, he broke away once more and reached my side. Their fury as they pursued us warned me that I now stood in peril of my life.

"Follow me," I ordered and started running up the narrow street. Groaning quietly, he managed to keep up with me, but I knew that one of the Spanish swords had found its mark. For a while the sound of pursuit grew louder, and I feared we would be overtaken, but I knew every alley in this part of town and in spite of our slow progress, we managed to elude them. When I was certain that no one was following, I helped him scale a low wall, and we rested in the garden of a manor house.

"Thanks, lad," he breathed. "If we had used your good English cobblestones at Leyden, Holland might be free."



I thought he was having fun with me. "One must fight with the weapons at hand," I said.

"Rightly so, lad," he was smiling now. "It would have taken a good many swords to rout Philip's men as you did."

I listened quietly for some sound of danger while he rolled down the top of his high boot and exposed a nasty cutlass slash across one thigh. "I'll never get to London with this," he muttered.

Vague doubts were beginning to form in my mind as I bound up his wound with my scarf. I had suddenly become involved in some dangerous intrigue, but where it would lead I could not guess. My companion appeared to be a gentleman of the court. He looked boyish and innocent; nothing in his appearance gave any hint of the danger I had seen in his flashing sword.

When I had finished, he leaned back against the wall and stretched out his long legs. "We can't tarry here too long, lad," he sighed. "Those men were members of Spain's secret police. They seem to be everywhere and will not

cease to hunt us out. I fear I have brought misfortune upon you."

"I am an Englishman," I retorted, "and have no fear of Philip's men here in my own country. But why do they hunt you? You are not a Hollander."

"No, nor am I a citizen of any other country," he smiled. "My name is Arouet, until a year ago a duke of France. I wrote a book—only a very small book, but in Europe it has become a crime even to mention the word freedom, and I found it difficult to write without using it many times. This made me unpopular at court, and the King thought to place me in the royal dungeon, and thus change my opinion of his government. I escaped and departed for Holland."

"But what has this to do with Philip?" I persisted.

"Philip came to know my name after my arrival in Holland and for much the same reason. Perhaps you find it strange that two kings should be troubled about me and my slender book, but you must remember that the dreams of one man can shake the mightiest throne."

"My name is David Hunter," I answered. "I have a brother who has often told me the same thing. He is in Holland now."

"Many of your people are there," he said. "I have found that wherever one fights for freedom, he will find at least one Englishman at his side."

For a moment he stared at me with a look in his eyes I could not fathom. "I am almost afraid to ask you this, Davie, for it would seem almost a miracle. Is Arnold Hunter your brother?"

His question startled me and suddenly I became wary. "Perhaps," I answered. I wanted to know more before I became too trusting.

Arouet got slowly to his feet and silently held out his hand. There in his palm lay a silver ring which my father had given Arnold the night he left for Holland.

"Arnold!" I exclaimed. "What do you know about him?"

"We have stayed here too long," Arouet said, ignoring my question. "Lead me to the house of Jacob the fisherman, and I will tell you all I know about your brother."

Jacob's house stood near a little bay outside of town, and it took me about half an hour to lead him there. Twice we had to retrace our steps to avoid armed men hiding in the darkness. When we came to the cliffs behind Jacob's house, I stopped. "I'll go no farther," I said, "until I know what this is all about."

Arouet clasped my shoulder. "I must confess, Davie lad, that I could not trust you any more than you could me until you led me here. You will remember that Jacob is not the fisherman's real name but one he uses only among us. The fact that you knew whom I meant proves that you are Arnold's brother."

I blushed to think that he had tricked me so easily. "Only a few hours ago," he went on, "Arnold and I arrived on that boat you see in the harbor below."

Arnold was home! My blood raced as Arouet continued, "We returned to England with certain information for the Queen, but the Spanish were determined to stop us. Because I thought they didn't know me by sight, we decided that I should carry the information to London, and we separated upon landing. It appears that we made a big mistake, for I saw Arnold climb the hill to town unmolested while the Spaniards attacked me almost immediately. You know the rest."

"Then you must come home with me," I insisted.

"No," Arouet said, "I am a stranger and can expect no protection from your Queen. Since they know who I am, my usefulness here is ended. Jacob will see that I return to Holland, but you must carry this to your brother."

He pulled a thick envelope from one boot and handed it to me saying, "The facts contained here are not only

important to Holland, but they may save England from a long and bloody war. You have seen how important the Spanish think it is. I would go with you, but I should be more trouble than help with this leg. Godspeed, Davie. Be on guard."

I left him climbing slowly down the hill to Jacob's house.

As I slipped through the shadows toward town, I soon found my plight far more perilous than I had dreamed. Both roads to town were blocked by the shadowy figures of silent men. I chose as less dangerous the one along the dock between the long row of warehouses and the sea, but had only entered it when I saw, there in the moonlight, a giant of a man clad in shining boots and a long black cape.

In spite of my fears I bit hard on my lower lip and crept toward the solitary figure. Soon I could see the dark beard on his cheeks and the flash of a jewel at his wrist. He gazed for a moment toward the ships in the bay, and I sprang across the dock on silent feet. My shoulder struck him low on the waist, and I dropped heavily to the wharf. I saw him tumble wildly into the dark water as I raced down the quay toward the familiar streets ahead. There would be no danger from this fellow for awhile.

I moved like a shadow through the darkness and encountered no further difficulty until I came to the main street. It was while crossing here that I was recognized as the earlier companion of Arouet. I heard a hoarse shout, and two men ran quickly up the dark side street behind me. All my efforts to lose them were of no avail.

I had dodged into an alley only to discover that my pursuers had split up and were coming in from both ends.

Across the alley I could see the outlines of a great house and a high spiked wall. The heavy oaken gate, with its tiny barred window, looked too stout to force. But I crept across and crouched there, helpless and desperate.

Then suddenly a low call came from behind the gate. It was a woman's voice. "Come close, boy. I'll let you in."

The Spaniards were far enough away for me to slip through the gate unnoticed. The sound of a heavy bolt sliding shut behind me brought an indescribable feeling of relief, and suddenly I became weak in the knees. I turned, expecting to see the lady of this great house. Instead, a girl, certainly no older than I, stood before me, almost hidden in the heavy cloak she wore.

"Another moment and they would have had me," I stammered.

"Those Spaniards!" she said indignantly. "My father told me of the things that are happening in town and that a lad was being hunted for befriending an enemy of those trouble makers. So when I saw you dart into the alley, with two Spaniards in hot pursuit, I slipped down and unbolted the gate."

"I am grateful," I said awkwardly.

She smiled and seemed to understand my lack of eloquence. "You can cross the garden and leave by the west gate. Go quickly, for my mother will be angry if she discovers what I have done."

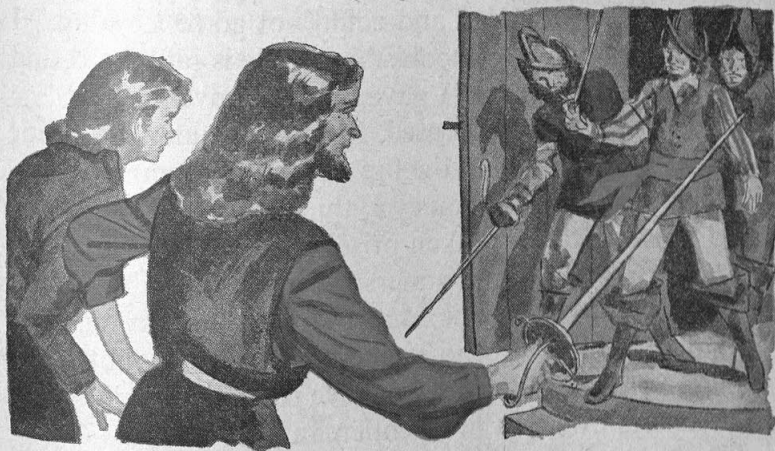
"I'll wait until you are safely inside," I said.

She started up the stone steps which led to the second floor of the house before turning to say, "Come to the west gate any afternoon. I want to know the outcome of this adventure."

When I stood once more upon the street and heard the bolt snap tight, I realized that I was several squares away from the place where my enemies were seeking me. The large inn which my father owned stood in the center of town, and in a few moments I reached the courtyard entrance. Here, too, a high wall ran about the grounds, but our gate was never locked against the late traveler. Arnold would be sitting with my father before the hearth, I thought,

as I pushed open that stout front door. My excitement was so great that I did not notice the figures waiting across the street until they were fairly upon me.

I flung myself inside and tried to shut the door, but it burst open with such force that I stumbled backward down a short stairway and into the great dining hall. The first thing which came to my hand was a heavy stool. Seizing it, I turned upon the three men who were coming down the stairs. I never had a chance to throw it, however, for a hand closed on my arm and a familiar voice beside me boomed, "On guard!"



My brother, in soft leather shirt and breeches, stood at my side. His face was flushed with anger, and the naked blade in his hand stopped the men. There was a moment of tense silence before he asked, "What do these men want, Davie?"

"They have mistaken me for Arouet," I replied in a low tone.

My brother appeared to know the intruders. "You are not welcome here, Carlos," he said. "If you intend to enter, show your steel quickly!"

There was some grumbling among them before they started to leave. "Carlos," my brother called, "I know your ship even though she flies a Dutch flag. If she is still in the harbor at dawn, you will never see Spain again."

As he crossed the threshold, the Spaniard turned and answered with a threat in his own tongue.

My father latched the door and my brother began thumping me mightily upon the back. "How did you do it, Davie? I had to go across the sea to fight the Spanish, and you manage to find them right in our own town." When my father joined us, he suddenly became serious. "What is the truth about Arouet?" he asked.

"Arouet was wounded and could not go to London," I replied. "I took him to Jacob's house. He is safe there, and here is what you want." I gave him the envelope.

"Good boy!" they chorused. It was a proud moment for me as we gathered about the fire and I told them my story.

"Arouet did not tell you everything," Arnold said when I had finished. "I was taken prisoner in Holland and sent to Spain. From other prisoners I learned the information contained in this envelope. But it was Arouet, disguised as a Spanish nobleman, who rescued me and no doubt saved my life. So you see, Davie, you have partially repaid a debt the Hunters owe that fine gentleman."

"But what is the information everyone finds so important?" I asked.

"I have news," Arnold said, slapping the envelope, "of a mighty Armada which the Spanish are building to invade England. How many ships, what type, how many guns, and when they will be completed—it is all here, but it doesn't go to the Queen." He dropped the envelope on the table and pointed to a name boldly written across the front of it.

"Sir Francis Drake," I read.

"We leave for London in the morning," my brother said.

Check Yourself

1. Use the following directions for making a concise summary of this story:
 - a. Write the major idea of the entire story.
 - b. Reread the story and list the important events in the order in which they occur. Make this list as brief as possible, but include all details that are essential to the problem worked out in the story.
 - c. Write the summary combining a and b. Use your own words, not those of the text.
 - d. Rewrite the summary, combining sentences, substituting phrases for clauses and words for phrases wherever possible.
 - e. Attempt to hold the summary within the limits of one to three pages.
2. Read the summaries in class. Discuss the good and bad points disclosed by the reading.

Make Your Vocabulary Grow

The words in the following list are from the story. Copy the sentences, supplying the correct word for each blank.

cavaliers	solitary
unmolested	assailant
indescribable	intrigue
eloquence	foreboding
elude	tyranny

1. To fight for freedom means to struggle against _____.
2. One who is fearful is filled with _____.
3. Military men were once called _____.
4. One who attacks another is an _____.
5. To escape someone means to _____ him.
6. One who enters a plot becomes involved in _____.
7. One who stands alone is a _____ figure.

A Guide for George Washington

By Lindsey Barbee

SCENE I

At Rise. Two soldiers, swathed in heavy cloaks, are standing—evidently on a slight eminence—as a third soldier approaches. His lantern reveals his weather-beaten face and throws its rays upon a stalwart, eager youth and upon the commanding figure of the General of the Continental force—George Washington. The youth, John Winchester, catches the arms of the newcomer and bends excitedly toward him.

John. What think you, Captain, of the risk tonight—

The river and the way the wind has turned—
How long before we dare a crossing?

(As the Captain makes a gesture of impatience) Wait!

Captain. You must know that tonight we win or lose.
Have patience, John, have patience.

The fire of youth is oft at war with reason
And knows not prudence nor the wiser way
That bids one watch and wait and counsel.
My general, we must not cross tonight.

Washington. You are quite sure?

Captain. Quite sure, for even now

The river clogs with ice, the air is sharp,
The very wind is hostile to our venture.

Washington. But still, in some strange way, it comes to me
That we must cross tonight if we would win.

- Captain.* My General, it is not courage fails us
Nor keen desire; the elements themselves
Make it impossible.
- Washington.* Impossible?
We know not such a word.
- Captain.* Nay, but the bitter truth
Has come to us in hard and bitter ways.
At Trenton and at Bordentown there stand
The Hessian and British troops.
Your plan
To send a force across the Delaware,
To sever any union of the two
Has come to naught. We cannot cope with
storms.
- Washington.* There also was a third phase to my plan.
Have you forgotten? I, with my own men,
Had thought to cross the Delaware—to creep
Upon the Hessian troops at Trenton.
- Captain.* True,
You were to lead the main attack; but now
The icy storms have played a tragic part
In thwarting our designs. (*Pauses*) We cannot cross.
- Washington.* But still I say—we cross ere dawn.
- Captain.* My General!
- Washington.* We cross ere dawn—for now at heart I feel
It is the hand of God that points the way.
- Captain.* The river is not open for our men.
- Washington.* Then we must make it so. It can be done.
- Captain.* Then be *your* wish, *my* wish. (*Washington grasps his hand*) It can be done.
- John.* Perhaps it is our very chance. Tonight
Is Christmas night. The Britishers forget
There is a war. The Hessian troops are gay
And careless. Oh, it is our chance to win!

- Washington.* Hold fast that faith, my boy, for only faith
Can work the miracle we sorely need.
The British hold the towns. Their leader
waits
The freezing of the Delaware before
He pushes on to Philadelphia.
Our loyal colonists have heavy hearts.
The enemy seems slowly closing in.
It is a crisis. For without the spur
Of victory we hold a losing cause.
- Captain.* When do we cross?
- Washington.* At three o'clock. 'Tis then
They will be taken unaware. By four
We should effect a landing.
- Captain.* Save for storms—
For ice—for wind. Somehow, my General,
I fear the elements. And should we land—
- Washington.* And land we shall.
- Captain.* How can we know the way?
The point of vantage? And the crucial time
To strike?
- John.* Through me. I beg of you, send me.
For Trenton is my home—I know each inch
Of ground. I can be stealthy, too, and wise;
And I can lead you to the Hessian camp.
Oh, grant me this to do!
- Captain.* (*Aside to Washington*) The boy is young.
He has not yet been tested.
- John.* Grant me this.
It is my opportunity to serve.
- Captain.* But there are older, wiser men who know
The devious ways of strategy.
- John.* I will succeed. It is my chance—my chance.
- Washington.* Why not, my lad? 'Tis such as you
That must infuse new zeal into our hearts.

Accept the trust I give you. Be our guide
When we shall reach the shore.

John. I shall be there.

And even now the time is short. Farewell.
(*For a moment there is silence. Then the General lays his hand on the Captain's shoulder.*)

Washington. You doubt the wisdom of my choice, good friend,

But in a time of weakness and of doubt
We need the fearless spirit of adventure,
The faith that brooks no failure—the youth
That never falters, never faints, and never fears.

Captain. To you is given the vision, General.
I trust your word as always.

Washington. Then, my friend,
We work together on this Christmas night.
Christmas night! The time of peace.
How can we plan for war—for death?
How is the holy season marred—and yet
Tonight we work toward that same peace
The Christ Child sought. Our lives we con-
secrate

To liberty, to justice, and to right.
Captain. The ice—the snow—if there could only be
A sign that they would hinder not.

Washington. A sign?
Perhaps this night the sign will come.

Captain. I do not understand.

Washington. Did you not wish that there would be a sign?

Captain. Signs herald miracles, 'tis said.

Washington. It is the very night for miracles. (*Pauses*)
The air is very still. The wind has ceased.
Beyond us is the banner—and its folds
Are drooping. But a little time ago

The wind blew toward us. Had we crossed
just then

We should have battled hard. But now
There is no wind.

Captain. (*In a whisper*) My General—you mean—

Washington. That if another wind should rise and blow
Our banner outward, we should know the
sign

As one that bids us godspeed on our mission.
We'll wait and watch and pray the sign will
come.

Captain. The air is still and cold. There is no sound—
The very silence is oppressive. See!
The banner hangs as lifeless as before.

Washington. Look close. The banner moves. See you not
That something is astir? That something
blows

And blows it—*outward*? 'Tis the sign.

Captain. The sign, my General. My faith returns.

Washington. And now, tonight, we cross the Delaware!

Curtain

SCENE 2

At Rise. A room in the Winchester home. Elizabeth is
looking out the window as her mother enters. She turns.

Mother. What foolishness is this, Elizabeth?
Have you forgotten that our English friends
Are celebrating Christmas with a ball?

Elizabeth. I've not forgotten, Mother.

Mother. Then I ask
Why you have failed to be in readiness.

Elizabeth. Because I do not care to go; because
I have no interest in the gaities
Of those who are our enemies.

- Mother.* How dare
You speak so of the British when you know
That hearts and hands are pledged to good
King George.
- Elizabeth.* Not *my* heart or hand. I choose to pledge
To that dear land I love—America.
- Mother.* You still are wayward, stubborn. 'Tis because
Your foolish brother—
- Elizabeth.* Hush! I shall not hear
One word against him. He has had the faith,
The courage to be true to what is right.
- Mother.* And he has forfeited his heritage.
- Elizabeth.* *That* is your cruelty to him. You choose
The King and not your son. (*Suddenly*)
I should not speak
So boldly to you, Mother.
- Mother.* You must learn
That older heads are wiser—that the band
Of churlish wits who prate of liberty
Must now be kept subservient to the King.
- Elizabeth.* The patriot cause is mine.
- Mother.* Why, even now
The English close upon the colonists.
Why do I tarry thus? I shall expect
You later at the ball, Elizabeth.
The carriage will return.
- Elizabeth.* I shall not go.
- Mother.* (*Firmly*) I shall expect you.
(*She goes out at right and a frightened little
maid appears from back.*)
- Maid.* Oh, Miss Betty—I—
- Elizabeth.* What is it? What has happened?
- Maid.* Master John
Is waiting for you—there. (*Points to back as
John enters.*)



Elizabeth. Oh, John—dear John.
How can you be so reckless! All around
Are Tory soldiers.

John. Betty, I am here
Upon a secret mission—there is time
For just a word.

Elizabeth. Maria, stand outside—
Keep guard. (*Maid goes out at back.*)
Speak quickly, for I am afraid.

John. At three o'clock our General will cross
The Delaware.

Elizabeth. Impossible! The snow—

John. But on this Christmas night, the Hessian
troops

Are off their guard. The British, too, forget
There is a war. They hold high carnival.
And if we force a crossing—victory is ours.

Elizabeth. (*Excitedly*) And courage, too, will be re-
newed.

John. I am the trusted messenger who learns
The proper place for an attack; and I
Will 'wait them at the ferry nine miles south
To lead them to the Hessians. Even now

My horse is hidden by the evergreens.
By four o'clock I reach the Delaware
And lead them by the path we know so well.
(*The maid appears.*)

Maid. I saw two soldiers passing.

Elizabeth. (*To John*) Then be gone—
No moment for farewell. (*John hurries off.*)

Maria, go
To watch—to listen—and to bring me word.
(*To herself*) The ferry—nine miles south—at
four o'clock—

Maid. (*There is a pistol shot. The Maid rushes in.*)
The Tory soldiers saw him and they fired—
They took him prisoner—

Elizabeth. Tonight—tonight
When Washington will cross the Delaware!

Curtain

SCENE 3

At Rise. Washington stands with his faithful Captain against a snowy background.

Captain. There is no sign of Winchester. The men
Are restless—and they wish to march ahead
Toward Trenton. You will see, my General,
That Winchester has failed us, left us here
To make our way as best we can.

Washington. Not failed,
Not faltered. Captain, I am sure of that—
But fallen into evil hands.

Captain. If true
That he is intercepted, we surmise
That our proposed attack is known, that we
Have little chance of pressing farther on.
The capture of a spy means watchful eyes
Upon our movements; and I fear that we

Must now expect to find the troops prepared
For quick resistance.

Washington. Still my faith is strong.
In ultimate success. And we shall march
To Trenton.

Captain. Knowing not that the route leads
Directly to the Hessians?

Washington. We shall make
Our own route. Providence will lead the way.

Captain. Then I shall—*(He breaks off abruptly.)*
Wait! Someone has ridden up—
'Tis Winchester—no, 'tis a stranger. See—
He makes his way to us.

(A stranger enters, cap pulled low on his forehead, long cape around him, high riding boots.)

What is it, sir?
Stranger. My message is for General Washington.



- Washington.* And I am Washington. What word have you
For me? Be brief, I beg, for time is short.
- Stranger.* I come to you from your own messenger,
John Winchester.
- Washington.* And why has he transferred
His mantle to your shoulders?
- Stranger.* He has been
Imprisoned by the British. I have come
To lead you to the Hessians by the path
He chose—the shortest, truest path.
- Washington.* And how
Did you know of this purpose? Messengers
Are not supposed to whisper of their tasks.
- Stranger.* Was it not better that he give his task
To someone else than that you should be left
Without a guide?
- Washington.* Who are you, my lad?
- Stranger.* John's friend and confidant—*your* loyal
friend,
My General. I only ask that you
Believe my tale, trust John and realize
That my great happiness is serving you.
- Captain.* (*Aside to Washington*) Some way this story
does not ring as true
As I would have it.
- Washington.* Yet I trust this youth.
And see in him the answer to our prayer
For guidance.
- Captain.* Yet, if he should be a spy
From British forces—
- Stranger.* I am not a spy.
I come direct from your own messenger.
There is no time to tell you how and why.
The morning soon will break. Nine miles
there are

To follow. And the British do not know
Of this, our undertaking. Take no time
To question, but believe me when I say
That I can guide you to the Hessian camp.

Captain. I trust your word, but should you play us
false—

Stranger. I shall not play you false.

Washington. Then, lead us, lad!

Curtain

SCENE 4

At Rise. A small room, plainly and sparsely furnished. At a table sits Washington while the Captain stands near by.

Captain. A thousand prisoners, my General—
And forty killed and wounded.

Washington. While our loss?

Captain. Two killed, three wounded.

Washington. Every victory
Must have its toll of victims. And our men—
What spirit have they?

Captain. Victory does much
To change the outlook and to cheer the heart.
This morning they could face the British force
In its entirety and never flinch.
Success means much, and now our patriot
cause

Has passed its very crisis. 'Tis your faith
That brought us through the darkest days.
*(John appears at the door. His head is band-
aged and his arm is in a sling. He salutes.)*

John. I cannot find words to plead my cause;
I cannot ask that you will ever trust
Another mission to me. I have failed—
Failed when I should have won. Is it too much
To ask for clemency?

Washington. Are we not here?
Have we not won our victory? Success
Has crowned our venture.

John. But this same success
I had no part in gaining. May I speak,
If not to clear myself to tell you why
I failed to meet you at the ferry?

Washington. Speak, my boy.

John. In Trenton live my people, as you know.
They are all Tories save Elizabeth,
My sister, who is very dear to me.
When I declared the patriot cause, she, too,
Upheld me, for we felt alike in this—
A free and independent country. Now
My family has cast me off; and she
Has been forbidden to receive me, though
At times we have our stolen interviews.

Captain. (*Impatiently*) Come—come—the time is passing.
We must know.

John. (*Motioning for silence*) Tonight when I had
seen the Hessian camp—
Having watched their revelry—
I knew it was the time to strike.
I passed my home. I saw my sister's maid—
She let me in to see Elizabeth.

Captain. Treachery! You ran the risk of capture.

Washington. Quiet, Captain, for this is no treachery.

John. I had but left the house. Two officers
Who happened to be passing shot at me
And kept me with them. It is only now
I have escaped their watchfulness.

Washington. And still
You played your part; you sent the messenger
Who guided us so skillfully, who knew

So well the path to follow. And before
We realized, he slipped away without
Our thanks. If you will tell his name, we
shall

Express our gratitude.

John. A messenger?

Washington. Your messenger.

John. I sent no messenger.

Washington. Then who came to us, seemingly from you?

John. I am as puzzled as yourselves. I sent no one.

Captain. And told no one your secret mission?

John. No.

Captain. Think hard and well. For this same messenger
Knew all our plans, and knew that you, our
guide,

Was wounded, could not come. You told no
one?

John. I told no one—(*Suddenly*) save—save—

Captain. Save whom?

John. Elizabeth.

(*At the door appears a smiling maiden.*)

Elizabeth. (*Curtsying*) Your servant, General, answer-
ing to her name,

But much more proud to call herself a guide,
A leader of the loyal patriot band
That marched this morning into Trenton.

John. You?

Elizabeth. Why not? I knew your mission, knew that
you

Were captured. Was it not my very chance
To aid the cause I love, uphold and cherish?
Your horse was waiting, and I hurried off,
And rode my fastest. And I had the joy
Of being for a little while a part
Of Washington's own army.

- John.* Betty, dear,
'Twas you who did my part, who took the word.
- Elizabeth.* 'Twas I indeed—and proud, so proud to do it.
(*Crosses to Washington*) You will not blame John for such recklessness,
Such thoughtlessness in risking peril when He should have thought alone of country's need.
- Washington.* Since I have known the guide, have proved his worth,
I grant him any favor. And since I Have seen the maid, I understand the risk.
- Elizabeth.* I thank you—for this Christmas gift to me.
Our gift to you is united love
And loyalty and service. (*Suddenly*) Oh, how fair
The day has grown—how dazzling is the sun!
How happy are our hearts—for we forget
The darkness and the peril. Evermore
We shall remember that dear Christmas night
When Washington dared cross the Delaware.

Curtain

Share Your Ideas

Use the following directions for making a concise summary of the play:

First, list for each of the four scenes the important events in the order in which they took place. Next, combine the events of each scene to make a brief summary. (Follow the directions for summarizing a story on page 237.) The four brief summaries can then be combined to make a compact summary of the entire play.

The Oregon Trail

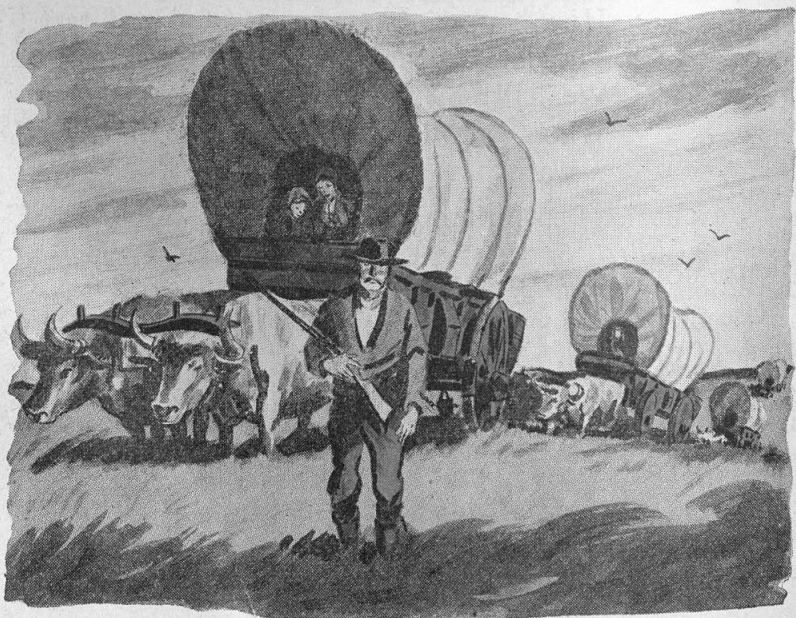
By Arthur Guiterman

Two hundred wagons, rolling out to Oregon,
Breaking through the gopher holes, lurching wide and free,
Crawling up the mountain pass, jolting, grumbling,
rumbling on,
Two hundred wagons, rolling to the sea.

From east and south and north they flock, to muster, row
on row,

A fleet of ten-score prairie ships beside Missouri's flow.
The bull whips crack, the oxen strain, the canvas-hooded
files

Are off upon the long, long trail of sixteen hundred miles.



The women hold the guiding lines; beside the rocking
steers,
With goad and ready rifle, walk the bearded pioneers
Through clouds of dust beneath the sun, through floods of
sweeping rain,
Across the Kansas prairie land, across Nebraska's plain.

Two hundred wagons, rolling out to Oregon,
Curved around the campfire flame at halt when day is done,
Rest awhile beneath the stars, yoke again and lumber on,
Two hundred wagons, rolling with the sun.

Among the barren buttes they wind beneath the jealous
view
Of Blackfoot, Pawnee, Omaha, Arapahoe, and Sioux.
No savage threat may check their course, no river deep and
wide;
They swim the Platte, they ford the Snake, they cross the
Great Divide.

They march as once, from India's vales through Asia's
mountain door,
With shield and spear on Europe's plain, their fathers
marched before.
They march where leap the antelope and storm the buffalo,
Still westward as their fathers marched ten thousand years
ago.

Two hundred wagons, rolling out to Oregon
Creeping down the dark defile below the mountain crest,
Surging through the brawling stream, lunging, plunging,
forging on,
Two hundred wagons, rolling toward the West.

Now toils the dusty caravan with swinging wagon poles
Where Walla Walla pours along, where broad Columbia
rolls.

The long-haired trapper's face grows dark and scowls the
painted brave;
Where now the beaver builds his dam the wheat and rye
shall wave.

The British trader shakes his head and weighs his nation's
loss,

For where those hardy settlers come, the Stars and Stripes
will toss.

Then block the wheels, unyoke the steers; the prize is his
who dares;

The cabins rise, the fields are sown, and Oregon is theirs!

They will take, they will hold,
By the spade in the mold,
By the seed in the soil,
By the sweat and the toil,
By the plow in the loam,
By the school and the home!

Two hundred wagons, rolling out to Oregon,
Two hundred wagons, ranging free and far,
Two hundred wagons, rumbling, grumbling, rolling on,
Two hundred wagons, following a star!

Share Your Ideas

1. Read the poem orally, observing the rhythm. How does the rhythm give emphasis to the theme?
2. How does the refrain, "Two hundred wagons," increase the effectiveness of the poem?
3. How are these pioneers compared with their fathers?
4. List difficulties of the pioneers revealed by the poem.
5. On a United States map, trace the route of the pioneers as they traveled to Oregon.

Massacre at Little Blue

By Joseph Hook

The lure of gold discovered in California in 1849 attracted settlers in vast numbers. Between the travelers and their destination lay dangerous terrain, but still they pushed on. This is the story of a boy who joined one of the many wagon trains moving westward. As you read, notice hints that furnish clues to his behavior.

It was only a few hours since the news had come to St. Joe of the massacre of the entire Wilkie wagon train by Pawnees at the Little Blue. Yet the gold-crazed men and women were still determined to push on to California.

Absorbed in the assembling of supplies and organizing wagon trains, they were unmindful of the sixteen-year-old, dirty-faced boy riding a rangy bay through the cluttered street. Red hair fell to his shoulders from beneath a wide-brimmed hat. He was wearing a fringed buckskin shirt, and brown bare feet protruded from tight trouser legs.

He handled the rangy bay easily. The rifle, balanced across the saddle, was the only clean thing he possessed.

His gaze wandered over the livestock, wagons, and rifles stacked near huge piles of supplies. Thus he passed from one outfitting wagon train to the next. When he sought out the guide, he always asked one terse question, "How many wagons in your train, mister?"

If the answer was forty, sixty, or a hundred, the boy went on without another word, without a backward glance

at the wondering guide. He rode on to the next outfit and the next, and so on until he encountered Job Herron, to whom he put the same question.

Job, tall and gaunt, looked very much as the boy would look when he attained full growth. "I reckon we'll have about twenty, son," he replied. "Why?"

"With an outfit that small," was the response, "you could use another rifle. You heard what happened at Little Blue."

"Yeah," Job Herron said thoughtfully, eyes straying to the horizon beyond which the tragedy had occurred. "Yeah, I reckon most any train could do with an extra rifle. Still and all—" He brought his attention back to the boy and, after a moment's scrutiny, added, "You're purty young, ain't you?"

"What's that got to do with it?" the lad countered with a touch of spirit. "I can use a rifle, if that's what's botherin' you. Set up a mark and I'll prove it. And I can drive an eight-hoss team, if I hafta, but I don't wanna. Ruther ride. I'll work plenty hard for my board."

"How far west you goin'?"

He ignored the question. "Yes or no?" he demanded.

"I'm only a hired guide," Job explained, noticing the appeal in his eyes. "This is Mr. Blye's train, and I ain't got no say-so who he hires. He don't like too many along; wants to travel fast. He's let a few emigrant wagons join up for safety's sake in Injun country. Wait here while I find him."

Mr. Blye was a typical businessman of the early fifties with beaver hat, black broadcloth suit, heavy gold watch chain spanning a neat waistcoat, gold rings on his fingers. He began interrogating the boy, but with little success.

"So you can shoot and handle horses, eh?" he finally observed, retreating gracefully. "All right, I'll take you along. What's your name?"

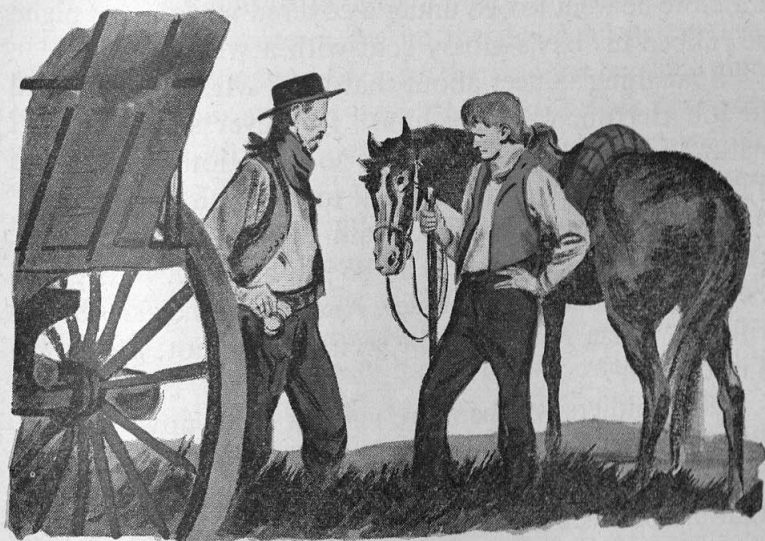
"They call me Red."

"Red who?"

"Just Red."

"Put him to work," Mr. Blye said to Job before returning to the general store to make further purchases.

"Unsaddle and tend your pony," Job directed. "There's some teams at the racks that's gotta be shod. Take 'em to the blacksmith and tell him they're Mr. Blye's. He'll settle. We'll be pullin' out at daybreak, I reckon."



He watched the boy care for the bay and untie a team. Satisfied, he went on with his own work, paying no further attention to him.

The wagons in the Blye train were parked in a square in the center of which campfires were burning. There the women were preparing a hot supper for their menfolk who stood around talking. Their glances frequently strayed to Red who was seated on a wagon tongue, polishing his long rifle with an oily rag. Who was he? Where was he going? Who were his people? Having heard what the guide had said about his taciturnity, none ventured to approach and put the question to him directly.

Being something of a mystery, an object of guessing, he would dispel the monotony of overland travel. Although direct questioning by the guide had failed to elicit enlightenment, the women invited Red to a place at their campfires, plied him with warm food, subtly interjecting a personal question here and there. He answered evasively while eating ravenously, thanked them, and returned to the polishing of his long rifle, leaving them piqued.

Before he went to bed under a covered wagon that night, he rubbed his bay's glossy coat with a wisp of hay.

"Something's queer about that lad," Mr. Blye observed to Job Herron, watching him. "He never smiles. It isn't natural for a kid of his age to be so tarnation serious. And I'll bet he hasn't washed himself in a month of Sundays."

"That's nothin'," the guide said. "When we hit the trail, there'll be times when we'll all be just as dirty. He's gonna be of use, him savvyin' hosses. And mebbe he can shoot a rifle too. That remains to be seen. I hope not, in the way I'm thinkin'."

"The soldiers will be more vigilant from now on," Mr. Blye said. But Job said nothing. This was his fourth trip across the plains, and he knew the vastness of the land that lay between St. Joe and Sacramento; knew that there weren't enough soldiers in the entire Army to police those thousands of miles, nor guard the wagon trains that were gouging hub-deep ruts toward the setting sun.

A light sleeper, Job Herron was surprised to find himself alone in bed early the next morning. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, and took another look at the boy busily feeding the work stock. His long rifle lay on the wagon reach, protected from the night frost, and his pitifully few belongings were tied in a neat roll.

Soon the hustle and bustle of the wagon train was a bedlam of indescribable sounds. Red was here, there, everywhere, helping to harness up, assisting a teamster to get

the bit between the teeth of a fractious animal, pausing to lead a howling child back to its distracted mother, never uttering a word.

When the Missouri had been crossed and the steel-tipped tongue of the first wagon pointed toward the distant west, Red kicked a bare heel against the bay's ribs and overtook Job. Strung out in a long line, veiled in billowing dust, came the twenty wagons, wheels rumbling, axles chocking back and forth in their boxes, chain tugs jingling.

It was mid-afternoon before the guide broke the long silence. After glancing back at the wagons he said, more to himself than to the boy, "I couldn't talk him into throwin' in with another train. Twenty wagons is duck soup for them Injuns. There was twenty-five in the train them Pawnees slaughtered."

"Yes, it's always harder for small trains," Red said.

"Twenty-five rifles agin' a horde of Injuns," the guide continued. "Not much chance for them poor homesteaders. At that, they was better off than we are."

"Mebbe so," the boy observed.

Job glanced at him questioningly for a moment but remained silent until the setting sun crimsoned the tips of a clump of cottonwood. "Likely lookin' place to camp," he said. "We'll wait for the train to come up."

They encountered their first serious obstacle at Wolf River, now in full spring flood. Deep, dusty ruts gave place to quagmires as the train neared the river. Wagons and horses mired, kingpins snapped, reaches pulled out, and double-trees splintered.

A sort of road had been gouged through the steep bank. Wagon wheels were chain locked, and the teams started down to the ford. There, with water tugging at his legs in midstream, sat Red in the saddle, a living marker that kept the wagons to the ford, a figure that calmed the women's and children's fear when waves spilled into wagon beds.

Then came the rolling, dusty prairie again with hub-deep, double ruts running parallel to each other. On they went to the quiet of the Iowa Mission, and then to the Big Nemaha, where the lessons learned at Wolf River made crossing easier.

The days were warm, the nights bitterly cold. Frequently, without a word to anyone, Red left the guide and rode off alone, sometimes remaining absent until long after the train went into camp. He was still the topic of conversation around the campfires, still as much a mystery as ever.

"For his age," Mr. Blye remarked to the guide, "I never saw a handier lad. By the way, Job, how far is he going?"

"You can't prove it by me, Mr. Blye. He don't say much more to me than he does to you or anybody else."

"Can't you prevail upon him at least to wash his face?"

"He ain't the kind nobody can prevail on. Does just as he pleases. Sometimes, when he rides off and don't show up for hours, I git to thinkin' that mebbe the Injuns—"

"Sh!" Mr. Blye whispered, glancing apprehensively toward the women. "We're getting close to the Little Blue. Do you think there's really any danger of our being attacked, Job?"

"There's always danger of an attack. That's what a guide's for—to see it don't happen."

"Well, if anyone in this train has any influence with that lad, it's you. Try to keep him from riding off alone."

"I'll do my best, Mr. Blye, but I'm makin' no promises."

He broached the subject to the kid in a roundabout way next morning. "Them Injuns will trade ten black- or brown-haired scalps any day for one red. I dunno why, unless they're rarer than the others."

"You wanna know where the Injuns is, don't you?" Red countered.

"That's my job," Job said. "When we strike Injun country, I'll do the scoutin' for this train."

He let the matter rest there. But the boy's reaction to the advice came that night when he rode boldly from camp and failed to return until daybreak, a still warm antelope across the saddle.

The women welcomed the fresh meat and made quite a fuss over him. In stoic silence he accepted their praise.

When the train got in motion again, Red rode stirrup to stirrup with Job. Presently he mentioned the matter of the antelope he had shot.

"Runnin' or standin'?" Job inquired.

"Runnin'," Red replied proudly, "like a blue streak."

"That's as good shootin' as anybody could do. A runnin' antelope's a tricky target."

"Nothin' to it," was the answer. Then, "Say, how do you get a job as a guide?"

The cat was out of the bag at last. Red was out for adventure, nothing less; had probably run away from home and didn't want his family to get wind of his whereabouts. That would account for withholding his last name. Now that he was in a talkative mood, Job tried to draw him out.

He told him all he knew about the duties of a professional guide and how to go about landing a job. He was afraid to discourage him by mentioning his age; after all, the lad had made a good start in the right direction and in a year or so he might be guiding a wagon train from east to west. Job held his interest adroitly, but was no nearer gaining his confidence than on the first day of the journey.

Nevertheless, he instinctively felt that he had established a bond between them. He was certain of it after supper when the boy lolled on the sod beside him, completing the circle around the campfire. But he took no part in the conversation, staring fixedly into the glowing embers, seemingly content to listen.

He was in and out among the horses when Job awoke next morning. Mr. Blye stuck his head out of the canvas

wagon flaps and noticed him. When he was dressed, he came over to the guide.

"Did he sneak out again last night?" he asked, jerking a thumb in the boy's direction.

"No, but I found out somethin' about him," Job said. "He's honin' to be a guide."

"Well, that shows he has ambition," Mr. Blye observed. "I wish I could say the same about every man I've hired."

The only time Red was absent from the guide's side that day was when he went hunting prairie chickens. His appetite for details about a guide's life was insatiable. And that night was a repetition of the previous one. He gave his rangy bay a rubdown with a wisp of prairie grass, polished the rifle, and joined the circle around the campfire.

But there was a lack of buoyancy in the conversation that night. Men lifted their eyes, staring off into the darkness. The dancing flames illuminated their drawn faces. Tomorrow they would reach Pawnee country, but no one mentioned it, though each divined the other's thoughts.

Once a coyote's blood-chilling call hushed the conversation. Everybody listened intently until it was repeated. Then the guide said, "It's a coyote, all right," and everybody relaxed. But the conversation wasn't taken up at the point where it had been interrupted.

Whether because of the chill night air or the coyote's nerve-wracking call, the children of the train became fretful. Soon the women retired with them to the wagons, put them to bed, and then returned to the campfire as if loath to be alone. The square of wagons seemed pitifully small now. The light from the campfire silhouetted the figure of a guard on patrol, rifle nested in the crook of an arm.

Mr. Blye nodded to Job, then rose and strolled beyond the circle of light where the latter joined him.

"I'm wondering," Mr. Blye began, "if it wouldn't be better to wait till another train comes along and join forces

with it. If I'd listened to you in the first place—" He waved a hand toward the campfire and left the sentence unfinished.

"That's for you to decide, Mr. Blye. But there's no more danger in travelin' on now than stayin' in camp waitin' for others to come along. Besides, there's certain drawbacks to joinin' up with another train. You eat its dust on the prairie and slosh through its mud along the bottom lands and approachin' the fords. If the wagons break down, you'll be expected to do your share to keep the train movin'."

"That's only fair," Mr. Blye said. "The same thing might happen to us."

"You're forgettin' somethin'," Job pointed out. "You wanted to travel light and fast. Well, you saw them big trains outfittin' in St. Joe. Every wagon was loaded too heavy. You've already saw stuff layin' by the roadside where other trains throwed it away to lighten the wagons. Them overloaded wagons not only break down constantly, but the hosses give out. A heavy train travels slow."

"There's something in that," Mr. Blye said thoughtfully.

"I figgered it best for you to wait in St. Joe and join up with another train 'cause I knowed there wasn't soldiers enough to watch out for hostile Injuns along several thousand miles of rutted road."

"I hadn't given that a thought," Mr. Blye admitted.

"Thinkin' it over since, I reckon it don't matter nohow. Them Injuns ain't likely to hang around waitin' for trains to come along. They'll savvy the cavalry will be after 'em. Later on in the season they might try it again."

So intent were both men on their conversation that they failed to hear a slight rustling or notice Red standing in the shadow of a near-by wagon.

Next morning the train crawled up and down hills like a writhing snake. The contour of the terrain was changing. That afternoon they forded the Little Blue without incident, followed its course for seven miles, and then made camp.



The wagons were drawn up in the usual square, teams unhitched and tended, and guards posted. Supper was well under way when there came a shout from one of the guards.

"Somebody's coming!"

Men and women straightened from their tasks and listened, expecting to hear the rumble of wagon wheels. The appearance of another train would be a welcome sight, now that they had crossed over into Pawnee country. Mr. Blye and the guide, with Red following, hurried to a narrow gap between two wagons and looked out.

A rider had topped the hill and was coming down the slope toward the camp at a leisurely lope.

"It's only a white man," Mr. Blye sang out in assurance to the rest.

But they did not return to the campfire; instead they bent a steady gaze on the approaching rider, a black-bearded, stocky man in buckskin with long flowing hair. There was a buffalo gun in the saddle scabbard.

"Howdy, friends," he greeted them as he dismounted. "In time for supper?"

"Yes," Mr. Blye replied. "Lead your horse through here. We were about to eat when the guard caught sight of you."

"A feller needs six pairs of eyes in this Injun country," the rider said.

"Seen any lately?" Mr. Blye inquired.

"Not lately. And, what's more, I don't want to."

"There's hay for your horse, over by that wagon," Mr. Blye said. "Tie him to a wheel and then we'll eat."

The guards continued their patrolling. Mr. Blye, Job, and Red stood aside to let the rider and horse pass through the narrow gap, and then they fell in behind.

The newcomer was affable, loudspoken, and a good raconteur. After supper when the folk gathered around the campfire, he related stories of days spent farther west as a buffalo hunter and of hairbreadth escapes from Indians.

Job Herron sat beside him, whittling a cottonwood stick with a razor-edge bowie. Red, lying flat on the ground with chin cupped in hands, never removed his unblinking eyes from the man's face. Only Mr. Blye, nervous and fidgety, appeared uninterested in the stories.

If a horse stepped over a halter rope or started kicking its mate, he would say, "I'll take care of it." Each time he left the campfire Red followed and helped him straighten matters out. Once they were absent quite a while, and Job went to their assistance. As they returned, Red walked between the two men, quietly talking while they listened, something that had not happened during the entire hundred and fifty miles of the journey.

Men and women reluctantly left the campfire circle that night, for the newcomer's stories had been a welcome diversion, temporarily keeping their thoughts off the massacre that had occurred near where they were camped.

Job, Red, and the newcomer rolled up in their blankets under a wagon. Soon the two were listening to the newcomer's snores, punctuated by the howls of a coyote.

When dawn penetrated the cottonwoods, they saw Mr. Blye moving about among the teams and men, helping them feed and harness, while the newcomer snored on until breakfast. Afterwards Red saddled his bay and rode off.

"Dad!" Janice Blye called anxiously to her father. "Look at Red, riding away! Stop him! He's likely to be scal—" She clamped her lips as her mother grasped her arm tightly, in alarm and fear that the younger children might have overheard the half-spoken word.

The newcomer paused in the act of tightening his saddle cinch and spoke to the two women. "If it's Injuns you're afraid of, git the idee out of your heads. Them massacrein' renegades is prob'ly t'other side of the Platte, bein' chased by cavalry. We won't have trouble on the Little Blue."

The usual din of starting was missing this morning. Teamsters spoke quietly to the horses. The very air was electric with expectancy and dread. Job rode on ahead, alert, though never so far that a sudden attack might cut him off from the train. Mr. Blye rode beside the wagon carrying his family, conversing with the verbose newcomer. The teamsters handled the lines with grim expressions, scanning the horizon, rifles ready within the canvas flaps.

It was high noon when they caught sight of the very thing they had been dreading. A small band of Indians suddenly appeared on the crest of a near-by hill, war lances erect, their chief's war bonnet feathers waving in the light breeze. Job wheeled and galloped back to the train.

"Draw the wagons up!" he shouted. The order, however, was superfluous, for the drivers were even then lashing their teams and swinging the wagons into formation.

The Indians were advancing slowly down the hill past a clump of ash, allowing the teamsters time to unhitch, drive the horses to the center of the square, and grasp their rifles. They rushed to the wheels and knelt with the barrels steadied on the spokes. Sinister silence enveloped the train.

"Look!" the newcomer exclaimed. "Them Injuns is makin' peace signs. Mebbe they want to trade. I'll ride out to see."

"You'll stay right here," Mr. Blye said sharply, fingering his heavy Colt. "No one is leaving this train now."

The Indians continued to approach, making their signs. Less than one hundred yards now separated them from the train. The newcomer began arguing, but Mr. Blye paid no heed, glancing past him at the approaching band.

"Ready, men!" he finally sang out.

"Shorely you ain't goin' to shoot them peaceful Injuns?" the newcomer cried. "Why—"

"Fire!" Mr. Blye thundered.

A ragged volley answered the order. Puffs of black powder smoke rolled away from the wagon wheels. The lead tore a gap through the advancing band, emptying saddles, crippling ponies, and putting the rest of the Indians to flight. Powder horns and ramrods rattled against rifle barrels as the men hurriedly reloaded.

"Why—why, you dirty murderer!" the newcomer shouted at Mr. Blye. His buffalo gun swung upward, exploding almost in the businessman's face as a bullet from the heavy Colt drove him back on his heels and to the ground.

The air was vibrating now with the crash of rifles, the women's screams, and the children's cries. Mr. Blye glanced at the man on the ground, then lifted his gaze to the remnants of the small Indian band racing up the hill.

"Cease firing!" he shouted, as a rider galloped from the clump of ash and leaped from the saddle directly in their wake.

"It's Red!" Janice Blye cried.

Now he was down on one knee, taking careful aim with his precious rifle. Black smoke blossomed at the muzzle and was wafted away. As the report reached the watchers, they saw the war-bonneted warrior fall from his pony. Red sprang back on the bay and continued the pursuit.

"Call him back!" Janice cried. "They'll ambush him!"

"I promised him he could go," Mr. Blye said, placing an arm tenderly about her.

"You promised him!" she gasped. "Then you knew—"

"Yes, dear. The lad told Job and me, last night; warned us of what had befallen that other train. We told the men this morning."

"Then he is—"

"A survivor of the Wilkie massacre, yes." Mr. Blye pointed to the dead man. "He came into camp the night before the massacre, undoubtedly to size up its strength and value. The next day that band of renegade Pawnees appeared, pretending to be friendly. That man assured the train there was no danger. The Indians were permitted to enter the camp, and then the massacre began, catching the men off guard."

"But Red—" Janice began.

"He was absent from the train, hunting wild turkey in the river bottoms. The noise of the rushing water prevented his hearing the attack. He returned to find everybody scalped and the horses and goods stolen. But his father was still conscious and he told Red everything before he passed away. This man and the one who wore the war bonnet were in cahoots."

"You mean the chief?" the girl asked.

"Yes, only he was a white man, dressed up to represent an Indian. The rest are Indians, all right—renegades. The partners joked and laughed about the coup, not realizing there was anyone still alive to repeat the story of their treachery, and talked about attacking other small trains. The ring this man is wearing belonged to Red's father.

"The kid rode back to St. Joe. What he had seen had put an old head on his young shoulders. He realized that if he told what he knew, the cavalry would chase the killers, perhaps never capturing them. So he kept silent, joined our

small wagon train, determined not only to avenge the slaughter of his parents, but to make the trail safe for other small trains. I'm going to keep him with me, make him a partner in my new store in Sacramento."

"He's coming back now, Father!" Janice exclaimed.

"Hugh," Mrs. Blye said, "you'd better let me put some salve on your face. It's badly powder burned."

"I don't understand how he missed me," Mr. Blye said. "He wasn't ten feet away when he fired."

"That's easily explained," Job said. "Red extracted the ball from his rifle while he lay snorin' last night."

Check Yourself

Below are two hints which furnish clues to Red's behavior. Copy them on your paper. Then skim through the story and list other hints you noticed as you read. Have a class discussion in which members tell what they thought of Red's actions as they noticed each hint.

1. Red chose to team up with a small wagon train.
2. Red refused to reveal his identity.

Make Your Vocabulary Grow

Below is a list of words from the story. Copy the dictionary pronunciations and write the meaning of each word as it is used in the story.

	PRONUNCIATION	MEANING
interrogate	in tēr'ō gāt	_____
taciturnity	_____	_____
insatiable	_____	_____
piqued	_____	_____
stoic	_____	_____
adroitly	_____	_____
buoyancy	_____	_____
terrain	_____	_____
affable	_____	_____

Pioneers! O Pioneers!

By Walt Whitman

Come my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? Have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of
danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friend-
ship,
Plain I see you western youths, see you tramping with the
foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there
beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden, and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and
the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains
steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as we go the un-
known ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we, and piercing deep the
mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil up-
heaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Share Your Ideas

1. Read the poem orally, observing the punctuation and rhythm to make the reading effective.
2. Compare lines in the poem with those of "The Oregon Trail," pointing out the lines from both poems that emphasize the characteristics of the pioneers; the difficulties they encountered.
3. Find the lines which best express the work of conquest by the pioneers.
4. What effect does the refrain "Pioneers! O pioneers!" have on the poem?
5. Explain the meaning of the following phrases:
 - a. bear the brunt
 - b. youthful sinewy races
 - c. debouch upon
 - d. virgin soil upheaving

Know Your Library

If you use books intelligently and receive the maximum value from your library, both for pleasure and for school work, you will probably know the answers to the following questions. Discuss them in class in order that all members can share this information.

1. List the parts of a book and explain how each serves as an aid to the reader.
2. How will the preface and table of contents help you decide whether you wish to read the book?
3. Which parts of the book are arranged alphabetically? For what reason is this done?
4. What part does the Dewey Decimal Classification play in the arrangement of a library? Name several of the large divisions of the classification.
5. Explain the way in which fiction books are arranged on shelves in a library; non-fiction.
6. What serves as an index to books in a library?
7. What three cards are usually made for each book?
8. Study the following author card:

947.1 Jackson, John Hampden 1907-

J.13 Finland. George Allen &
Unwin, Ltd. 1938

243 p illus maps

History of Finland which includes a study of its economic and social policies, its people, daily life, and cultural achievements.

From this information, answer these questions:

- a. What is the complete title of the book?
- b. Who is the publisher and what is the copyright date?
- c. What is the author's full name and date of birth?
- d. What is the Dewey Decimal Classification number?
- e. What is the call number of the book?
- f. What is the scope of the book?
9. Make a title and a subject card for the same book.
10. Use reference books for gathering information on the following subjects: the cotton gin, the Battle of Lexington, Benjamin Franklin's inventions, tin mining in South America, world records in aviation.

Share Your Ideas and Experiences

1. Have a group of class members make a collection of historical poems. Exhibit drawings which aid in telling the stories of the poems. Invite another class to see the exhibit and hear the poems.
2. Read a long historical fiction poem such as *Evangeline* or *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. Dramatize scenes from the poem.
3. Compare historical fiction stories with factual stories of the past. Which do you prefer? Give reasons for your answer.
4. Read stories and books (either factual or fictional) with scenes laid in a period of history in which you are interested. Then report to the class the pleasures and benefits you received from the reading.
5. Organize a group of newspaper correspondents. Have them spend a few minutes each day broadcasting to the class the latest news item. In this way you can keep your history up-to-date.

Select Good Books

A good book is the best of friends, the same today and forever.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER

The following books of fact and fiction have been enjoyed by many boys and girls:

TWELVE BRIGHT TRUMPETS, by Margaret Leighton

In this fine book, the author, through twelve entertaining stories, reveals a true picture of the middle ages. In a foreword, she tells us that the settings, customs, and ideas are true to the period.

SONS KNOWN TO FAME, by Lena C. Ahlers

In this excellent book you will find brief accounts of the lives of sixty famous men. La Salle, Nathan Hale, Paul Revere, and many others are among this list of men who, in one way or another, shaped history.

FOGBOUND, by Hawthorne Daniel

This is a thrilling mystery of the waterfront in 1850. A brave orphan boy, old for his years, avenges the wrong done his father.

WITH DANIEL BOONE ON THE CAROLINY TRAIL, by Alexander Key

You will enjoy this story of the early life of that famous historical hero, Daniel Boone. With the little-known facts of his boyhood, the author has woven an unusual tale. This book is realistically illustrated by the author.

MESSANGER TO THE PHARAOH, by De Wolfe Morgan

This is the story of Setna, a boy of ancient Egypt, who became a messenger to the great Pharaoh. He soon became involved in intrigue centered about the building of the great Pyramid.

THE BLACK ARROW, by Robert Louis Stevenson

The events of this story take place during the War of the Roses. Richard Shelton, the hero, has many exciting adventures after escaping imprisonment in his guardian's castle.

STORM CANVAS, by Armstrong Sperry

This is the vivid story of a sailor's life in 1812. A boy wins the admiration of all with his courage, bravery, and lust for adventure and the life of the sea.

THE BIRTHDAY OF A NATION, by Frances Rogers and Alice Beard

This book tells the stories of our patriot heroes as they fought, step by step, for the Declaration of Independence.

5

Friends Abroad



Valley of the Kings

By Alida Sims Malkus

The ancient Inca city of Macchu Picchu is located on the top of a peak in the Andes of South America. Around it other peaks rise still higher, and two thousand feet below flows the Urubamba River. The only remaining inhabitant of the city is the Old One of the Mountains who knows the location of the tomb of the Incas and the secrets of the ancient valley.

It is at his advice that Tony, the son of an American engineer, and Titu, a native Quechuan lad, depart for the Valley of the Kings, where, the Old One says, Titu will find the treasure to help his needy family. The Old One hopes that this venture will strengthen Tony's self-reliance and free Titu from the superstitions he has been taught.

Tony and Titu had to cross over the old bridge that for a century or two had swung above the Urubamba. The woven-willow bridge was a swaying, drooping, terrifying affair that gave with every step. Yet it was secure enough, and its very height above the plunging current kept it from rotting, while the spray, the mists, and the rains preserved the pliability of the woven basketwork, keeping it supple and free of cracks.

Before them a vast stretch of rock, great sections of which were satin-smooth and colorful, like a polished

marble wall, dropped sheer as a plummet of lead a thousand feet down to the river. There was no bank here, for the relentless waters had worn their way beneath the edge of the mountain.

Titu went first. He reached the center of the bridge and started on the upgrade before he motioned to Tony to follow. His weight would equalize the give of the bridge. Tony came swiftly forward. Fifty feet below him the river rushed cascading ever downward, seeking the sea. Tony felt a sinking sensation—he was afraid, yet he had to look down into the tumbling, chalky-green water, melted from the blue glaciers beyond; condensed from clouds, mist, windborn from the Pacific; swollen with streams gushing from the living rock, sliding in glassy inclines.

Through spume and light mist, current and comber, a mighty little river fought its way down to the sea. Tony could not keep his mind from the fearful fascination, from the terror of it. He must look down. Tumbling, curling, foaming, soon it would leave the deep canyon and flow through spicy forests and jungle growth, past savage huts on shaded banks, to become a broad, deep river.

Tony looked down, and in that moment of facing his fear, it left him. Time, for the moment, stood still. So also did Tony. He knew what would happen were the bridge to break. Yet his mind became at once busy with determining just what he would do if it broke, how he would grasp hold of the twisted cables and swing to shore. Clearly, in an instant, his mind was released from fear.

Then, above the roar of the Urubamba, he realized that Titu was calling him. He looked up, seized the guiding rail of woven cable, and then ran lightly forward, up the incline and into the very face of the rock. Titu seized his hand and drew him inside. There, at the entrance of a natural cave, the bridge was securely anchored to two great piers hewn from the rock.

The cave opened out into a series of grottos extending back into the mountain. Without commenting on Tony's triumph over his enemy, fear, Titu plunged back into the gloom. Two glimmers of light opened before them. The passage to the left widened into dazzling sunlight. The dark rock framed a sunny view of canyon, mountains, and river trail.

But the boys turned back toward the light on their right, guiding themselves by the rock wall that slanted always upward. As their eyes became accustomed to the gloom, they saw that they were following a tunnel which had been built by men. Men had taken shelter here; the charred remains of a fire built against the wall still lay at one side.

"It seems as if someone came ahead of us," said Tony, shading his eyes from the glare ahead.

"It cannot be," Titu shook his head. "But watch out for snakes. They like the damp of caverns."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he yelled and leaped sidewise. A huge snake, the bushmaster, more deadly than the rattler, lay coiled two feet from Tony. Titu swiftly swung the forked stick which he carried and planted it over the snake's head, pinning it down. The long tail lashed madly, while Tony pounded the head with a stone.

Titu led the way more cautiously now. What was that? A shadow moved in the half light ahead. They caught a glimpse of a dark, stooping form. Titu jumped back against the wall, pulling Tony with him. What could it be? There was no sound. They waited a little while and then crept quietly forward. For a long time they seemed to be following that point of light ahead. Suddenly they were at the opening; another step, and they were in the brilliant light of day.

Not ten feet away stood the mysterious figure of the canyon. It whirled around, facing them—a large, spectacled bear standing up on his hind legs eating cactus fruit



from the slope. He looked at the boys in a friendly, curious way, unafraid. But Tony was not so calm.

"Sacred blue heaven, we have no gun!"

At the sound of the human voice, the bear dropped to all fours and shot up over the cliffs so fast that his image was blurred and disappeared in a shower of pebbles.

"Whew! What an escape!" Tony sat down and mopped his upper lip with his handkerchief.

Titu was doubled up, laughing. "He was more afraid of you. I had a little cub once with eye spectacles. This is the only part of the world where the bears wear spectacles."

Now the boys saw that they were on the edge of a vast canyon of such grandeur that it took their breath away. Above them the snow-capped *cordillera* glowed like a great vessel of light; beneath all was darkness. No sound reached them here except the distant splashing of some tiny stream in the depths of the canyon below. Magnificent flowering cactuses sprouted from the rocks, and where there was but a pinch of soil and moisture seeping out, cascades of maidenhair fern and flowers bloomed.

"It is just as the Old One said."

"Do you think your father has ever been here?" asked Tony.

"No, he would not come this way. We Keswans are afraid of these mountains. In the low, hot valley are the bats which suck the blood of man and beast; yes, vampires," he nodded. "On the hillside the puma prowls, and on the heights the cold mist, like an evil spirit, blows off the glaciers and goes into your lungs, and you cough and cough."

"But you are not afraid of anything, Titu."

"Ah yes, I am—of many things. The old Nackak, now."

Tony looked at him questioningly. "The Nackak? What is that?"

"He is a witch man. I did not always believe in him. My father said the Nackak came to him before. Then the Kepke witch was a bad omen."

It worried Tony that Titu, who had stood for all that was courageous, should be afraid and suffering from fear.

"But the witch—the Kepke—I don't understand. There is nothing like that to hurt you. What *is* she?"

"Well, the Keswans say that her head, all bony and covered with blood, flies in the lightning, but that her body boils in its heat. You must catch her head; we didn't catch it. If her head is caught on a stake or knife, you will hear it moaning and crying. Then you must go where it is and plaster it with red mud. Then if you see among the old women of the villages, or any strange old beggarwoman who comes about, one with red clay on her face, you know she is the witch."

"And what would you do with an old woman who had red clay on her face?"

"Well, in other days they would have beaten her, maybe have killed her; but we would drive her out of the village."

"Titu, did anyone ever find an old witch with red clay daubed on her?"

Titu thought not.

"But don't you see that if you threw ashes on the Kepke witch so that her head could not fly back to her body, or if you caught her head, she could never be an old woman again and sit by the roadside, could she? Did you ever see a head, or just a body, sitting around anywhere?"

At the idea of the bodyless head sitting by the roadside, the very thought of which made Titu shudder fearfully, Tony began to laugh. It made a fellow feel very good not to be afraid of something. Tony felt strong and superior. And he felt like laughing; he doubled up, gasping. At last Titu began to laugh, too; perhaps that place of such awe-inspiring magnificence had never before echoed to boys' laughter. The sound stirred a puma in its den. It switched its tail restlessly, sniffing the air.

The boys realized that they were hungry. They ate the red fruit of the prickly pear growing near and saved their corn cakes until later.

Their path lay along the face of the cliff, a trail following a ledge. Centuries before it had been built up and widened by men's hands.

Tony grew cold as they came into the deep shadow of the cliff. He was glad to slip over his shoulders the warm alpaca poncho which Titu had brought for him. A pebble hit his shoulders. "I feel as though someone were following us," said Tony. Titu merely shrugged.

"But sometimes a shadow falls on the road."

They came to another suspension bridge beyond which their ledge ended abruptly. The bridge was fairly wide, though short of span. But the narrow chasm which it crossed seemed bottomless, for the eye could not penetrate its depths. Tony picked up a pebble and tossed it over the bridge, but no sound broke the stillness.

"We must make a trial of this bridge," said Titu. "No one knows how old it is. But the Old One said it had

always been here. He said there would be a big rock on this side and to roll it on to the bridge to see if it will hold."

"And if it doesn't?" cried Tony.

"Then we have to go a very long way around and down into a valley and back up on the other side to a spot just beyond us now. Or else we can go back home."

A dark shadow fell on them and they dodged instinctively. The whir of wings overhead drew their eyes upward.

"The condor." Titu gazed in reverent admiration. Tony was thrilled at the enormous and majestic bird swooping down over them. Slowly and still more slowly he soared until the giant wings began to beat the air to bear aloft his heavy body. The beat of his wings reverberated in the canyon. Then he came to light upon the swaying bridge. For a moment his wings spanned the bridge, wider than the tallest man. He was a good eight feet from tip to tip.

The king of the Andean peaks balanced on his swinging perch for a brief minute. Then with a rushing whir he took off, dropping into the gloomy depth of the canyon before he gathered enough air beneath his wings to rise once more.

"Come on," said Titu. "If the bridge holds him, it will hold us; one at a time. I'll go first."

He crossed over boldly. Tony stood there for a long moment, looking down.

"You are not turning back?" called Titu in alarm. Tony looked up grinning. "Not I," he replied. In a moment, pale but triumphant, he stood beside Titu.

The trail here was at once seen to be carefully built, though age-old rock dust lay upon it. It wound, a smooth and even causeway, about the vast rock. There was no protective wall; the edge of the road dropped away into the deep abysses. At all the curves jutting rocks served as *defensores*, or reminders. As they rounded the turn, the boys saw before them a small, round sentinel house of stone commanding the approach.

The approach to what? Fearful, as if of a sentry's challenge, they halted. But no strange and arresting voice came from the round tower.

"We can pass," cried Titu boldly, and the word was thrown back to them.

"Pass-ss, pass-ss-s."

They stepped fearfully, nevertheless, below the sentry house; their usual curiosity did not tempt them to go up the steps leading to the narrow-windowed turret, for the sun was dropping. Titu kept climbing, stoutly, silently. The road was very narrow here; there were places where it had crumbled or broken away so that it was not more than four or five feet wide. Occasionally the silence was broken by the noise of a miniature landslide.

Tony was panting; it was hard to breathe, and his head spun. He did not want to be a quitter. But then he fell. Titu made him lie down flat. With frequent rests like this they were able to go on slowly. Titu himself was very tired, but with him it was only the fatigue of the muscles, for his deep lungs were used to taking in enough of the rarefied air, and his head was clear.

"My chest aches!" Tony gasped. "My head is splitting."

The road ended abruptly in a wide platform, about which rose a four-foot wall. Beyond it there was darkness except for the ghostly glacial peaks, their summits faintly rose-tipped with the last afterglow of sunset.

But if the darkness before them seemed deep, behind them lay a blackness so intense that they recoiled as if from a threatening blow. "It is the cave," whispered Titu, "the tomb of the Tampus!"

Now a wave of bitter cold swept over them. The icy breath of the snowy *cordillera* beyond and the chill of the tomb-like cavern behind set them shivering. In the darkness the boys spread their blankets on the terrace. Huddled in their ponchos they lay close together.

"It is not required that you perish of the cold," the Old One had said. He had insisted that they take their serapes. Now Titu pulled up the serapes that they had carried all day through the heat.

"I forgot. He gave me this for you, too," Titu mumbled apologetically, his head buried beneath the blanket. He handed Tony a little packet wrapped in corn husks. "It is for the headache, if you get one."

"I have one," whispered Tony miserably. "The back of my head—the top, too."

"That's the mountain sickness," explained Titu in a muffled voice. "Just swallow the powder, and then you won't feel it. I'll rub your neck." His muscular fingers brought the blood back to Tony's spine and head.

Tony fell asleep. But Titu lay tense for a long while, too frightened for sleep. The voices of the Andes could be heard in the silence of the night, in the wind moaning through the passes, and in the far roar of falling water. A puma's cry came up the canyon.

"A night in the desert," the Old One had said. That was what the youth of other days had had to go through before they could become Knights of the Inca. Many times had Titu slept in the open, but never in a place like this. The thin cry of the puma hunting under the stars sounded querulously. It came again, nearer, as though from the rock above.

Titu lay rigid, the serape over his head. The voices of the night he knew, but here they took on a strange significance. He trembled with terror at the thoughts crowding over him. Was this the only way? Titu felt that if he could have moved a muscle and if in the dark he could have found his way back down the road, he would have gotten up and run all the way back down into the valley.

After a time Titu felt Tony lifting his arms from under the cover. He had folded them under his head and was

looking up at the stars. The Southern Cross was glowing over the snowy peaks. Titu opened one eye. But even in the familiar stars there was no consolation. Somewhere above them was the spirit which hovers over the treasure in the earth. Fear swept over Titu, fear bred through the centuries deep in the inner consciousness of the bronze *Andino*, fear deeper than reason.

Then he remembered his poor father, sitting with his head in his hands, his little sisters, and Mama Ccuri, how kind, how little, how old! He remembered that the Old One himself had sent him here. Was he to be a base coward, or worthy to be a Knight of the Inca? If he could find the treasure, they could buy their farm in the valley. They would have much beauty and happiness.

"You awake?" Tony's whisper came softly. "I guess the puma is gone. I was afraid at first, but I saw you were not frightened about it, so I just lay still. Let's get up early. I can hardly wait to explore the cave."

Titu dove beneath the blanket again, waiting in agonized suspense for the wrath which such boldness must bring down on their heads. But the only thing that came down was a pebble. Then Tony snored. When he was assured that the uncanny sound came from Tony, it became very comforting. Titu's arm crept over Tony's shoulder.

Then something bright flashed in Titu's eyes and he opened them. It was broad daylight. Like the wild creatures, Titu had only to stretch himself, rested, refreshed, his hard flesh resistant to the bed of stone. He shook Tony awake. Tony groaned, stretching his stiff, protesting muscles. They leaned on the parapet, eating their corn and quinoa cakes, and looking down into the far-distant valley.

Now the time had come to enter the cavern at their backs. It was a lofty chamber. All about it were seats carved in the rock. Whenever the natural formation suggested it, patient hands and the skill of stone-age masons

had carved a seat or a throne or a set of steps leading nowhere and looking like a piece of modern furniture. At one end rose a throne, approached by four steps, all empty of the rich panoply of the princes that often had sat here looking out upon the beautiful valley.

On either side tunnels led away into the very heart of the Mother Andes. They took the right tunnel as the Old One had directed. They found that the bright daylight went with them, down along the carved passage that slanted ever deeper. The walls of the passage seemed to have been built by man, but they were the work of Creation's hand. They had been formed when the mountain was in the making.

"This is marvelous!" cried Tony.

"*Magnífico!*" agreed Titu.

A new light shone ahead. It grew in brilliance. What could it be? Fire? A lamp?

They ran forward down the slope. The passage opened abruptly into a vast cavern. Through the far top of the grotto, bright yellow sunshine poured. It fell in a shower of golden light through the blue cavern and upon the surface of an ever bluer, satin-still lake.

Awed by this unexpected beauty for which they could find no words, the boys stood with their arms about each other's shoulders. They both sighed. The sigh whispered across the lake and came back to them, a faint music.

"The spirits!" whispered Titu.

"It is not," denied Tony robustly. "It's an echo. Listen! Oo-lee-oo-lee, Oo-lee-oo." The yodel came trilling back, like a calliope.

Tony dropped down on his hands and knees to examine the shore of the lake. The blue water seemed extraordinarily clear and translucent. "Look!" he cried. "Look, Titu!" A broad band of white quartz rock, exposed at the water level, shone through the clearness of the blue lake until it was lost in the cobalt depths.

"We could swim across to the other side and see if it's still there," suggested Tony feverishly. They could not walk around the lake, for the sides seemed to sink straight into the water.

"That would be foolish," Titu replied scornfully. "The water is icy cold. Besides, don't you see, the vein slants downward. And the lake must be very deep."

"Where does the water go? Maybe underground, as at Macchu Picchu." Tony answered himself. "If the lake could be drained—this vein is filled with gold."

Titu knelt beside him and examined the quartz closely. It was shot with lines of purest gold which ran together in knots and lumps and even curled up in twisted threads and filaments, as though wrought by a jeweler. The rich vein glimmered up even through the water. The boys were sons of miners. They knew rock and its characteristics. Before this wealth they were spellbound.

"But you cannot mine beneath water."

"How can it ever be worked? There is no way to get machinery up here. A plane could not even land, except down in the valley perhaps."

"But it belongs to the Tampus!"

With Titu's words came remembrance. Their mission was still to be carried out. Somewhere beside this lake was another cave, a sealed cave.

They walked carefully about the fabulous place. Then they saw that sealed chambers opened off the grotto. Two steps led up to the first. The entrance was only partially closed.

Titu knelt and from his bag took out some dried twigs and sticks to which Tony touched a match. The smoke from the little fire was drawn upward into the shafts of sunlight as if it were the spirit of the cavern. The grotto seemed suddenly to fill with misty spirits. Titu, trembling, lifted down the stones at the entrance to the burial cave.

A puff of acrid air drifted out. The little blue flames of the fire sprang up more brightly for a moment, seeming to be drawn into the little grotto.

"The Macchu is pleased," stammered Titu. "We may enter." They went up the two steps into the little cave.

With what majesty and dignity the Prince of the Tampus sat in his tomb—a wasted mummy, but his proud eagle nose was scarcely thinner than in life, his proud panoply no less bright than on the day when first he wore it! He sat with his back to the grotto wall, his knees drawn up to his chin, the fringed headdress of a ruler on his brow, and dressed in garments of the finest *vicuña* cloth which only nobles wore.

Beneath his right arm he clutched a large golden urn. A collar of pure sheet gold was around his neck. The Prince of the Tampus wore a breastplate and armlets of beaten gold, finely engraved, a necklace of emeralds and of pearls as large as vanilla beans. All around him were vessels of gold and silver, together with a herd of gold and silver llamas the size of a boy's hand.

"I never thought such things were true," Tony whispered. "I saw them in museums. But not like this. It's real and we are seeing it. It's treasure, all right."

"But *this* is not the treasure," exclaimed Titu horrified. "Not one jewel of the tomb must we touch. We would die. Our lungs might shrivel up, or our arms and legs. The Macchu would breathe his deathly breath on us."

"But where is the treasure, then?"

"It is here, below. Find the secret and you find the treasure. But first we must find what the Old One sent us for. 'Whatever you find in the golden bowl beneath his arm, bring it to me,' he said." Titu suddenly remembered. "The offering! We have forgotten the offering."

He emptied his *chuspa* over the rock floor; the coca leaves drifted down with a fresh green odor in that musty

place. Tony lifted from his back a small black water jar carried with ropes in the Quechuan fashion, opened it, and emptied its contents on the floor at the feet of the mummified Lord of the Tampus. It was highly fermented *chicha*.

The boys now examined the golden urn beneath the Tampu's arm. It was sealed! To open such a vessel, sacred to the dead, was unheard of. Some instant punishment would result. Only a priest might do that. They would have to take the urn with them. Titu hesitated.

"Come on; I'll take it." So it was Tony who knelt and laid hold of the golden urn.

But it was tightly clutched. It seemed as if the bony fingers which had so long cherished the precious vessel and whatever secret it preserved were loath to give it up. Pale with determination, Tony, at the end of a few moments, released the golden urn without damage. He handed it to Titu. It was carefully placed in his blanket and tied over his shoulders.

"There is the treasure which we expected." Titu pointed to two squared stones set into the rock floor of the ancient tomb. Each had grooves to lift it, neatly cut out on either side of the joining. The stones were lifted and laid beside the dark, yawning hole that appeared. A tiny flight of stairs led downward. For the first time in centuries light was let into that secret place. They caught the gleam of metal, and Tony set his eager foot on the stair.

"No, you are a foreigner, Tony. It is the legend that the Macchus dislike foreigners. I will enter. Give me the match."

With heroic dignity Titu went down into the vault. The match flared. Gold in all forms filled the little chamber. Exclamations of delight and amazement burst from the boys. The Prince of the Tampus had been well prepared by his adoring subjects for that life beyond in the regions of

the sun. A strange, sickening, dizzy feeling swept over Tony. His head reeled. The match went out.

"Titu, Titu!" he shrieked at the top of his lungs.

A roaring echo was his only answer.

There *was* a Macchu, then, he thought dimly—a spirit of the tombs! But Tony stubbornly fought off the fear and blackness which were enveloping him.

"Don't let it get you down," he muttered. "It's not the Macchu; it's antimony!" He staggered while he pulled out his handkerchief and got it tied over his nose.

Dad had told him again and again. That was what he smelled; he should have recognized it straight off. Where was Titu? In the vault, of course! He went down the steps and struck another match. The head flew off. Clumsily he got out another, his last. It flared up. Titu lay face down on a pile of gold. Tony caught hold of him and tried to lift him, but he fell forward again. Tony's arms seemed as weak as water. But he knew it was dangerous to let Titu



remain where he was. Tony's eyes were getting used to the dim light let in from above.

This time he would get a good hold on Titu; he gripped his hands and dragged him by the arms up the steps, across the cave, and away from the tomb. He couldn't remember at all how he did it, but finally they were at the side of the blue lake once more. He felt terribly groggy. It had been a long climb up from that blue and gold grotto to the deep, icy lake. He splashed the icy water on Titu's face and got him sitting up. In the fresh mountain air outside, Titu was soon restored.

"There was gas in there, that's what it was," explained Tony.

Titu found it hard to believe, but there was Tony, a foreigner, sitting safely beside him—a white foreigner, reputedly hated by all the spirits of the mountains. And he had saved Titu.

The golden urn with whatever was inside it was the only treasure which they had brought away with them! But they could come back! They would come back again. But not today! They ate the last of their corn cakes and started down the trail. It was barely noon when they came again to the round sentry tower. Never had the sheer, purple crevasses, the rows of graded pinnacles like pipe organs in a church, the snowy peaks above, seemed so beautiful.

They sang: "*Tuyallay, ah tuyallay,*
Ama pisco micuy chu"

and for the first time came to the last lines:

"Manan hina tucui chu
Hillacunan saranta!
Tuyallay, tuyallay."

The canyon walls closed in on them so that the echoes answered like a chorus. Tramp, tramp, Titu's sandals slapped on the downward swing; the golden urn was lurching at his back—tramp, tramp!

Titu remembered the songs of his people, the echo song, the shepherd's song, the song of the harvest and crops and bird people. "At the next turn we are at the bridge," he cried. "Tonight we shall sleep at home!"

Share Your Ideas

1. Compare the characters of Titu and Tony at the beginning of the story. Each possessed a certain type of bravery which the other lacked. Explain this difference.
2. The story illustrates the facing of danger by the two boys as they tested themselves on a hazardous journey. The author of the story utilizes words and phrases which cause the reader to experience with the boys the emotional reaction of fear. Look through the story and make a list of these words and phrases. Begin your list with the following examples:
 - a. cold mist, like an evil spirit, blows off the glaciers and goes into your lungs, and you cough and cough
 - b. swaying, drooping, terrifying affair
 - c. could not keep his mind from the fearful fascination of it
3. There are also descriptive passages which make the reader see and feel the beauty and grandeur of the places the boys visited. Find these passages and be prepared to read them orally. List the words which created the colorful effects.
4. The story shows how Tony's and Titu's fear diminishes as they meet each difficulty. Go back through the entire story and list each boy's behavior in sequential order.
5. Make a list of words you found difficult. Write them on the board. With the assistance of the class, attempt to ascertain the meanings from the context.

Fantasia in Morocco

By Janet C. Boyte

To help you use key words in skimming for information

Skimming is a type of rapid reading by which a reader may glance over lines, note words or groups of words, and quickly obtain information from a page. In skimming you must learn how to make use of key words, because they are the words that carry the meaning. It is not necessary to read each word carefully. In the following article, the key words of the first two paragraphs are underlined. Practice letting your eyes glance at these words, skipping the unimportant ones. After you have read each paragraph in this way, be ready to state the major idea in your own words. Then skim through the remainder of the article, reading only the key words.

Once in French Morocco, several friends and I went to an Arab party called a fantasia. We were received in big, gaily painted tents lined up along the edge of a field. The local chieftain, the Caïd (kah-eed), and his friends and relatives shook our hands as we entered. They wore long, loose-fitting robes, yellow sandals, and clean, white turbans. There were no Arab women present because they never eat with the men. Inside the tent, thick rugs were spread upon the ground. Instead of chairs, there were pillows and rolled-up rugs beside low tables. We sat on the pillows and rugs and wondered what would happen next.

We soon learned that if you are having dinner with an Arab family, you need a big bath towel and some soap and water. This is because North Africans eat entirely with

their fingers. Since Arabs are very polite to their guests and give them everything for their comfort, a servant brought in a bronze bowl and a bar of real American soap, a great luxury in North Africa. We washed our hands while he poured water over them. After we had dried them, he left a big towel spread across our knees.

The Arabs have very strict table manners dictated by the Mohammedan religion. For one thing, they always ask the blessing of Allah before they begin to eat and again before they leave the table. They also eat only with the first three fingers of their right hands. Their bread must be broken, never cut, and when they serve you tea, you are expected to drink just three cups, no more and no less. After the third cup, you are expected to leave.

The dinner we attended was very formal and long, with many courses of food and with entertainment throughout the meal. First there was mutton—whole sheep, even with tails, ears, and eyes, roasted on spits and carried to the table on large brass trays. With the first three fingers of our right hands we plunged into the tender brown meat.

Course after course arrived as the elaborate dinner continued. A pie, with pigeon meat, roast eggs, and almonds beneath a flaky crust, followed the mutton. Then we had chicken cooked in olive oil and served with almonds, which are as commonplace among the North Africans as peanuts are in America. Instead of salad, we had fresh oranges which we peeled and ate. One course which no Arab meal ever omits is *couscous* (koos-koos). *Couscous* is made of steamed wheat grains, flavored with cinnamon and powdered sugar, and heaped like a thick, sweet cereal upon a platter. As you can imagine, we had some trouble being polite and eating *couscous* with our fingers. The expert Arabs have a neat way of tossing a handful into a little ball and flipping it into the mouth, but we Americans ate it just



about as you'd eat mush out of the palm of your hand. The meal went on for at least three hours.

All during this time, what you might call an Arabian rodeo was being held in the field in front of the tents. Arabs ride beautifully and have handsome, spirited horses. Along the opposite side of the field, in groups of about fifteen or twenty, the riders lined up for a cavalry charge. At a signal, they spurred their horses and galloped across the field, each holding with one hand an old-fashioned, long rifle high above his head. When they were a short distance from the tents, they fired their rifles and reined in their horses, stopping suddenly in a cloud of dust.

Finally at the end of the meal, the *Caïd* gave the command for tea, which must be made according to custom and with great ceremony. To prepare us for tea, the Arab with the bowl and water came back to let us wash the remains of dinner from our hands. Arabs are just as proud of their special skill in brewing tea as are the English. We slowly sipped our three cupfuls, and when we had finished the third, we made our departure. All the way home we felt as though we were waking up from a dream instead of having actually experienced an Arabian Night's entertainment!

Mention three interesting items about the fantasia.

Railways of India

By Marie I. Cline

In the following story you will obtain unusual information about Indian railways. Skim through the material, reading only the key words, and answer these questions:

1. How do Indian railways differ from American ones?
2. Why would you need a coolie if you were boarding an Indian train?
3. How must a passenger stop an Indian train?

Indian railways seem very strange to American newcomers. Engines are small, and their shrill whistles seem more to shriek with impatience than to sound warnings. Many stations are outside the cities, but they are always crowded when trains come in, and crossing tracks at the rail level is forbidden. In large stations stairs usually lead to bridges that pass either over or under the trains.

City station platforms are high enough to permit the sale of food and drinks through the windows. There are special taps of drinking water for Hindus and Mohammedans (mỗ hăm'ễ dăn), and the trains usually make long stops.

When you get your train, a coolie carries your things and you must pay a little for each piece of luggage. There is a certain price, and if you do not know what it is, you may be charged several times the amount that you should pay.

When you are going away for more than a day, you must take many things with you, even when riding in First class. In addition to the canvas roll that holds your mattress and bedding, you must have a lantern, a water jar, a wash basin,

a hatsack, and a "tiffin basket" (to hold plenty of food). Of course, you take all the other things that you usually have with you on an American train. These necessary articles are not weighed. If you travel on a Third class ticket, you cannot take much heavy luggage, such as your trunk, without paying for excess baggage.

When you board a train or leave it, the only way to be sure that you have everything is to count your pieces. If you have to wait for a coolie or car space when you go for a train, you will be sure to be late getting aboard. If others are traveling with you, there may be so much luggage that the coolies must push a part of it through the windows—while the train starts to roll.

Sometimes the tiffin baskets, hatsacks, lanterns, and bed-rolls end in somersaults and your luggage is a tangled heap. The worst accident that can happen is a broken water jar, or *surahi* (soo-rah-he). If the lantern becomes mixed with your bedroll, you will remember it longer than you would had it upset into your tiffin basket.

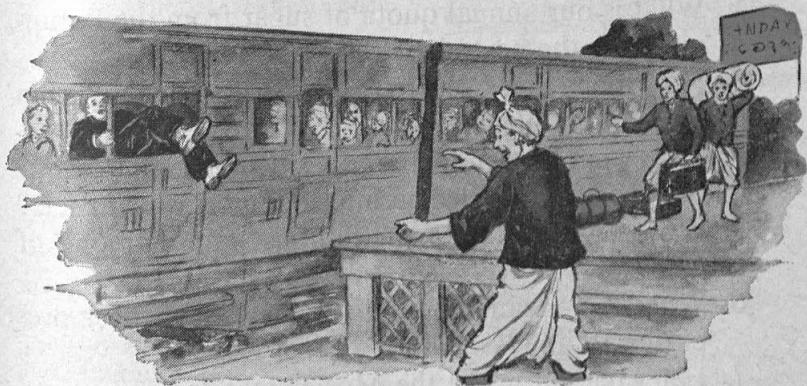
Cars are marked with "I," "II," "Inter," and "III"; and some have the full names, given *classes* in travel. These are First, Second, Intermediate and Third. Third class seats have no padding. All other classes have cushioned seats, with better cushions for the higher classes.

The seats, whether cushioned or not, are really benches that run along the sides of the car. All cars open only at the sides, and no one can pass from one to another, as on American trains. There is no conductor, but a signal cord passes through each car, and the train can be stopped by pulling this cord. A policeman and a guard are always on duty to answer calls. No one calls the names of stations. They are written in English and in the language of the part of the country in which you are traveling.

When you plan to arrive during the night, you may ask someone to call you. If you are not awake and should be

carried too far, you must get off and wait for another train to return you to your station.

A busy man tells about his arrival at his home station in the early morning. He had an important business engagement in his office within a few hours and he was anxious to get home. He had been sleeping soundly, but suddenly woke up—just as the train started to move. He looked out and saw his own station platform being left behind. Half asleep, he didn't think to pull the signal cord to stop the train; but he seized his bag, stuffed his things into it, and



threw it out the window to the platform, planning to follow it. The train was still moving very slowly when he put his feet out, but the window was not wide enough for him to crawl through, and he became stuck.

The man's legs kicked wildly while the train picked up speed. The coolies outside spied the gentleman with the excited feet and began to shout, "Poggie (crazy)!" Of course the train had to stop to unload a madman, and the sleepy traveler escaped.

You can understand how traveling alone on the trains of India will teach you how to take care of yourself. But you get plenty of "going" for the price you pay and, after all, the experience is worth remembering.

News Items

To help you skim to locate specific information

On the opposite page are headlines with brief news items from newspapers. Use your ability to find key words by skimming to locate in these items answers to the following questions. You will be given a time limit for this work.

1. What is our annual quota of sugar from the Philippines for the next eight years?
2. How many fires occurred at the British docks within a period of eight days?
3. Near what border are the tribesmen of Iran fighting?
4. Mexico has cancelled permits to import what article?
5. What is the value of the famous state diamond of Cuba?
6. What American battleship is the British fleet preparing to join?
7. For what cause are the Moslems of India ready to shed blood?
8. What do the British police think was the cause of the fire on the Queen Elizabeth?
9. With what army were the Kurdish tribesmen fighting?
10. When was the Capitolio diamond probably stolen?
11. Where did the British cabinet mission, charged with the task of negotiating self-government for India, meet?
12. What was the destination of the United States battleship which planned to join the British Mediterranean fleet?

MEXICO PROHIBITS FIREARMS IMPORTS

Mexico City—The war department cancelled all permits to import firearms and munitions.

QUEEN ELIZABETH SCENE OF BLAZE

Southampton—Fire swept the hospital section of the Cunard White Star Liner Queen Elizabeth—the seventh fire at the British Docks in eight days. British police immediately began a hunt for saboteurs.

THIEVES GET FAMOUS STATE DIAMOND

Havana—Cuban police Monday pressed a hunt for thieves who stole the famed \$23,000 Capitolio diamond from Havana's capitol, probably at the height of Sunday night's carnival.

3000 TRIBESMEN WAR ON IRAN

Teheran—Fighting has broken out between Kurdish tribesmen and the Iranian Army near the border of Iraq.

HOUSE VOTES ISLAND SUGAR IMPORT QUOTA

Washington—Legislation giving the Philippine Islands a quota of 850,000 short tons of sugar that may be imported annually into the United States free of tariff duty for the next eight years was passed Friday.

MOSLEMS READY TO SHED BLOOD

New Delhi—The British cabinet mission charged with the task of negotiating self-government for India arrived in New Delhi Monday. The president of the Moslem league declared that his supporters are prepared to "shed blood" to obtain a separate Moslem state in India.

BRITISH FLEET TO JOIN U.S. OFF TURKEY

Atlantic City, N. J.—Authoritative British quarters said Tuesday night that powerful units of the British Mediterranean fleet were ready to join the United States Battleship Missouri on her coming cruise to Turkey.

The Legend on the Plate

By Florence Boyce Davis

My willow-ware plate has a story,
Pictorial, printed in blue,
From the land of the *tael* and the tea plant
And the little brown man with the queue;
Whatever the viands you're serving,
Romance enters into the feast
If you only pay heed to the legend
On the old China plate from the East.

Koong Shee was a mandarin's daughter,
And Chang was her lover, ah me!
For surely her father's accountant
Might never wed pretty Koong Shee.
So Chang was expelled from the compound,
The lovers' alliance to break,
And pretty Koong Shee was imprisoned
In a little blue house by a lake.

The doughty old mandarin reasoned
It was time that his daughter should wed,
And the groom—of his choosing—would banish
That silly romance from her head;
For years had great artists been stitching
In symbols the dress she would wear;
Her headband of scarlet lay waiting
She should ride in a gold wedding chair.

He was busily plotting and planning,
When a message was brought him one day—
Young Chang had invaded the palace
And taken his sweetheart away.
They were over the bridge when he saw them,
They were passing the big willow tree—
And a boat at the edge of the water
Stood waiting for Chang and Koong Shee.

The furious mandarin followed,
And the groom, with revenge in his eyes,
But the little boat danced on the water
And traveled away with the prize.
When vengeance pursued to their shelter
And burned the pagoda, they say,
From out of the flames rose the lovers—
A pair of doves, winging away.

And they flew toward the Western Heaven,
The pretty Koong Shee and her Chang—
Or so says the famous old legend
From the land of the Yangtze-kiang.
I wouldn't be one to deny it,
For the little blue dove and her mate
Forever are flying together
Across my old willow-ware plate.

Share Your Ideas

1. Explain why the title is a suitable one.
2. Tell the story of Koong Shee and Chang.
3. List Chinese customs revealed by the poem.
4. Read the poem orally, giving special attention to punctuation, phrasing, and rhythm.
5. Find other interesting Chinese legends, either in prose or poetry, and prepare to read them to the class.

Ham and Eggs - and Snails!

By Carol Rylie Brink

To help you skim a story for information

When Alice realized she could tour France with an American, Miss Weatherwax, and even receive a small salary for her services, she was overjoyed. On the journey she hoped to find an opportunity to help herself and her poor but well-educated family.

Skim through the story to find two illustrations of Alice's diplomacy, and to learn how she kept a promise to her twin sisters. Remember to utilize key words.

All day long they seemed to be going deeper into a land of timelessness and mystery. Perhaps it was the mist and the silver frost that made things appear unreal. But they were in rural France, which seems generations removed from modern Paris. As the silver day was changing into a dark blue, they drove into Auxerre. Auxerre is not much more than a hundred miles from Paris, but Miss Weatherwax was a conscientious sight-seer and they had stopped at Fontainebleau and Sens to visit palaces and churches. Everything mentioned in the guidebook must be seen, and, when she had seen it, Miss Weatherwax said "Humph!" and hurried on to the next sight.

By evening they were glad to see the lights of Auxerre, knowing that they meant dinner and bed. Through a maze of crooked little streets they wandered in search of a hotel. The sense of unreality, which had been with them all day, persisted now in these quaint streets. The gothic spires and

towers of the three old churches, the old town gateway and clock tower, even the shops and people in the streets seemed to belong to a different world from the one they had left behind them in Paris. The hotel they finally found had large, homely rooms with comfortable chairs and beds.

"I wish that *Maman* could have a room like this!" said Alice to herself, thinking of the crowded quarters at Madame Toussaint's. Then she sighed and washed her face and hands and hurried out to escort Miss Weatherwax to dinner. For here they spoke no English, and Alice must really begin her task as interpreter and guide.

Like the bedrooms, the dining room was pleasantly rural with red checked tablecloths, plants on the window ledges, and plenty of room for everyone. Toward the end of the meal when Alice was feeling relaxed with not a care in the world, Miss Weatherwax suddenly remarked, "Of course, you know, Alice, that I must have ham and eggs for breakfast."

"Ham and eggs for breakfast, Mademoiselle?" Alice inquired in amazement. "Whoever heard of such a thing?"

"My goodness!" grumbled Miss Weatherwax. "You'd think I was crazy to ask for a simple thing like that! People in France stare at me when I ask for ham and eggs for breakfast. Don't you have hogs and hens in this country?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Alice, "but it is so strange to eat ham and eggs for breakfast. For luncheon, of course, one has omelette and a little cold ham with radishes, but never for breakfast."

"Well, it's a good American custom, and I'm willing to pay for it," remarked the old lady tartly. "I've had 'em for breakfast all my life, and I'd just like to see the President of France himself try to stop me now at my time of life. Don't gape; just see that I get them, Alice. And another thing—I don't like the idea of eating breakfast in bed. Tell them we'll be down at six o'clock."

Alice sighed. "Yes, Mademoiselle," she said.

It would be quite useless to tell Miss Weatherwax that nobody in France ever ate anything but rolls and coffee or chocolate for breakfast, and that the dining room underwent its daily cleaning at breakfast time. She would simply have to place the matter before the innkeeper.

"Ham and eggs?" cried the innkeeper with hands, shoulders, and eyebrows expressing amazement and unbelief. "For *le petit déjeuner*? But, no! Mademoiselle is surely mistaken, or else the poor lady who wishes it is insane."

"No, Monsieur," said Alice as diplomatically as she could. "She is a lady from the United States, and there it is the custom for all the world to eat ham and eggs, as all the world in France is accustomed to eat rolls and *café au lait*."

"Is this indeed true? But surely when one travels, one embraces the customs of the country. I have had many guests from the United States, and never have I been obliged to feed them upon ham and eggs. When one is in Rome, so they say, one should do as the Romans."

"But Monsieur, you do not know Mademoiselle Weatherwax. I am sure that even in Rome she would have her ham and eggs if she wished them. She will pay you well for them, I am sure."

But it seemed to be not so much the cost as the impropriety of the thing which wrung the landlord's heart. At last, however, it was arranged, and then poor Alice had to break to him the dreadful news that this unholy breakfast must be eaten in the dining room at six o'clock in the morning!

"*Mon dieu! Mon dieu!*" he said, casting his eyes toward heaven for support in his hour of tribulation.

"I regret it very much," said Alice apologetically, "but Mademoiselle Weatherwax has commanded it."

"So be it," said the landlord, folding his hands resignedly. "But who is this Mademoiselle Weatherwax? Is she a great lady in her own land?"

Alice thought for a moment. Certainly he deserved some compensation for his pains. "Oh, yes," she said politely. "She is the sister of a great explorer."

"Ha!" said the landlord. "Let us hope that their explorations were confined to the temperate zone, Mademoiselle. It would be most difficult to get ham and eggs on an iceberg at six o'clock in the morning."

Alice could say no more, but she hoped that the next morning would find Miss Weatherwax and herself eating ham and eggs. She crept to bed and quickly fell asleep.

At half-past five Miss Weatherwax tapped on her door. "Promptness, my dear—" she called.

"—is a great virtue," finished Alice with a wide yawn.

But presently she was dressed and packed and downstairs. And there, miraculously, in the dining room was one table neatly laid for two. And on the stroke of six an untidy waiter brought in a platter of ham and eggs! Alice felt immensely proud. She felt that she had succeeded even beyond her wildest dreams.

But, when they were finally in the car, Miss Weatherwax said, "That breakfast was not bad this morning, Alice, but of course, it's not what I'm used to. That thin, cold boiled ham and an omelette—that won't do. I want a nice thick piece of ham and fried eggs with unbroken yolks."

Alice sighed. "Yes, Mademoiselle," she said.

Their road that day led through beautiful country, high and rolling and rugged. Since the few towns were not mentioned in Miss Weatherwax's guidebook, they did not stop to explore them. Only one of these villages stayed in Alice's memory—La Rocheport. She saw it only at a distance, perched on a high rock, its gray walls like the walls of a castle in a fairy tale. She fixed the image of it in her

mind for her small sisters. She could even hear herself beginning, "Once upon a time, in the village of La Rocheport high upon a rock, lived a cruel lord in a great stone castle, and at the end of the street in a little stone cottage lived a poor young girl with beautiful golden hair who, everyone said, was the rightful heir to the castle." How the little girls would crowd and squeeze her to go on!

At noon they stopped for lunch at a rather desolate small town called Arney-le-Duc. The sky was gray and heavy with a promise of snow. Winter seemed to have begun early this year and to be following them south. At the turn of the road was a country inn which looked as if it might have cheered many generations of travelers.

"*Chez Mathilde*," said the sign above the door. "At the home of Mathilde," translated Alice, and Miss Weatherwax said, "Well, it sounds hospitable. Let's go in."

They parked the car and entered a long, low-ceilinged room with a bare wooden floor. A quaint old place it was, and neither Alice nor Miss Weatherwax had any idea what they would get to eat there.

But it seemed that at *Chez Mathilde* eating was a ritual and not merely a bare necessity. First there were snails. Miss Weatherwax said that snails were one thing she had never touched, and she didn't propose to begin now at her time of life. But, in spite of her American breakfast, the long drive had made her hungry and, when she saw Alice eating them, she couldn't resist a taste. With much grumbling she ate the lot of them. If she had known that the snails were to be followed by rabbit stew, cold roast turkey, salad, potatoes, fruit, and cheese, she might have saved herself the ordeal. But one course unfolded after another, each apparently better than the last, until they found themselves sighing with repletion over their crackers and cheese.

"Ho-hum!" said Miss Weatherwax. "I certainly need a nap now, but I suppose we've got to push on if we're to



reach Lyons tonight. But, I warn you, I shall be irritable. So much food and no nap! It's bound to make me cross."

As they made their way to the car, the cold air struck smartly on their faces, and a few lazy flakes of wet snow had begun to drift down.

"We took too long for lunch; we'll have to hurry," said Miss Weatherwax. She started the car and, without looking around, began to back it rapidly out of the parking space. Bang! Crash! Miss Weatherwax had failed to see another car that had just swung in. The doors of both cars were flung open, and the two drivers leaped out. Miss Weatherwax cried angrily, "Fools! Not to stop for a backing car!"

The driver of the other car shouted excitedly in French, "You species of a mannequin, you! To back without looking—right into an honest man's car! You will pay for this, my fine friend!"

Such a mixture of French and English followed that Alice could not make head or tail of it. She knew only that they were in great need of a diplomat who could speak both languages. Much as she hated the task, she seemed the only cool-headed person there. She jumped out to make a hasty inspection of the damage done. The fenders

of both cars were slightly bent, but so far as she could see no other damage was done. Miss Weatherwax and the driver of the other car, however, had not got around to examining the damage; they were shouting at each other at the tops of their voices. Alice ran to separate them, and it was only then that she recognized with dismay the driver as a fat old gentleman with whiskers who had sat in front of them at the opera one evening.

She recalled in a flash her feeling that the old gentleman was the one person who would be a match for Miss Weatherwax and her mischievous wish that she might see them in a major encounter. Well, here it was!

"Alice," cried Miss Weatherwax, "tell him what I think of him. Tell him that he shouldn't come smashing into a lady's car, that he is no gentleman, and that he is as blind as a bat."

Alice took a long breath. In a large family of children one learns to hate quarreling and to avoid it at any cost.

"Monsieur," she said in French, as sweetly as she could, "Mademoiselle wishes me to tell you that she very much regrets this unfortunate accident. She feels that no gentleman would intentionally run into her in this way, and she thinks that perhaps you are afflicted with the kind of eyesight which makes the little bald mice who fly about at night unable to see by day."

Somewhat taken aback by the mildness of her tone and words, the old gentleman gazed at her a moment in silence. Then he said, "But she backed without warning directly into my beautiful car. Tell her that she drives like a donkey. Tell her that I remember her well, for she is that sacred old foreigner who talked all through my favorite opera!"

"What does he say?" shrieked Miss Weatherwax.

"He says, Mademoiselle," translated Alice as nimbly as she could, "that he is very sorry you did not give him warning before you began to back. He says when backing,

one should drive as slowly as a donkey. He says that he remembers you very well on the evening when you both attended his favorite opera."

"He wears a disagreeable expression for such simple words," remarked Miss Weatherwax doubtfully. "Are you sure you understand him?"

"Yes, I understand him perfectly," said Alice.

"Well, tell him that he will have to pay for every bit of damage he has done, Alice."

"Mademoiselle says," translated Alice, "that she knows you will be willing to pay for any damage which you may have done, and she suggests that you both look now to see what has really happened."

"Very well," cried the old gentleman. "If she will also pay for any damage she has done, it is fair enough."

"He says," said Alice in English, "that that is fair enough, for he is sure that you will be willing to do the same and suggests that you go and see what has really happened."

"Well, that's not a bad idea," said Miss Weatherwax grudgingly. "He has more sense than I gave him credit for." Grumbling and bristling, they went with Alice to consider the damages.

"You see," said Alice, in each language by turn, "there is really very little damage done. Each fender is bent a very little. It might have been so much worse."

"Yes, it might have been worse," admitted Miss Weatherwax reluctantly, and the old gentleman said, "You are right, *mon enfant*."

There was a great deal of translating back and forth but the worst of the storm was over. While Miss Weatherwax and the old gentleman were still examining their fenders and grumbling to themselves, a gentle voice from the second car remarked in French, "Very well done, my dear. You have my applause." Alice turned about with surprise and saw that the plump little wife of Monsieur was sitting

calmly in the back seat of the car. She was surrounded by bags and boxes, easels and canvas, and on her lap she held a large angora cat. She seemed to be not the least bit ruffled by all the noise and excitement, and now she smiled very charmingly at Alice and held out her hand.

"You handled it superbly," she said. "I couldn't have done better myself and I have been trying to settle Monsieur's difficulties for thirty years. You must have been with the American lady for a long time."

"Oh, no," said Alice. "We have only just begun our travels. But, you see, there are seven of us at home, and one learns to avoid difficulties. Only the vain and selfish waste time quarreling."

"You are very wise for your age, my child. It took me a good many years to learn that truth. But I am afraid that my husband has neglected to introduce us. Allow me to present myself, Madame Hercule Heurtelot."

"I am happy to know you, Madame. I am Alice Moreau."

"And this is our son, Cédé." With a smile that brightened her whole face, the little woman held up the cat's paw and made him shake hands with Alice. He yawned with boredom at the ridiculous proceeding, but Alice cried, "What a beauty he is! What long fur and mysterious eyes!"

"He is our son," repeated Madame Heurtelot, smiling her whimsical smile, and Alice, forgetting the great cat, thought to herself of Madame, "Oh, she was beautiful when she was young—something rare and unusual!"

Just then Monsieur Heurtelot came bustling up.

"*Eh bien*. I have overlooked that woman's stupidity this time. It does no harm to be magnanimous once in a while."

"Thank you so much," said Alice sweetly. "You will get a very good meal here. I hope that you enjoy it."

She hopped back into the car beside Miss Weatherwax.

"Well, I could certainly have made that old fossil a lot of trouble," said the old lady with a sigh of satisfaction,

"but I didn't. Heaven knows why I didn't, but I guess it's just as well to be generous once in a while."

"I'm sure that it is," said Alice, smiling.

"Just the same, I hope that I never see him again," said Miss Weatherwax. "Twice is enough."

"If they are going south by our route," said Alice, "we are quite likely to see them again."

"Well, if he bumps me, I won't be so gentle with him next time," said Miss Weatherwax decidedly.

The snowflakes were flying fast now. All the afternoon they drove in silence through a world of falling snow.

"I thought we were going south," complained Miss Weatherwax at last. "This is like a New England winter!"

"I like it," said Alice. "It is so mysterious. Usually one sees snow from a window. But here we are in it, and yet we are warm and cozy. Our little house moves along with the storm. It is like a fairy tale."

"Humph!" said Miss Weatherwax. "You're a great girl for fairy tales, aren't you?"

"I make them up for the little girls, you see. But it is often useful when one is in danger of boredom. For instance, I was beginning to be bored at seeing nothing but falling snow and then I thought, 'But we are enchanted, we are moving between walls of floating white.'"

"What else have you made out of a dull trip?"

"Oh, it is very silly, I am sure, but if the girls were here, I should tell them that Monsieur Heurtelot was an ogre and his wife a captive princess, and—and Madame Heurtelot introduced the cat to me as their son. That was very funny for real life. Of course, in a fairy tale the cat would be the handsome young prince transformed by evil magic into his present state."

"Quite so, quite so!" said Miss Weatherwax, nodding her head. "You do seem to make yourself a lot of amusement out of little things. I never had time to do that."

"We have had time for very little else," said Alice gravely. "There were so many of us and so little money."

That night was spent in Lyons, a great city, neither as enchanting as Paris nor as interesting as the small towns. Alice went at her task of selecting rooms, ordering dinner, and even the breakfast of ham and eggs, with more assurance than before. She was becoming a regular courier.

"Do you want to stop for the sights tomorrow?" asked Alice at dinner.

"Goodness, no!" cried Miss Weatherwax, slamming her fist down on the little red guidebook. "Not in three inches of slush and snow. I'm going south. But we'll stop at Nimes and Arles and Avignon, rain or shine. The guidebook says we must."

"Ah, good!" said Alice. "Then I can keep my promise to the twins."

"What was that?"

"Well," admitted Alice, flushing, "they made me promise to dance on the bridge at Avignon for them. We French children have an old song, you know—

*'Sur le Pont d'Avignon,
L'on y danse! l'on y danse!
Sur le Pont d'Avignon,
L'on y danse tout en rond!'*

It was a sort of commission—as one says, 'Match me this piece of silk when you go to the city.' Only the twins said, 'Please, Alice, do dance for us on the bridge at Avignon.' "

Miss Weatherwax looked at Alice with a sudden twinkle of understanding and amusement.

"You are a good girl, Alice. If it isn't getting ham and eggs for breakfast for an old termagant like me, it's dancing on the bridge of Avignon for the twins. When do you find time to do your own commissions?"

Alice puckered up her face. She sometimes wondered the same thing, but she had worked out the answer.

"I will tell you. I enjoy my own moments more if they do not come too often," she said with a laugh.

The next day was still cold but sunny, and soon the early snow was running off in little tinkling rivulets and cascades beside the road. Down the valley of the Rhone they drove, through fertile land of farms and vineyards and little towns.

As they went farther south they seemed to be going even further back in time. At Vienne, they saw their first Roman ruin, a fine old temple, for now they were in that part of Gaul where Caesar's legions had most often gone clanking and conquering by, and where the Romans had made themselves at home with roads and villas, temples, baths, and theaters. It was strange to see these fine old columns standing in dusty market places with peasants in smocks and wooden shoes clumping about them. Alice abandoned her fairy tales for the greater charm of romantic history.

"Oh, Mademoiselle, are you not thrilled?" she cried.

Miss Weatherwax cleared her throat and closed her guidebook. "Well, maybe I am!" she said, as if the idea surprised her. By sunset they had reached Avignon.

The Rhone was shining like burnished copper in the chilly autumn sunset, and the fine old walls and towers of



the city were gray with mystery. It was perhaps well that the air was sharp and that the good citizens of Avignon hurried home that night without loitering near the old bridge, which is only half a bridge now and leads to nowhere. If they had been in a mood to loiter, they would most certainly have been shocked and astonished by the sight of a young girl and a plump old lady waltzing and pirouetting gaily about and singing:

“On the Bridge of Avignon,
Here one dances! Here one dances!
On the Bridge of Avignon,
Here one dances all around!”

For Miss Weatherwax, with one of her sudden bursts of gaiety, had decided to help Alice keep her commission—her promise to the twins.

Check Yourself

- 1. Relate the two instances in which Alice played the diplomat. Prove by your report that she was able to think quickly and intelligently.
- 2. Explain how Miss Weatherwax helped Alice keep her promise to the twins.
3. Since your initial reading of this story was for skimming to get a general idea of the events, reread it orally in order to enjoy further the lively humor and the interesting details.
- 4. Find each of the following words in the story. Study the context to learn the meanings. Then write a definition for each.

rural, page 304	whimsical, page 312
conscientious, page 304	magnanimous, page 312
impropriety, page 306	termagant, page 314
repletion, page 308	pirouetting, page 316

The Magic Horse of Samarkand

By Ruth E. Kennell

Ahmed, the father of Abdullah, had little patience with the new ways in Russia. Winning first prize for his crop at the Cotton Festival, however, led to surprising changes in his method of farming.

Skim through the story to find out about the magic horse of Samarkand and to learn what effect it had on the lives of Abdullah and his family.

In the land of the Uzbeks, which borders on Persia, there dwelt in our own time a peasant who had one son, Abdullah. Now it was the custom in that country for a great festival to be held in the city of Samarkand at the cotton harvest. Peasants competed for the prizes offered for the finest crops. But Ahmed, the father of Abdullah, would not attend the Cotton Festival. He was a devout Mohammedan and did not like the new ways.

"How I wish that my father might be persuaded to compete," thought Abdullah, as the heat of the summer melted into the golden days of autumn and he helped Ahmed harvest the last of the cotton. "I believe our crop will exceed all others this season!"

His nimble brown fingers stripped the stalks of their fluffy bolls with such speed that he kept several paces in advance of Ahmed, who worked on the adjoining row. Ahmed's coarse wrapper of brown homespun flapped about his legs and his orange-hued turban glowed like a poppy in the snow-white field. Far behind toiled Gulnare, mother

of Abdullah, hampered by her draperies and by the heavy veil which she dared not put aside lest her face be seen.

As he worked, Abdullah gave himself up to dreams of the harvest festival in Samarkand. He had once visited the capital city with his father and he could not forget its glories. Before his mind's eye rose the magnificent mosques with their slender minarets and turquoise domes. The tombs of Tamerlane, mighty ruler of Asia in days long ago, stood like a series of ruined palaces, one above the other.

Abdullah remembered the bazaar which he liked far better than the tombs of the dead sultan. Merchants squatted cross-legged on richly carpeted platforms and offered fine raiment in vivid colors and cloth of gold and soft lamb's wool and shining copper ware. Food fit for a prince might also be bought there—clusters of large green grapes and luscious melons and savory chunks of mutton browned over a charcoal flame. Abdullah had sat with his father on an open carpeted platform in the Chai-Kannah and sipped green tea and watched the life of the cobbled street.

Best of all, in the cap market Abdullah's father had bought him a skullcap of green velvet, embroidered with threads of silver and gold. It had gleamed like a crown above his brown, oval face.

Now; as he recalled all these wonders, Abdullah sighed and picked the cotton ever faster and faster. It was indeed a pity his father would not go to the Cotton Festival in Samarkand.

When dusk fell, father and son, weary and chilled from the sharp autumn air, came home to their mud-brick hut. Gulnare and her little damsels entered from the women's apartment across the inner court to sit with them on folded quilts about the family oven. It was formed by a cloth-covered table set over an earthen fire under the floor.

Abdullah thrust his feet beneath the table where the heat rose through an opening in the floor.

Ahmed sipped his hot tea and likewise appeared satisfied.

"Allah be praised, the harvest is in," he said, "and I see that the crop is abundant."

Ahmed paused to dip his flat wheaten cake into the honey bowl before he continued solemnly, "My son, you have worked diligently beside me throughout the season. I remember how, in the early spring, you helped me to clean the canals and repair the dykes, and how, in the strong winds of March, you set your hand to the plow. Together we planted the seed; we opened the dykes and flooded our fields with the priceless waters of the Zarafshan. Then when our plants were high enough to be thinned and cleared of weeds, you chopped with a willing spirit. By the mercy of Allah (whose name be exalted), our plants blossomed under the hot sun until our field was like a beautiful garden. The green bolls formed and began to burst with their white gold, and the time of harvest was at hand—and I have marveled at the swiftness with which you gathered it in."

Abdullah sat with downcast eyes, conscious of the loving gaze of his mother and wonderment of his little sisters. Then Ahmed set down the tea bowl and concluded, "My dear son, I shall reward your virtue and industry. Ask a favor of me, and if it is within my power, it will be granted."

Abdullah raised his sparkling, dark eyes and said, "Oh, Father, I have but one favor to ask you—to enter our crop in the Cotton Festival, for it must surely win a prize!"

Ahmed sat for some moments in troubled thought. At last he said with a sigh, "I cannot deny your wish, although I would prefer to have no dealings with those who have forsaken the ways of Allah. Tomorrow I shall go to the village council and enter our crop in the competition."

On the day of the Cotton Festival, the sky above the tiled domes and high minarets of Samarkand was a warm blue, and the mellow November sun turned the city to

gold. Abdullah was dressed in his best robe of green and yellow stripes, padded against the frosty air. Riding beside his father in the cart, he saw the city from afar and tossed his green velvet cap high.

"I am as happy as a prince!" he thought.

The large central square was thronged with people. Peasants from the surrounding villages, in gay holiday attire, gathered about a platform draped with banners.

Abdullah glanced shyly about him and observed that many of the women who sat about on the ground were without veils. He feared this would displease his father, although he himself did not regard so seriously the Moslem custom which decreed that women must always keep their faces hidden in public. The young teacher at the village school wore no veil, and Abdullah respected her highly. She had taught him to read and write, so that now he could make out the inscriptions in white Arabic letters on the banners.

The president of the Uzbekistan Republic addressed the people in simple words, for he himself was a peasant. After him came the chief of the Cotton Commission to announce the prize winners. Abdullah pressed close to his father's side, and hope failed him when he saw how many prosperous farmers had entered their crops in the contest.

Then he heard the name, "Ahmed Hodjaief," spoken clearly. He saw his father step forward and he heard the Commissioner say, "This peasant from the village of Shirakan, working his land with only a wooden stick drawn by oxen, has produced four times the average output. To him goes the first prize. All hail, Ahmed Hodjaief! All hail!" "Hail Hodjaief!" echoed the crowd, as Ahmed mounted the platform. The president shook his hand and he received his prize—an American multiple disc plow. Then Ahmed's eyes sought his son in the throng and he beckoned to him. The boy proudly took his place beside his father.

When all the prizes had been awarded, the Cotton Commissioner invited the winners to look at the exhibit of modern farm machinery which stood against the wall of a near-by mosque. Abdullah noticed at once a machine with great wheels. He tugged at his father's sleeve and pointed.

The Commissioner smiled and turned to Ahmed. "Examine this machine carefully, Ahmed, for you should have it to draw your new plow. Look now, you have only to mount this seat and push this lever, and its wheels begin to revolve with the strength of twenty horses."



Abdullah listened in wonder. Remembering the Arabian folk tales his mother had often told him, he whispered loudly to Ahmed, "Oh, Father, it must be a magic horse!"

The Commissioner heard and answered, smiling, "My lad, we live in an age not of magic but of science. We know that men cannot summon genii to do their bidding. Yet this machine can perform wonders that seem like miracles."

Ahmed found his tongue. "May Allah preserve us from evil sorcery—how may I possess this magic horse?"

"Alone you cannot possess it, for its price is too high. But if you and twenty more peasants will band together, you can own this machine strong enough to do the work of all."

Hearing this, Ahmed was filled with anger and walked away from the Commissioner. He had repeatedly refused to join with the other peasants in his village in common ownership of modern farming tools. Now he suspected that in awarding to him the American plow which required the iron horse to pull it, the Cotton Commission had tricked him.

He remained silent the rest of the day. He did not make merry, even at the feast when he and his son sat on the ground with other peasants around an enormous bowl of *pilaf*. They dipped their fingers into the steaming rice, rich in meat and fat, and ate their fill. The monotonous throb of the tambourine and the baraband resounded and the young people danced, but Ahmed did not applaud. Abdullah likewise was silent. It seemed that the magic horse had cast an evil spell.

On the following day, the great shining American plow was delivered to Ahmed at his village home. For the moment, in his delight, Abdullah forgot about the magic horse which they needed to draw it. But that night when they stretched out on their padded quilts on the floor, the prize plow appeared to mock him saying, "Foolish lad, why shouldst thou labor like a dumb ox, when thy labor is child's play to me?"

At last, Abdullah cried out in the darkness, "Father, I cannot sleep—the magic horse does plague me!"

Ahmed did not answer, but Abdullah knew that he had heard. Presently Ahmed spoke. "Hearken, my son."

"I hear, Father."

"Today, Hassan asked me to join with the rest in the purchase of that machine which is called *Traktor*. When I answered that I had no money, he said, 'Let your American

plow be your share in the ownership of our tools, and in return you will have the use not only of the plow, but the cultivator, the drill and planter, and the *Traktor* to draw them all!' Now this sounded to me fair enough, but—"

Abdullah's heart sank, yet he dared not speak.

"—it is for my son to lead me along the new way. Since you entered the crop which won the prize, what to do with the prize must therefore, in all fairness, rest with you. May Allah guide you, my son."

Abdullah could hardly speak for joy. There could be only one answer. "Oh, Father," he said, "let us try the new way. There can be no harm in the magic horse." And so it was arranged with Hassan, head of the collective farm.

On a day when the fallow land lay ready for the spring plowing and sowing, a cloud of dust appeared in the road. In the midst of the cloud was the magic horse, moving swiftly with a frightful roar and drawing after it the new plow and other remarkable machines as well.

Abdullah felt like throwing himself upon the ground before the magic horse, but Hassan, the driver, smilingly beckoned to him. Hiding his fear, Abdullah drew near, and Hassan bade him climb up beside him. He showed the trembling lad how to pull the levers and to guide the iron horse, and as Abdullah felt the mighty machine obey his touch, his trembling ceased. He knew that the magic horse was his willing slave, and he its master.

When the land was plowed and leveled, they ran over it once again with the drill and planter. In the space of time it had formerly taken to do a single row, the whole field was prepared and sown!

Ahmed stood by and watched, well pleased, and Gulnare stood beside him. As Abdullah helped Hassan to steer the tractor past them, he saw that his mother, in spite of the nearness of the stranger, had cast aside her veil the better to behold these wonders. And this seemed a good omen.

Check Yourself

1. What was the magic horse of Samarkand? Explain the part it played in the development of this story.
2. List as many of the "old customs" mentioned in the story as can be remembered from the first rapid reading.
3. How did the American plow help Ahmed?
4. Reread the story orally for further enjoyment and to learn additional interesting details which may have been overlooked in skimming for a specific purpose.
5. Copy the following list of words from the story. Find each word in the reading and study it in context. Then write a sentence using each of the words correctly. Compare your sentences with those of others.

abundant

awarded

attire

lever

average

sorcery

diligently

exalted

luscious

collective

Arrival of the Seecatch

By Alice Curtis Desmond

To check your comprehension and speed

This is the story of Ivan Baranof, a boy who lived at St. Paul, the largest of the Pribilof Islands. On these islands are the largest fur-seal rookeries in the world—the only places where the Alaskan fur seals are known to go ashore. The seals are protected by the United States Government. When Ivan's father was injured and could no longer work for the government, Ivan felt he must support his little family. The following story tells of the arrival of the seecatch, and of Ivan's attempt to come to the aid of his family.

Read for enjoyment and to test your comprehension and speed. See whether "skimming" has increased your regular rate. There are 3242 words in the story.

The last drift of snow had thawed in the streets of St. Paul. On the mossy tundra, stretching treeless and rolling across the rocky islands, grasses stirred to life after their winter sleep. Gulls flew over in clouds from their rookeries on tiny Walrus Island offshore. Their raucous screams frightened the baby ducks and geese hidden in the grass.

It was May now. As daylight lingered until late evening, the village of St. Paul yawned its way out of the winter's stupor. The first summer fog, closing over the Pribilofs in a thick gray curtain, saw people groping through the streets to rejoice with their friends.

"The fog is here!" they shouted. "Soon the seals will come."

All summer the Pribilofs would be blanketed by the dense and drizzling fog, seldom dissolving to give them a sunny day. There the warm waters of the Japanese Current meet the cold waters of the Bering Sea, making the islands one of the foggiest spots on the globe. But the people of St. Paul did not complain. Everyone knew that was why the fur seals, which cannot endure the warmth of the sun for long, had selected the Pribilofs as the place to bear their young. Sheltered by the fog banks, the cows, as the mother seals are called, knew they were safe.

With the first fog St. Paul sprang into life again like the tundra grasses. The busiest spot in the village was the low white government building on the main street. Through its doors white-skinned Americans and dark-skinned Aleuts hurried about their affairs.

Pausing timidly on the steps, Ivan Baranof pushed back his parka hood and mopped his hot face. His heart was beating so hard it echoed in his ears. Following the crowd into the hall, he stopped at the desk of a fair-haired man who was writing on a typewriter.

He looked up. "What is it, boy?" he asked curtly.

Ivan knew enough English to answer, but he was dumb with fright. He stood before the desk fumbling with his fur mitten.

"What do you want?" repeated the man slowly.

Ivan found his tongue. "I want to be a sealer, please."

The man looked at Ivan and laughed. "A sealer! Why, you're only a child! Sealing is a man's work and dangerous."

Ivan swallowed hard and began to talk very fast. "I don't care. Please take me. I'll work hard. I'll not sleep at all. I'll work day and night. I'll work like a man—"

The man interrupted. "How old are you?"

The short, chunky little Aleut boy drew himself up and tried to look tall. "Thirteen."

The man frowned. "We're not engaging children," he said sternly. "You belong in school."

Ivan tried to protest, to tell the man that his father was sick and he must earn money. But the man would not listen. Finally he picked up his papers and went away.

Ivan was left alone. Miserably he dropped his head and wondered what to do next. Then he saw another man in the hall, a stocky, middle-aged Aleut. His overalls were work-stained and fitted him like the skin on a peach, but in his genial brown face twinkled the only friendly eyes Ivan had seen. He ran up to him.

"I must have work," the boy pleaded in his native tongue. "Help me, please. My father is ill. My mother and sister are hungry. I want to be a sealer."

The Aleut listened sympathetically. But what could he do?

His name was Yavok and he was the *tyone*, or foreman, of the sealers. It was not his business to hire workers but to see that they worked well for the white men. The Americans did their own hiring.

The foreman looked hard at Ivan. "How old are you?"

Ivan was desperate. "Sixteen," he said.

"You say that because you know that the white men do not hire boys until they're sixteen," said Yavok. "You do not fool me."

Ivan saw that the *tyone* was sympathetic. "Please, please make me a sealer!" he begged.

It was no use. The foreman could not make anyone a sealer. He advised Ivan to see the man at the desk.

Ivan hung his head. "I already have."

Then an idea struck him. He remembered the white mansion he passed on his way to school. In that house lived the man who represented Uncle Sam and who told even the Americans in St. Paul what to do.

"I'll go to the white boss in the house by the flagpole!" Ivan cried, thinking of his promise to his sick father and

of his sad-faced mother. Their plight gave him courage. "I'll tell him that I must have work."

The boy turned to dart from the building, but the foreman caught his arm. "There's no white boss here now," he said. "He went back to the States last fall. The new superintendent has not come yet."

Then there was no one to help him! Bewildered and heavy-hearted, Ivan followed the *tyone* out of the building.

"Good-by, my boy," said Yavok. And because he liked this bright-faced lad he added, "Good luck to you!"

Ivan did not want the foreman to see that he was crying. Mumbling a good-by, the boy stumbled unhappily off toward home. So deep was he in his gloomy thoughts that he had reached the house and was staring at a strange sight before he realized what had happened. His front yard was crowded with people. Furniture was piled on the porch, and his mother stood weeping.

Ivan ran up to her. "What is the matter, Matka?"

"They're putting us out!" Natalia sobbed. "We must leave our home. Your father is no longer a sealer."

There was sympathy on the round brown faces of the neighbors. That afternoon a government man had called to see Natalia. Other families, they told her, were coming from Unalaska for the sealing season. They needed her house. With Michael unable to work, Natalia and her children would have to move to a room over the trading post.

At the thought of leaving the new house with its shiny kitchen stove and the running water that came like magic from a pipe, Natalia began to weep afresh.

Life suddenly became more than Ivan could bear. He stood patting his mother's shoulder, not knowing what to say or do. More than anything else he wished himself back on the island of his birth, cheerless, barren Atka.

To make matters worse Natalia remembered her boy's errand. She asked anxiously, "Did they give you work?"

Sadly he shook his head, hiding his tears.

Natalia's shoulders drooped. Her last hope was gone. They had no choice, then, but to do as the white man ordered. Picking up one of the bundles of clothing, she motioned to Ivan to take the other. Then she trudged wearily down the path, carrying Anna in Aleut fashion, pickaback, under her parka—the baby held by a belt, her legs around her mother's waist and her head peering over her shoulder.

Out on the road a woman stopped her. "I've room in my house," she said. "You can live with me. It's pleasanter than over the store, where people are always making a noise."

Natalia was too unhappy to care where she went. She nodded indifferently.

"And you, Ivan, would you like to come with me?" the woman asked. "My husband is in the States. I need a man in the house."

Ivan seemed unaware of the tears that streamed down his cheeks. Gladly he followed her down the street.

The next morning Ivan stretched and opened his eyes. Near by, another child was curled up asleep under a seal-skin robe. He stared at her in surprise. Then he remembered. Yesterday he and his mother and Anna had come to live with "Aunt Marfa," as the pleasant-faced woman was called. This was her little ten-year-old girl, Ellen.

Ivan rose very quietly from under the sealskins. He did not want to waken Ellen and his mother and Anna and Aunt Marfa who were sleeping across the room. Tiptoeing into the kitchen, he drew water and made the fire. Because Aunt Marfa had been so kind he wanted to help her.

Ivan was out in the yard chopping driftwood when he heard a step behind him. It was Ellen. Peering through the thick mist, he looked her over. Her solid little body was clothed in baggy trousers and a hooded caribou parka.

Clumsy skin boots covered her tiny feet. Her pink cheeks were framed by the soft wolverine that trimmed her hood.

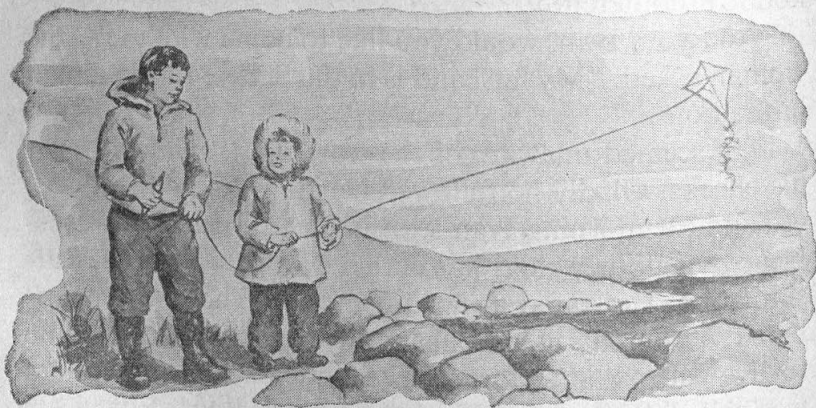
"What are you doing?" Ellen asked curiously.

"I'm chopping wood. Then I'm going to gather berries for our breakfast."

Ellen looked up at Ivan with admiring eyes. "I want to go with you. Will you help me fly my kite?"

Ivan took the soft little hand in his. She grinned up at him. One tooth was missing and his heart melted.

Dropping his ax, Ivan ran with her across the tundra that sloped beside the house. Holding Ellen's kite by a string, he let the wind carry it into the misty air. Gradually he was drawn down across the grassy meadow to the sea. Ellen ran after him as fast as her short legs permitted.



The children stopped at the water's edge. Before them stretched the rocky beach, against which lapped the waves, calm today under the fog. They were rather breathless from their run, and Ivan began winding in the kite string.

Suddenly his gaze was caught by a sleek black head out in the water—then another and another. The ocean was full of them.

Ivan's heart began to pound. These bobbing heads were coming through the surf toward land. "The seals! Look!"

Ivan's voice sounded strangled. Ellen looked; her eyes sparkled and she grew as excited as Ivan. There was no doubt of it—the big moment of the year on the Pribilofs was at hand.

Racing back over the tundra, the children spread the news for which everyone in St. Paul was waiting: "The seals! The seals are here!"

At the cry, doors flew open. People flocked out. Heads were poked from windows.

"Is it true? Have the seecatches come?" everyone asked.

"Yes. This boy saw them!"

Now the streets were filled with people, all hurrying out of the village toward a neck of land that ended in a rocky point. Ivan and Ellen were carried along with the crowd onto the reef bluff.

The people did not go all the way down onto the rookery. They stopped cautiously on the heights, where the point narrowed.

"Bulls are dangerous when they first haul out," explained a man standing near Ivan. "Don't get too close."

It was the male seals, the seecatches, that first returned to the breeding grounds, the man told Ivan. The bulls had not gone to California to winter with the females. They had been leading a carefree bachelor existence off in the North Pacific.

Peering down, Ivan saw that the huge boulders near the edge of the water were rapidly filling with wet seals. The first arrivals were big strong bulls, so dark brown they were almost black, with great shaggy manes. Their voices, bellowing and trumpeting, sent a shiver down Ivan's spine. Yet it was a sound to thrill any boy. Ivan moved to the front of the crowd, Ellen at his heels.

The bull seals swarmed from the water by the hundreds. Looking closely, Ivan saw how each seecatch, on coming ashore, stared about and with almost human intelligence

selected a boulder on which to perch. Sometimes two seals chose the same rock. Then a fierce battle broke out between them for the coveted spot.

Right below Ivan a four-hundred-pound bull had leisurely swum to land, his head held high. On hauling out, the seal deliberately surveyed the beach. Then stepping across it on his foreflippers and carrying his shaggy head proudly erect, he hunched himself over to a well-placed boulder.

"That's old John," a woman said. "He comes back to that same rock each summer."

Ivan wondered how, among hundreds of seals, any one animal could be recognized. But he was too excited to ask.

Whether or not it was the very rock on which Old John had perched last summer, it was plain that he meant to defend it.

Swarms of other male seals were hauling out of the sea, charging the first arrivals. They had begun the fights that would rage between the warrior bulls all summer, day and night, without stopping—battles that frequently ended in death for one or both of the fighters.

Before Ivan's fascinated gaze a young seal, freshly landed, neared Old John's rock with a covetous eye. The two animals approached each other with comically averted heads, as though ashamed of the commotion they were about to create. Within reach of each other they made feints or passes, before either one took the initiative. Then heads darted out and back as quick as a flash. As their fat bodies writhed and swelled with exertion and rage, the seals' hoarse roaring and shrill, piping whistles never ceased. Soon blood was streaming from their sides.

Ivan could see that Old John was winning. The other animal was tugging to escape.

Finally the smaller seal shook himself free, at the price of leaving some of his blubber in Old John's grip and an

ugly scar in his side where the big bull's sharp teeth had torn out a deep gutter in his skin. With a frightened bellow, the defeated seal fled to a less choice spot.

Old John had won! Ivan felt like cheering.

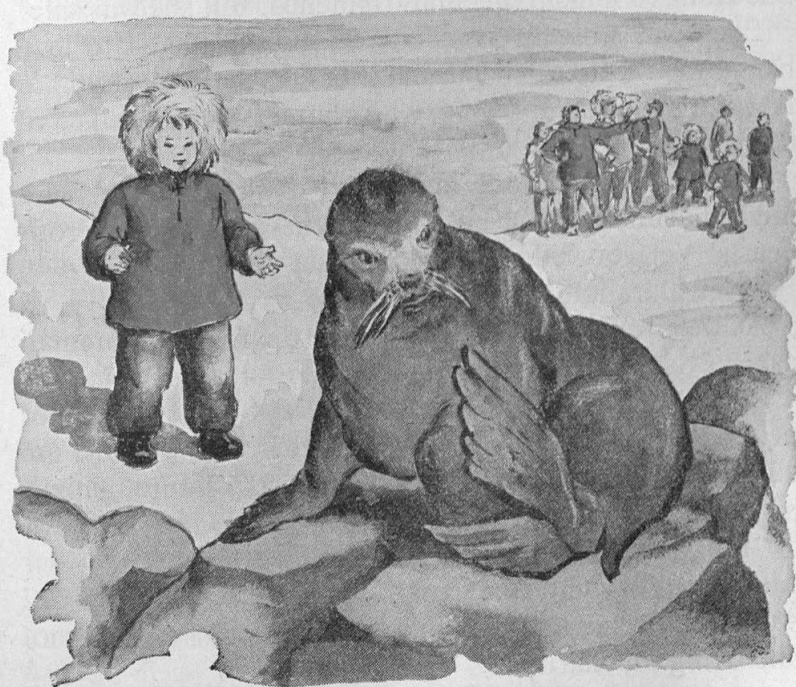
All over the foggy rookery other bulls were locked in combat. Ivan watched them, fascinated, until suddenly he remembered Ellen. She had disappeared from his side.

Frantically he ran through the mist looking for the inquisitive child.

"Ellen! Ellen!" he called.

Finally he saw her, halfway down the bank to the rookery. She was standing close to the fighting seals to get a better view. She had no thought of danger.

Nearer and nearer Ellen drew to Old John. Complacently, after his victory, he had thrown up a hind flipper and was fanning himself, as though to cool his fevered



blood from the heat of battle. Relaxed, he uttered chuckles of satisfaction and contempt. But, actually, the fierce old seecatch had an eye open for the next greedy newcomer who would try to molest him.

Now what was that? Another seal coming at him down the slope? The bull's eyesight was bad, as is that of all seals. Snarling and angry, ready to fight the interloper, he charged up the bank.

It was too late to turn and run. Ellen stood rooted to the spot, paralyzed with fear, while the angry seal came at her.

With a leap Ivan was down the bank at her side—just in time! Only a minute before the strong old bull would have reached Ellen, the boy caught the little girl up in his arms and carried her back up the rocky slope to safety.

People clustered around Ivan as he put Ellen on her feet. She clung to him, crying and frightened. But she was safe!

Ellen was still shivering as Ivan took her hand to lead her home. A man fell into step beside the two children. It was Yavok, the foreman, with whom Ivan had talked in the government office.

"That was a brave act, my boy," Yavok said. "Old John might have killed you both. Seecatches can be dangerous beasts. Yet you didn't hesitate. What's your name?"

"Ivan Baranof."

As they fought their way through the fog, the foreman asked, "Is your father better, Ivan?"

"My father is worse. The doctor says his leg does not heal," the boy answered sadly. "Mother, Anna, and I are all right. A kind woman took us into her house. This is her little girl."

"But you still want to be a sealer?"

Ivan put his whole heart into his plea. "Oh, I do, I do! Aunt Marfa has taken us in, but she is poor. We do not like living on charity."

"We're short of help this summer for the sealing. The white men are asking where they can find enough men to do the work."

The *tyone* seemed to be talking to himself. Ivan did not think an answer was needed. He walked along beside Yavok in the fog, leading Ellen by the hand.

They had reached the white government office.

The foreman stopped and looked down at Ivan. "How old are you?" he asked.

"Sixteen," Ivan said quickly.

"You said that before. How old are you really?"

"Thirteen."

"Well, you'll be sixteen in three years. And you look big and strong for your age. A boy who would risk his life to save a little girl is the kind of sealer we want."

Ivan's heart leaped.

"See those men over there?" Yavok pointed to a tent pitched outside the government building. A line of men was moving up to a white man seated at a table under the tent. "Now that the sealing season has started, that's where the white men are hiring workers. Get into that line, Ivan, and do as the others do."

Ivan started eagerly forward, but Ellen tugged at his hand. "Where are you going, Ivan? Don't leave me."

"I'll take care of her." Yavok took the child's hand. "Go ahead, Ivan. Don't be afraid."

As he crossed the street, Ivan's knees knocked together. Stepping behind a short fat man at the end of the line, he slowly shuffled forward with the rest. As each Aleut reached the man at the table, he gave his name. The official wrote it in a book and handed the workman an identification button with a number on it. The man pinned it onto his coat, and he was hired.

The fat man in front of Ivan was now at the head of the line.

"Next!" came the sharp command.

The Aleut stepped on. It was Ivan's turn.

"What's your name?" asked the official. His head was bent over the book, and he was scribbling rapidly.

"Ivan Baranof."

The man wrote the name down in his book. Without looking up, he handed Ivan a button. "Next!" His eyes turned to the line of men behind Ivan. "Here, keep in line there."

Stepping quickly away, Ivan hurried back to where he had left Ellen. He found the child happily playing with a pebble the *tyone* had given her.

"Did they take you?" Yavok asked.

Ivan looked down at the button clutched in his brown hand. The number 137 was printed on it in black letters. "I think so—" he stammered. He could hardly believe it.

"Good, Ivan. That means you're hired. Here, let me pin the button on you; then I must be off." Yavok was pleased at his young friend's success. Pinning the identification button on the boy's parka, he gave him a whack on the back. "Report to me in the morning. I'll put you to work. You're a sealer now."

Long after the big foreman had walked away, Ivan stood looking down at the white button pinned to his chest. Finally Ellen, tugging impatiently at his hand, brought him back to reality.

"I'm a sealer," Ivan marveled. It seemed too good to be true!

Check Yourself

PART A

Copy the numbers from one to ten. Beside each, write the words that belong in the blanks of the following sentences:

1. During the summer months, the Pribilof Islands are blanketed by_____.

2. The seals leave the islands during the_____months.
3. Because Ivan's father was sick, the boy wanted to work as a_____.
4. Ellen and Ivan were the ones who reported the arrival of the_____.
5. The people did not go all the way down to the_____because the bulls are dangerous when they first come ashore.
6. Someone told Ivan that the females go to_____for the winter.
7. As the seals come ashore, they show almost human _____in the way they choose a boulder on which to perch.
8. A young seal had a desperate fight with Old John over a_____.
9. Old John mistook Ellen for a_____.
10. After Ivan's brave rescue of Ellen, Yavok, the foreman, told him how to secure a_____.

PART B

Answer the following questions as briefly as possible:

1. At what age will the government men hire a boy to help with the seals?
2. Why was there no "white boss" to whom Ivan could appeal for help in regard to work?
3. Where was Ivan's birthplace?
4. What place in the village was the busiest spot?

Make Your Vocabulary Grow

At the end of the exercises which follow the stories "Ham and Eggs—and Snails" and "The Magic Horse of Samarkand," you were asked to study words in context in order to obtain their meanings. If you worked carefully, you probably accomplished this without resorting to the use of the dictionary.

You will, of course, often find it necessary to use a dictionary to find the meanings of words. To obtain the correct definitions for words, you must keep in mind the way the word is used in context because many words have various shades of meaning. The following is an example:

cash: (kāsh), *n.* 1, money; especially ready money; as, I have no *cash* in my pocket; 2, money paid for an article at the time of purchase; as, sold for *cash*; 3, in banking, strictly, coin, but also paper money, bank notes, and commercial paper easily exchanged for coin:—*v.t.* to exchange for money in coin or bills; as, to *cash* a check.

From the illustration above, you can see that context is important even when you are using a dictionary. In choosing a definition, you must select the one that gives the meaning of the word as used in your reading.

Use your dictionary to look up the underlined words in the sentences below. From the definitions, choose the ones that give the meanings of the underlined words as they are used in this particular case. Study carefully the sentences and the definitions. Then for each word, write a sentence in which the word has a different shade of meaning.

1. The boy cast the ball as far as possible.
2. Alice is the image of her mother.
3. The immediate cause of the old man's death was a severe cold.
4. The judge is an associate of my father.
5. Were you able to secure the attachments for the vacuum cleaner?
6. The teacher gave a concrete example of how the problem should be worked.
7. These are custom hats.
8. I hoped to fashion this to suit myself.
9. Weather influences the cotton crop.
10. Naturally I was pleased when I won the prize.

Share Your Ideas and Experiences

1. Look over the list of books below and select one to read. Write a review and read it to the class. Refer to the instructions for writing book reviews.
2. Bring to school interesting clippings from newspapers and magazines about people of other lands. Share this information with the class.
3. Make a "Do You Know" chart about a country in which you are interested. Collect unusual information and after your chart is completed, explain it to the class.
4. Make a bar graph (see page 184) to show how the population of the United States compares with that of other leading countries. Use the World Almanac to secure the statistics you need.
5. In which of the countries you have read about would you like to live? Give reasons for your choice.
6. Plan an imaginary trip in which you visit people of another land. Map out the route you will take and list the places of interest you will visit.

Select Good Books

*Books are keys to wisdom's treasure;
Books are gates to lands of pleasure;
Books are paths that upward lead;
Books are friends. Come, let us read.*

EMILIE POULSSON

Through the following books you will obtain a better understanding and appreciation of people of other lands:

CHINA QUEST, by Elizabeth Foreman Lewis

The absorbing story of Li-san and his work on the Gorges River will interest every boy and girl. When an aeroplane, piloted by an American flier, landed in the field of one of his neighbors, Li-san was fascinated. From that day on his life was changed. He went from adventure to adventure, until he, too, became a pilot.

HAPPY TIMES IN NORWAY, by Sigrid Undset

In this appealing story you will read of Anders, Hans, Tulla, and their family. The quaint and unusual Christmas customs, the May Day processions, and the rides to the mountains in the summer will reveal to you the way of life in Norway before World War II.

THE SINGING TREE, by Kate Seredy

Life at Good Master's ranch on the plains of Hungary was interesting and exciting to Janci and his cousin Kate. Then came World War I, and all their happiness was dissolved. For years Janci and the women ran the ranch, helping in every way possible until peace came again. This is a stirring story that will appeal to every young person.

HERE IS INDIA, by Jean Kennedy

If you wish to learn interesting things about India, read this new book which will make you feel as though you know the people of this fascinating, mysterious country.

PIANG, THE MORO CHIEFTAIN, by F. P. Stewart

This book tells how Piang and his two companions faced the dangers of the jungle before they could become Catabota warriors. Piang, their leader in this trial, is a real person, and the accounts of Moro customs are authentic.

TRAP LINES NORTH, by Stephen W. Meader

This is the authentic account of how eighteen-year-old Jim Vanderbeck took charge of his father's trapping business in Ontario during the latter's illness. The reading is as exciting as a story about Daniel Boone or other early pioneers of America.

CHILDREN OF NORTH AFRICA, by Louisa A. Stinetorf

The stories of this book will introduce boys and girls to the children of the continent where civilization began. They are delightfully told and make children of Egypt, Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco, Liberia, and other parts of North Africa seem as real as boys and girls of America.

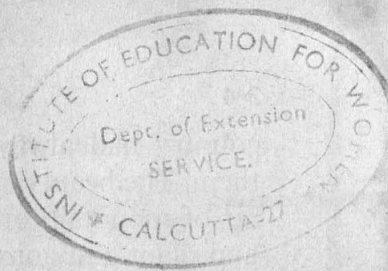
WHY THEY BEHAVE LIKE RUSSIANS, by John Fischer

As a member of a United Nations' mission to Russia the author saw many phases of Russian life. From this book you will get an unprejudiced account of the government and the people.

6

Such Interesting People





Huge Undertaking

By Irmengarde Eberle

Half a century ago radium was unknown. Today this element not only saves thousands of lives, but also relieves much suffering. Marie Sklodovsky Curie, a Polish scientist who journeyed from her native land to Paris to study physics at the Sorbonne, bears the distinction of discovering this remarkable new element. The following account tells how Marie undertook this tremendous task.

Marie and Pierre Curie moved into a little three-room apartment near the School of Physics where Pierre taught. Schutzenberger, the director, gave Marie permission to work in the laboratory with her husband, who was at that time making a study of crystals. She later said in remembrance of these early days, "We ordered our lives to suit our work and our days were passed in the laboratory."

Marie was continuing her studies and preparing herself for a teaching position. Pierre's work as an instructor was difficult and took much of his time. As the chair of physics had been created for him, he had to develop the program to be given. He experimented somewhat with different ideas and then worked out and established a course of lectures.

Pierre and Marie occasionally took time off for rest; and then they went bicycling or took long walks in the country. Here again they were alike in their enjoyments for the

country had always meant great happiness for each of them. The beauty of the changing landscapes and the clean air of mountain or valley were always a delight to them, and plant and animal life was of endless interest.

Their first child, whom they named Irene, was born in September of 1897. With this added interest and the attention Marie had to give her baby and her home, her time was full indeed. She had a woman to help her, but all her free time was devoted to the care of the baby.

When Irene was still a very little girl, Pierre Curie's mother died, and his father came to live with them.

To old Doctor Curie, his son's family was a comfort in this time of loneliness, and he in return was a great help to them. For now Marie did not have to worry about the baby when she was at work in the laboratory; she was certain that the child was well looked after.

In 1897 Marie was ready to begin the work that would bring her her doctor's degree. She had to find a subject in which she could do original research. She and Pierre often discussed this.

"What shall I choose for this research?" Marie asked, her fine eyes thoughtful and earnest. "I should like it to be something that seems really important to us."

"Something that interests us very much indeed," agreed Pierre. "Take a lot of time to think it over before you make up your mind."

They were so close in their affections and interests that they always talked of their work as a joint undertaking.

Marie was reading the reports of recent experimental studies made by other scientists. One day she came across a publication written by the French scientist Henri Becquerel the year before.

Becquerel's interest had been aroused by the discovery in 1895 of the X-ray by Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen, the German physicist. Becquerel was trying to find out more

about such rays, for their nature was still unknown. He had, in the course of his studies, examined a metal known as uranium. He could not find an answer to the question in which he was particularly interested at the time, but he discovered that if a piece of uranium was placed on a photographic plate which was covered with black paper, an impression, such as is made by light, was made on the plate through the paper. He tested this again and again and came to the conclusion that this impression was made by strange rays from the uranium. In the following months he made further studies of uranium ore and metal, but he had not yet discovered the source of the rays.

Here was something to take hold of minds like Marie and Pierre Curie's: a threshold of undiscovered knowledge!

"This is the research I am going to do for my thesis," Marie said to Pierre one day, knowing that he agreed with her even before he nodded and said, "I don't think you could make a better choice."

And so it was decided. Now came the question of how and where to carry on her experiments. The Curies had no money with which to rent a laboratory and buy equipment.

Pierre talked it over with the director of the School of Physics who, however, could give little help. The only thing he could offer, he said, was a sort of glassed-in room on the ground floor which, because of its dampness and general unpleasantness, was used only as a storeroom. Certainly this was not a very good place for a laboratory. But it was space—and space of any kind was better than none.

The next problem was how to get the necessary equipment. They set to work and found ways of getting and installing what they needed, and when they found that the dampness of the dreary workshop affected their instruments, they worked out ways of protecting them from such inroads. Marie then began her study of uranium, using methods invented by Pierre and his brother years before.

She made many tests in order to be absolutely certain that these rays were not from one of the sources already known to give off radiation. In a few weeks she assured herself that they were like nothing yet known to science.

Next, she decided to study all other known chemical bodies either separately or in compound, to see whether any of them also emitted these rays. And she found that compounds of another element, thorium, did. She needed a name for this phenomenon and called it radioactivity because of the radiance peculiar to these rays.

The outstanding quality of the minds of fine scientists is that they never jump at conclusions. A scientist not only proves a point, tests a discovery once before he believes it, but he tests it ten, twenty, a hundred times with every variation and from every angle of thought that might throw a different light on the subject. Finally, slowly, accurately, surely; he arrives at his conclusions. So it was with Marie Curie. The tests of chemical elements she made were many and flawless, and in the end she was certain that here was not only a new type of ray, but one that came from a new element.

Everything in nature—plants, animals, man, water, air, and all the rocks and metals in the earth—is made up of different elements. Most of them were known to scientists, and the trail of a new one was of vast interest to the field of science.

Pierre Curie's thoughts became so completely absorbed with the progressive steps of Marie Curie's discoveries that he gave up his own study of crystals.

From then on they worked in ever-closer partnership in the cold, bare storeroom. Pierre had his classes and could not devote full time to the laboratory, but whenever he was not teaching, he was with Marie, observing and testing.

Uranium is found in an ore known as pitchblende. So the Curies started their investigation with a small quantity

of this ore. They separated it into all its chemical elements and found not only one new element but two.

The first one Marie called polonium, in affectionate memory of her homeland. On December 26, 1896, she and Pierre announced the existence of the second new chemical element—the one which was the source of the rays. To this they gave the name of radium.

But the present step was only the beginning of their work. Knowing that radium existed, even knowing a great deal about it as they now did was, nevertheless, not enough. Radium had to be studied in more detail, and a small quantity of it had to be produced in pure form and weighed by scientific methods.

The problems that now stood before Marie and Pierre Curie were many. Radium was a hidden element. It would take long, hard work to produce a little in pure form.

From their experiments with pitchblende ore, they knew that radium was present in such infinitely small quantities that they would have to have a great mass of it in order to extract a small amount.

Pitchblende was a costly ore. It was mined at St. Joachimsthal in Bohemia, and the uranium that was extracted from it was sold for use in the manufacture of glass. The Curies did not have enough money to pay for the tons of this ore that might be needed. But they no longer required the whole ore—only what was left after the uranium had been extracted—and because this part was considered by the mine owners as mere waste, the Curies could secure a large quantity of the residue at low cost.

Now they needed new working quarters, a place where they could boil down and chemically reduce tons of earth-like material to get out the small portion of it that was so important to them. From the windows of their workshop in the School of Physics, they could see a large wooden shed with a glass roof. They talked to Schutzenberger about

it, and he said they might have it if they could use it. They looked it over; the shed had no floor and the roof leaked badly, but it had a large cast-iron stove that would be useful to them. This proved to be old and rusty, however, so they went out in search of a better place, asking only for something with a floor, a roof that didn't leak, and a stove in slightly better condition. But no one offered them anything at a reasonable rent, and they hadn't enough money for a really good shop. When they again looked at the leaky shed at the School of Physics, they realized that they would have to be satisfied there.

Then good news reached them. The Austrian Government wrote that it was sending the Curies a ton of pitchblende residue without cost, on the recommendation of one of its well-known scientists.

A few days later a great wagon-load of the stuff arrived and was carried sack by sack into the courtyard. Marie and Pierre stood by and watched this in supreme pleasure. Now they could get to work. Nothing could make them happier than the chance to do this work which was so difficult and yet so profoundly interesting. Pierre had to continue with his teaching in order to make a living for the family, so Marie undertook alone the man-sized job of boiling down and separating from the mass of earthlike material the part they wanted to obtain. It existed in less than a millionth of a part of this ton of pitchblende residue.

Day after day she lifted the ore from the sacks to her large kettle. Day after day she stood stirring the bubbling mass over the fire. She poured it off and set it to cool. She made the necessary chemical mixtures to separate the elements to be discarded. The shed was soon filled with jars full of liquids in various states.

The effort of standing over the smoking fire and stirring, hours on end, and the lifting of the heavy bags and kettles and jars were fearfully exhausting. In addition to this, the



shed was bitter cold in winter and like an oven in summer, with the sun pouring down on the glass roof.

But Marie Curie had a purpose, a vast enthusiasm, and nothing could stop her. Pierre understood this; and he, too, was so absorbed that he would not allow himself to think about the working conditions. Every minute he could spare from his teaching he spent with Marie.

In spite of the hardships, in spite of the fearful exhaustion that dragged Marie down, she and Pierre always thought of this period as the happiest of their lives because of their intellectual excitement, the thrilling, satisfying sense of coming nearer and nearer the discovery of something unknown.

Before long they realized that their new element was present in the ore in much smaller quantities than they had at first thought. So they ordered more residue, and when this was boiled down and chemically treated, tons more.

Months passed into a year, and still another year, and another. The difficulties, the physical hardships, were such

that it sometimes seemed as though they could not go on. Just a little help, just a little proper equipment, and they could have accomplished their work with reasonable ease. Now more than half of Marie's energy was used up by the obstacles. Again and again the fearful heat of summer proved almost too much for her as she drove her tired body on to more work. And again and again with the coming of the bitter cold and dampness of each winter she was threatened with serious illness. The lack of proper equipment was wasting the precious time and strength of a genius in ordinary, crude labor.

Seeing Marie daily as she worked under these conditions and having their work set back continually by lack of a proper laboratory was too discouraging for Pierre. He told her that he considered their hardships too great and that they should give up the work for the present, perhaps resuming it later when they had saved a little money. But Marie refused to stop. She had put so much of herself into this work that it was almost a part of her. She had to achieve her goal and thus she went on day after day.

The work had now advanced from physical labor to the stages where their knowledge of physics and chemistry battled with the most complicated and elusive problems. This brought them to the end of their fourth year of work in the shed.

During these years, while Marie had worked under these overwhelmingly trying conditions, she had taken time to attend to her baby in the mornings, to feed her and undress her at night, and to sit by her bed in quiet peace until she was asleep.

During this time Marie and Pierre grew even closer together. Besides their great affection and love for each other, their minds were absorbed in the same problems. They saw almost no one but the few friends and fellow scientists who occasionally came into their shed to see how they were

progressing. Most of the time they were alone together, and their work and their small family filled their lives.

The glass receivers which held their preparations in the latter stages now began to show a strange radiance, a glow of light that could be seen in the dark. And while Marie went on with the delicate, difficult work of trying to obtain pure radium, separate from other elements, Pierre studied the rays emitted by the products in their various stages.

Long before they actually succeeded in isolating this new element, Marie and Pierre knew much about radium's strange characteristics—the kind of rays that came from it, their amazing energy and heat, and something about the way the rays affected the tissues of living creatures. They were already aware that this new element might be of great use to mankind.

There came a day when triumph was theirs. Out of all these tons of pitchblende residue Marie had succeeded in preparing a fraction of a gram of radium of a high purity—an amount probably less than the eraser on the end of a new pencil.

This success came in 1902, four years after Marie began to boil down the first ton of earth and rock and ore. The final achievement, even though they knew for days before that it was almost theirs, must have been a great, deep joy to them, one that cannot be measured by our ordinary ideas of pleasure.

In the evening of that day these two devoted people walked home, outwardly looking or acting no differently. But their thoughts were filled with this precious product in its glass receiver, left behind in the workshop.

In the growing darkness of the shed the tube glowed with a faint bluish light. And there was a glow, too, in the hearts of Marie and Pierre Curie—a glow of happiness that this product of their superb brains and of Marie's infinite endurance and perseverance—radium—was here at last.

Share Your Ideas

By answering the following questions, tell what you learned about the Curies and what you think of their accomplishments:

1. Marie was interested in doing some original research. From what you read in the story, explain the meaning of the term "original research."
2. From what standpoint were the Curies interested in their work? Do you admire them for this attitude or do you think they were improvident? Give reasons for your viewpoint.
3. As you read, you noticed the preliminary experiments made by Marie before she began "the huge undertaking." Make a list of the various steps she took and explain whether or not you think they were necessary.
4. Why was Marie able to do this stupendous job in spite of almost insurmountable hardships?
5. Have you ever worked at something which absorbed your thoughts completely? Compare your experience with that of Marie.
6. Name another scientist who sacrificed as much for an ideal as Marie did. Tell the class about him.
7. From the following list of words, choose the ones which describe the Curies. Write them on a piece of paper and then discuss with the class the parts of the story to which they are related.

ambitious	zealous	farsighted
optimistic	prosperous	pessimistic
unassuming	jealous	resourceful
alert	persevering	modest
greedy	boisterous	conscientious
overbearing	temperate	competent
industrious	self-reliant	patient

The Man Who Liked Snakes

By Eleanor Hoffmann

To help you make comparisons and form judgments

Raymond Lee Ditmars knew much about animals, but he was most famous for his knowledge of snakes. People all over the United States have profited by Doctor Ditmars' hobby—one that seems strange to most of us.

In the following stories you will read about people who, through their work, have either contributed something to the advancement of mankind or achieved a special goal. With such material, it will not be difficult for you to relate content to life experiences. As you read, ask yourself what you would have done in a similar situation. Make comparisons and use the text to form judgments.

Every student in the auditorium felt his heart pound with excitement as the lecturer walked out on the platform with a suitcase in his hand. Raising the lid, he lifted several stout cloth bags to the table. Something inside them squirmed. Certainly nobody would go to sleep during this lecture. The man who stood on the platform was Raymond Lee Ditmars, Curator of Mammals and Reptiles at the New York Zoological Park, and his subject was "Snakes." Instead of stereopticon slides, he had brought living examples—harmless, of course, he explained, untying one of the bags and lifting out a handsome black-and-white king snake. A little shiver went through the audience. The king snake, however, soothed by gentle and fearless handling, showed no desire to escape as Doctor Ditmars explained

how valuable it is to the farmer because it destroys not only poisonous snakes but rats and mice as well.

Little by little the audience forgot its nervousness as it listened to this man who showed the same enthusiastic interest in the world of harmless serpents that others have in cats and dogs. For the poisonous snakes Doctor Ditmars had great interest, too, but at the same time a vast respect for their fangs. When it came to these, he produced motion pictures made in his own studio.

Raymond Ditmars was one of those fortunate persons who know from childhood what interests them most in the world. As a boy of twelve he knew exactly how he wanted to earn his living. It must be something to do with living snakes. When he died, at the age of sixty-five, he was famous not only for a vast knowledge of his beloved snakes, but of animals in general. It was primarily, however, as a snake authority, a herpetologist, that his name became known throughout the world.

When he was born, in 1876, there was no New York Zoological Park, no opportunity for anyone to work with living snakes unless he wanted to be a snake charmer in a circus, and these snakes were pythons and boa constrictors. Of course, there were the natural history museums of the country where pickled specimens were classified by counting the scales on their heads; but that wasn't the same thing as observing the snakes alive in their dens, collecting them in jungle and desert, and telling the world about them in elementary terms.

A job in the Insect Department of the New York Natural History Museum served as a first step into the world of science, but when the insect lovers went on their collecting trips, fifteen-year-old Ditmars was always looking for a snake in the rotten logs and under the upturned stones.

His family had hoped that he would go to West Point, but when he left school to work in the museum, he began

giving himself as thorough an education as any boy ever had—an education that never stopped until his death.

He managed to keep a caged, live rattler in the museum, and during his lunch hours he ran across Central Park to the little zoo on the opposite side where he made friends with the keepers. Once, helping a python shed its skin, he lost track of time and reached his desk over an hour late.

Meanwhile, with his family's reluctant consent, the top story of his home was becoming a small snake zoo in itself. Some of his specimens he had collected locally, others he received by exchanging his duplicate American ones for some fine, poisonous West Indian examples. Feeding and caring for this growing menagerie soon began to take more money than Ditmars' museum salary provided, although he had by then become Assistant Curator of Insects. When a reporting job on the *New York Times* offered more money, he accepted it to support his hungry reptiles.

In addition to the friends he was rapidly making among naturalists and scientists, Raymond Ditmars made friend-



ships with circus people—snake charmers in particular—friendships that lasted all his life. They were the only ones who shared his interest in live snakes and could teach him how to keep pythons contented in captivity.

When the new New York Zoological Park appointed him Curator of Reptiles, he was only twenty-three. There his original collection formed the nucleus of the now famous one.

At last, the thing he had most wanted to do all his life became the thing he was expected to do—spend his time in the study, care, and acquisition of snakes. There were other reptiles, too—lizards, salamanders, alligators, and crocodiles. He knew them all, their place on the lists of science, their habits, and their diets in the cages of his department, but nothing with four legs had ever had quite the fascination possessed by his sinuous friends, gliding swiftly on their way by the seemingly effortless friction of their scales. He learned what they liked to eat—those Indian rock pythons, king cobras of Malaya, Gaboon vipers of the African jungle, and all the others in his care, and he kept them contented on mice, frogs, gopher snakes, and fat pigs.

Because he had watched wild snakes soften their old skins in damp, hollow logs before the delicate process of shedding, he provided his captives with moist burlap bags. For the poisonous ones he designed double cages which could be cleaned with safety by the attendants.

And never once, for a fraction of a second, did he underestimate the terrible danger of the venomous species. No one knew better than he the speed with which they could strike or the damage the poison could do to the human nervous system and blood stream. In spite of his life-long interest in snakes, he never felt that he had any unusual power over the deadly ones. He knew the huge number of people killed annually in India and in Brazil. He knew that in our own country there are occasional fatalities through carelessness, stupidity, or ignorance. He wanted each child

and adult in the United States to have in his mind a clear picture of the shape, coloring, and markings of our four poisonous types—rattler, copperhead, cottonmouth moccasin, and the rare coral snake—to know their habits and thus protect himself. His many books, his lectures, and his motion pictures were a fine start in that direction.

His own collecting, handling, and extracting of venom had its definite and important purpose. He was collecting venom in order to help produce antivenine, a serum that would counteract the poison of snake bite and save the victim's life. Stimulated by the great pioneers in the field—Doctor Calmette of the Pasteur Institute of France, the Japanese scientist, Noguchi, and the Brazilian, Dr. Vital Brazil—he often “milked” a hundred or more snakes in two hours. “Milking” means seizing the snake close behind the head and letting it sink its fangs into parchment stretched across a glass. From the hollow fangs of the viper group and the grooved fangs of the cobra family, the poison drops to the bottom of the glass.

The collecting trips that started, when Raymond Ditmars was a school boy, in the New York Central Park ended with annual visits to the American tropics. In time the jungles of Trinidad, Honduras, and Brazil became as familiar to him as the copperhead and rattler dens of the Hudson River and the Connecticut hills. Florida, too, with its eerie cypress swamps where every half-submerged log had its snake, turtle, or frog, became a favorite hunting ground.

After ten years as Curator of Reptiles at the New York Zoological Park, Ditmars was appointed Curator of Mammals. Reptiles, mammals, and birds were the great divisions, each with its own curator. Again he turned to his circus friends and their experience with captive animals. For three weeks he accompanied them on their travels, watching them handle their elephants and big cats, before he felt ready for the responsibility of his new position.

If Ditmars had any favorites in this new group under his care, it was perhaps monkeys. Not satisfied with the Zoo's fine collection of Old and New World specimens, he usually kept several monkeys as pets in his own home.

It was in the back yard of this house, where he lived with his wife and two daughters, that he developed his moving picture studio. People could not always go to a zoo. Better than books and photographs were moving pictures of animals in action. In his own lectures, for instance, he could not safely show his audience the fight to the death of a mongoose and a cobra, but on the screen they could see it in all its swift dramatic fury; they could see how the deadly snakes were "milked"; they could see reel after reel of animals in action. This work, which he called "The Living Book of Nature," consisted of forty-two reels of animal life taken on his own studio stage and in the animal cages of the Park.

While he was still Curator of Reptiles, he published the first of a long list of books, *The Reptile Book*. Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, with his enthusiastic interest in all phases of wild animal life, encouraged young Ditmars to do others, and one followed another in rapid succession. In *Thrills of a Naturalist's Quest*, he listed the most exciting and spectacular animals he would like to acquire for the Park. Heading this list are the giant pandas of western China and the okapi of the Belgian Congo. When Doctor Ditmars died, the Park had not only one but two giant pandas, gifts of the Chinese Government and now famous from coast to coast. It also possessed a fine roan okapi, suggesting a giraffe, a horse, and a zebra all in one. There was a white rhinoceros on that list, too, and a six-foot giant earthworm from Australia.

Doctor Ditmars took pride, of course, in the rich and magnificent collection that made the New York Zoological Park the finest zoo in the world, but he also loved the

whole animal creation, from insect to elephant, in its native wilds. Animals that could not be made happy in captivity he refused to buy for the collection. He also pleaded with other zoos not to import them.

Wherever he lectured, wherever he traveled, Ditmars was well known to his audiences, primarily because of his interest in snakes. In 1930, the Lincoln Memorial University presented him with the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature—though the public had bestowed that honor upon him long before.

Check Yourself

1. Raymond Ditmars and Marie Curie were both scientists. What similarities do you find in their work? What differences do you notice?
2. Scientific work has many phases, but the scientific attitude is always the same. Read aloud passages from these two stories which prove this statement.
3. State the comparative benefits to mankind offered by the work of these two scientists.
4. As you read these stories and thought about the work of the two scientists, which type of work did you think you would prefer?
5. Make a survey of the work of other scientists. Use the material from the text and from outside reading to form opinions on the issues represented in the chart below. Add others to the list.

Scientist	Type of Scientific Work	Value to World	Satisfaction to Worker	Remuneration
Marie Curie				
Raymond Ditmars				

The Thinker

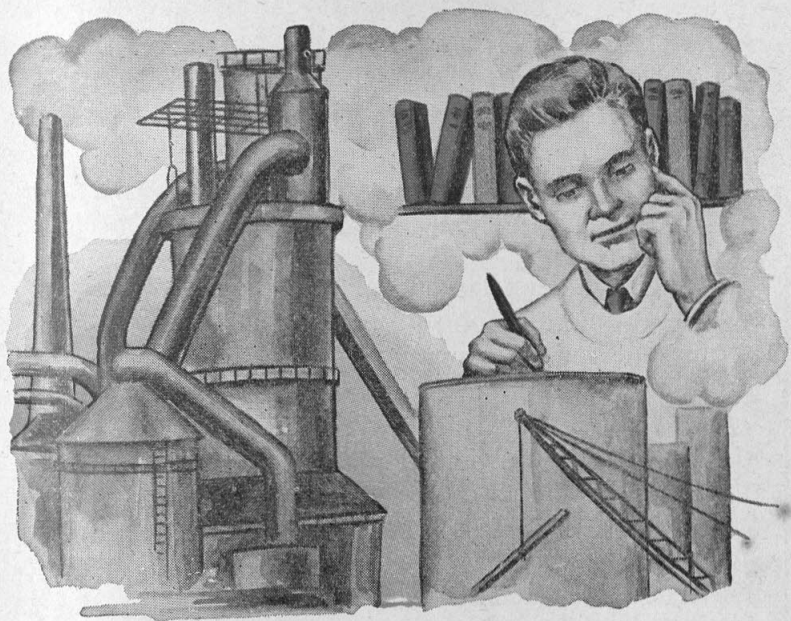
By Berton Braley

Back of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
The seeker may find the thought;
The thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel!

The drudge may fret and tinker,
Or labor with lusty blows,
But back of him stands the thinker,
The clear-eyed man who knows;
For into each plow or sabre,
Each piece and part and whole
Must go the brains of labor
Which gives the work a soul!

Back of the motor's humming,
Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammer's drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the eye which scans them,
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the mind which plans them—
Back of the brawn, the brain!

Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,



Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust.
But back of them stands the schemer,
The thinker who drives things through;
Back of the job—the dreamer,
Who's making the dream come true!

Share Your Ideas

1. After you have read the poem, find lines in each stanza which express the major idea of the poem.
2. Explain the significance of the phrase, "Back of the brawn, the brain!"
3. Read the poem aloud, emphasizing its clear-cut thinking and forcefulness.
4. How is the philosophy of this poem reflected in these stories? Refer to this in subsequent stories.

Rehearsal

By Eva Le Gallienne

Eva Le Gallienne is one of America's foremost actresses. From childhood all her activities were focused upon achieving eminence in the theatre. Here she tells the story of her first real opportunity which came in London at the beginning of World War I. As you read, make mental pictures of the events related. These pictures should include more than those painted by the author since reading is a creative ability. Much of the story is about things with which you are unfamiliar. As you read, associate the known and the unknown. No two people will see the same pictures because individual experiences differ. Mental pictures might be compared after the reading.

Throughout those busy days in the theatre where I felt so completely happy, rumors reached me—war rumors. There was trouble, grave trouble, but of course everyone added, "It won't come to anything. No such thing as a *war* could be in this day and age; we are far too civilized." But "civilized" though we imagined ourselves to be, war came. Then, "It'll be over in three weeks," everyone confidently remarked. No one was really worried at first; people were surprised and excited; it was a new sensation. Poor England! Little did she realize then what it was to cost her!

The run of "Monna Vanna" would be over on Saturday, and I was just leaving the theatre after the matinee when Mother appeared. I had thought her in Paris. She was very grave. The thing was serious, then! She told of the hysteria in Paris, the exodus of foreigners. The banks were besieged,

the stations jammed with people trying to get away. Her one thought had been to join me. She had closed up everything in the Rue Tronchet, and with one small handbag had waited for hours at the station to get a train to Dieppe where, in the pouring rain, she waited on the pier for the boat which brought her to England. There was nothing to do but wait and watch developments; surely the thing could not last more than a few months!

Mr. Philipson invited us to stay at Portland Place for as long as we liked. He was only too happy to have us, he said; it would be a splendid thing for him, as he was so lonely. He well knew that Mother had perilously little money set aside, and that the hat business would not be a flourishing concern during this time. But he wanted us to feel we were doing him a favor by staying. What we should have done without him for the next year I cannot imagine, though I'm sure that Mother with her usual gallantry would have managed somehow. As far as I was concerned, I decided that it was high time for me to start work, and on the Monday morning following the close of "Monna Vanna" I went out in search of a job.

I had become especially friendly with one of the other members of the company who had been very good to me. I shall never cease to think with gratitude of her kindness in those far-off days. We had heard that supers were needed at His Majesty's Theatre for some big spectacle, and presented ourselves early in the morning, but there were already about a hundred others waiting anxiously. We went over to Covent Garden to see if people were needed there. No luck! Mother finally heard of these attempts and was emphatic in her desire to have me wait for a while before going seriously into the professional theatre. Mr. Philipson suggested that I be sent to Tree's Academy for training, and this plan Mother enthusiastically endorsed. Finally came the day set for the entrance examination.

Tree's Academy was in Gower Street. In those days it in no way resembled the impressive institution it has since become under the name of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Three old houses formed a rambling building in which there was one small auditorium with a raised platform as a stage. There was very little equipment; in no sense was it a "theatre." Then there were many small and large rehearsal rooms, a dancing hall where fencing was also taught, dressing rooms, and, in the basement, a long, low dining room with a counter on which sandwiches and buns were displayed and behind which presided an enormously fat woman we called "Henny," who dispensed indigestible dainties at reasonable prices.

There must have been a great many students there for the place always seemed to me like a busy beehive. We were divided into juniors and seniors—in other words, first year and second year. The seniors were looked up to as gods and looked down on us in turn with suitable contempt. Among the many classes were dancing, fencing, voice production, and elocution, and then, of course, we worked on plays which were performed in the auditorium now and then for the benefit of relatives and friends.

There was also a class in French plays, and since my French was exceptionally good, I had the opportunity to play all the best parts in the performances.

Some of the accents in these French performances were beyond description. I made quite a hit in a little one-act play by de Banville called "Le Baiser" in which I played Pierrot. I had copied my Pierrot make-up from a picture of Sarah Bernhardt in "Pierrot Assassin" that I found in a book at Mr. Philipson's. He and Mother came to see the performance. Mr. Philipson had seen Sarah play "Le Baiser" at the Comédie when she was at the height of her fame. He teasingly told me that, while I did "awfully well," he found her performance somewhat superior.



At Tree's Academy I had my first try at Juliet. I was cast for the "clock struck nine" scene, with the nurse. The farewell scene was put up to the trial rehearsal, and the winner of the "trial" would play at the performance. I worked very hard on the preparation for this contest in which I believe there were four or five competitors.

It was a very cold morning. London was blanketed in fog; a smoky coal fire smoldered dismally in the grate, and the room smelled of soot—an uninspiring atmosphere for the passionate warmth of Verona and those magical lines:

*Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.*

A chance to play this scene meant so much to me. I was quivering with nerves and a desperate resolve to be the winner. I was the last to play.

That morning something happened to me. I started the scene and remembered nothing until I "woke up" with the tears pouring down my face, and, shaking with emotion, fled into a corner and sat down. There was a silence in the small room. I must certainly have been a deplorable failure. Then I heard the teacher's voice quietly say, "I think

all of us will agree that Miss Le Gallienne should play the scene at the performance. It was beautiful, my dear," and when she came over to me, to my amazement there were tears in her eyes; and when I summoned courage to look round at the others, I saw they, too, had been crying.

Poor Miss Barnett worked hard with me from that day on, fully expecting that at the performance I would duplicate my rehearsal which they had all liked so much. Alas! At the performance I was stiff and unmoved, I could not get away from myself. The rehearsal had been a fluke, but I had no technique of emotion, and it was beyond my power to recapture the agony of grief that had somehow poured through me at that first attempt.

We had a short holiday at Christmas and then went back to work. I had become a sort of assistant property man, dresser, and errand boy for the seniors, and in this way had insinuated myself into their dress rehearsals and was backstage during their performances.

I was cast for a cockney part in one of our plays there. I forget the play, but the part was small though of good quality. I was very familiar with the cockney speech for, during the past months, I had been working in the evenings as a Girl Guide in one of the auxiliary war kitchens that supplied the overtaxed hospitals with broth, gruel, and other invalid foods for the wounded.

One evening I had met a Girl Guide walking along Portland Place. I had been longing to help a little in the war effort, but because of my youth there was nothing I was allowed to do. She told me of the soup-kitchen, and I went with her to the Captain of her patrol, in charge of the particular kitchen where she worked. They were all cockneys there—the girls, the officers, everyone. It was wonderful training for me. Every evening I would leave the Academy at six, run home and have dinner on a tray in my room, put on my uniform, and set off for the kitchen work

in Charlotte Street. We sometimes worked there until midnight. Fortunately for the poor Tommies, we didn't actually do the cooking, only kitchen-maid work. But I learned a lot about cockney there, and it stood me in good stead in my new part at the Academy. The day of the performance Lyall Swete, the producer, happened to be in the audience. A few days later he sent for me and offered me a cockney part in a play he was producing for Frank Curzon.

I shall never forget the sensation of standing on the stage of the Prince of Wales Theatre as I was examined for the part of the cockney slavey, Elizabeth, in "The Laughter of Fools." Lyall Swete was a kind and charming man. He made it as easy as he could for me, but I kept hearing a voice from the dark pit of the auditorium calling out, "How is her height compared with Squires?" and "Can she whistle a tune?" and "Better run her through the scene in the last act; if she can do that, she can certainly play the rest of the part." I learned that this mysterious and terrifying voice was that of the manager, Frank Curzon. Then to my horror I was asked to take my shoes off. I well knew that I had a hole in my stocking at the big toe. Still, I must secure the job. Deciding to swallow my pride, I took off my shoes with an air of the greatest composure. I was grateful that no one laughed. The stage manager thrust a part into my hand, and I read the scene, not knowing what it was all about but using a cockney dialect as I had been instructed. Then I was told to whistle a popular song of that period. Whistling had never been one of my star accomplishments, and nervousness made my lips hard and dry. Bravely, however, I made the attempt and produced a faltering version of the song which was greeted with hearty laughter by the invisible and all-important gentleman in the stalls. I thought, of course, that this was the end of all my chances and that I would be told to go away and never, never return. When Lyall Swete excused me, I scrambled into my

shoes and made for the stage door trying to swallow back my tears, for I was certain that I had failed.

Just as I was slipping out, Mr. Swete called me. "Where are you going? I haven't told you about the rehearsal call!"

I could scarcely believe my ears. Was it possible they were going to accept me? He came over to me and put his hands on my shoulders. It seemed that Mr. Curzon had been delighted with my reading, and I was to report for rehearsal the following Monday. I would receive three pounds a week and should call at the office for my contract.

It was too wonderful to be true. I felt bewildered and very grateful. My one thought was to rush home and tell Mother the great news. She was very happy, and Mr. Philipson was delighted, too. It was a Great Day! We decided that I would send my resignation to Tree's Academy since rehearsals would take up all my time.

On Monday the work started at the Prince of Wales Theatre. It was a fairly large company, including some excellent players. Old Alfred Bishop had the leading part, that of a dear old man henpecked by his wife, an overbearing kind of woman, played with great humor by Frances Ivor. Of course, at the end of the play he comes out on top, much to the satisfaction of the public. All the players were wonderfully kind to me and did everything in their power to help me, realizing that I was a novice, but I was especially fond of old Mr. Bishop, who was a splendid actor. We rehearsed for about five weeks, from ten in the morning until six in the evening. Lyall Swete was a very pleasant and courteous director. He handled me remarkably well, for he realized that with my utter lack of experience it was wiser not to be brusque or to frighten me with too many technical instructions. He had cast me to type and trusted that if left to my own instinct, I would play the part more naturally. All my faults suited the part perfectly—my awkwardness, my clumsy movements, my rather deep, monot-

onous voice, my solemnity—all of these were just what he needed for the character of the little cockney slavey. It was a very grateful part for me at that time; for though comic, it must be played quite solemnly, and the more seriously I played it, the funnier the effect.

The dress rehearsal was over. Everyone seemed pleased with me, and I felt happy for I had worked conscientiously. The day of the opening I did not feel in the least nervous; I hoped only that I should be able to do exactly what Mr. Curzon and Mr. Swete wanted. I had no thought of making a personal hit; it never occurred to me. I hoped that old Mr. Bishop would, and that the play would be successful enough to deserve a long run.

Mother took me to dinner at Lyon's Restaurant opposite the theatre, and from our table near the window I could see the big electric sign announcing "The Laughter of Fools" by H. Maltby; but this somehow seemed to have no connection with me, and I was able to tuck away a large meal, much to Mother's amazement. She, I fear, fared less well; she was nervous enough for both of us!

I went over to the theatre very early, and in my dressing room, which I proudly occupied by myself, I found messages of good luck and some flowers from Mother.

The call-boy called the overture and the play started. My first act consisted of nothing but "yes'm" and "no'm," in answer to various questions. To my surprise, I no sooner made my entrance and said the first "yes'm," than I heard a strange sound from the house; like a roar, it grew and mounted in volume, then faded away again. Instinctively I waited each time for this exciting roar to subside before continuing the scene. It was some time before I realized that it was the laughter of the public, and I was told on my exit that I was getting over my responses beautifully.

It had never occurred to me that I should be laughed at, for to me there was nothing funny about Elizabeth; I

thought of her as rather a tragic figure. But seeing that Mr. Swete and all the company seemed pleased and delighted with the result, I felt reassured. All through the play, on each entrance, I was greeted by this same friendly laughter, and again every time I opened my mouth; and when my last exit came, I heard the sound of applause and wondered what had happened, for I knew the play would not end for several more minutes. I was told that the applause was for me. I had received my first exit hand.

At the final curtain the audience was enthusiastic. I had been told to take two curtain calls with the company, and then to my surprise, old Mr. Bishop took me by the hand and led me onto the stage to make my first solo bow.

The next morning Mother came in with her arms full of newspapers. She was radiant; it seemed I had made a real hit. One review pleased her especially. It was headed "Brilliant New Comedienne," and next to the heading was my picture. It was all very breath-taking. The result of my success was quickly felt. I was interviewed by several papers, was asked to take part in all-star benefits of which many were given at that time for the War charities, and received at least seven offers from other producers to become effective as soon as my contract with Curzon terminated.

Business was bad in the theatres and growing worse; the Zeppelin raids, to which London was to grow so accus-



tomed, had just started and were not conducive to theatre-going. In order to mislead the enemy, parks were left brilliantly lighted, and the crowded thoroughfares were in medieval darkness; it was almost impossible to find one's way at night. The war was going badly for the Allies, and in spite of their dauntless, magnificent spirit, Londoners were depressed and sadly worried. The wounded kept pouring in, fresh troops were shipped by tens of thousands to the front, and casualty lists grew to ghastly proportions.

After six weeks, "The Laughter of Fools" came to an end, and I found myself faced with the decision of my next step.

I had three choices: to go on tour with the play as Elizabeth, to accept one of the several offers I had received and stay on in London, or to make a very drastic move which somehow fascinated me by its novelty and promise of wider horizons—to leave Europe and try my luck in America.

I had always been intrigued by the thought of America. I thought of it as a vast, free country of inexhaustible possibilities where the opportunities for work would be greater and more varied. We had heard that "The Laughter of Fools" had been bought by David Belasco, who expected to produce it in New York in the autumn, and that in view of my London notices, I would have a good chance of playing Elizabeth under his direction.

Mother wanted me to make my own decision. I think she might have preferred me to remain in London, where I had made a hopeful start and where my prospects seemed secure. But security has no special charm for youth. I felt the desire for adventure and decided to start for the Unknown Country where, I felt sure, were fame and fortune.

Because of submarines, the only boats one could safely cross on at that time were American, and we took passage on the S. S. *St. Louis*.

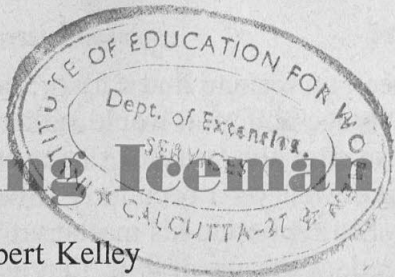
I shall never forget the excitement of our preparations. This was to be a real journey; the little *St. Louis* took two weeks to make the crossing. In one way I felt miserable at the thought of leaving Europe, the familiar ways and places, the many dear friends. I think Mr. Philipson felt quite sad, too, as we sat down to our last dinner at Portland Place. He had casually left a beautiful dressing case in my room. "Thought it might come in handy, you know." It was a beauty! I had always dreamed of possessing one just like it. It was of green crocodile skin with gilt fittings, and on each fitting was engraved E. Le G. in Mr. Philipson's beautiful handwriting. What a joy it was to arrange all my belongings in the various bottles and jars and boxes! At last it was packed to my satisfaction and, proudly turning the key, I grasped it firmly (for I would let no one else touch it!) and went down to the car. Mr. Philipson saw us safely settled in the train and, having supplied us with magazines, candies, and eau-de-cologne for the journey to Liverpool, wished us Godspeed.

Check Yourself

1. Draw a map of the vicinity in London in which Miss Le Gallienne lived. Locate Tree's Academy, the Prince of Wales Theatre, the restaurant where she and her mother had dinner on the night of her first success, the railroad station from which she departed for Liverpool, and any other scenes with which you associate her.
2. Miss Le Gallienne does not say anything directly about her character. As you read, what reaction did you have about her? Do you think you would like or dislike her? Why?
3. Add to this list any other images you gained from the reading that were not specifically stated by the author. Discuss these mental pictures with class members.

The Singing Iceman

By Hubert Kelley



}} This is the amazing story of one of the foremost tenors of the world. He so enjoys his work that he is willing to share his wonderful voice with all who wish to hear it.

One night recently Richard Crooks dropped into a little Italian restaurant. "Signor!" cried the waiter, almost in tears. "I have saved my tips to hear you, and the manager, he would not let me off. I am sad, my friend, because I may not hear *La Traviata* again this year."

"You shall hear it now," said Crooks, and without accompaniment he sang the leading aria. When he had finished, he took ten bows from the waiter, the manager, two taxi drivers, and an Italian importer.

But there was one witness to this performance, a well-known manager of concert artists, who was not delighted. "The idiot!" he exclaimed. "He wastes thousands of dollars' worth of precious voice. He's a musical spendthrift. He'll sing for anybody, anywhere—for nothing!"

Richard Crooks is hailed by many critics as the foremost tenor of the world. He is the first native American to appear as leading tenor at the Metropolitan, an honor reserved for a European until he was selected and tradition fell, like the highest wall of Jericho, before the splendid trumpet of his voice. He has a great gift, and he gives it freely. Through all his life he has spilled song as wastefully as if it were water splashing in the sun. And the fountain, far from drying up, has increased in volume and beauty.

Richard Crooks is everybody's tenor because he has lived an ordinary life. He has painted gas tanks; he has

been an iceman and a clerk; he plays good bridge, shoots average golf, and would rather be at home than anywhere else. But the story of this average American is most extraordinary—a peculiarly American drama.

Sitting beside his mother at the family organ he discovered, at the age of four, that he could sing and that singing was joyous. The family and neighbors remarked upon the child's voice, but there was no money for vocal lessons. So young Richard grew up with his voice, a wild and splendid thing, virtually untutored.

When he was twelve he sang a solo at the annual Music Festival in Trenton, New Jersey, his home town. When he finished and the auditorium was roaring with applause, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, then at the height of her fame, left her place on the platform, threw her arms around the blushing boy, and kissed him.

"You have the voice of an angel!" she cried. "If you will work, only greatness lies ahead."

Right then the words meant nothing. The only thing the boy could think of was that he, a pitcher on the baseball team, had been kissed in public by a lady. He rushed from the platform in a fog of humiliation. But later the words came back to him and he wondered. Then another influence stirred a vague ambition in him—the dark-eyed girl next door. Mildred played the organ in the church where Richard sang on Sundays. They became fast friends; he sang to her evenings beside her piano. She knew the mysteries of notes and rests; he had the voice and soul for great music. But his voice changed in adolescence and began to crackle like a worn-out phonograph record, so he gave up all idea of becoming a singer. A real man couldn't be a boy soprano, anyway, could he?

When he was sixteen, Crooks passed himself off as twenty-one and joined the air service in the first World War. As he learned to fly, his voice began to return. Dron-

ing along in a plane, he would test it out. The soprano had perished completely and in its place was a golden tenor. Back came the words of Schumann-Heink: "—only greatness lies ahead."

His age was discovered just before his squadron went overseas, and suddenly he found himself on the ground again. A friend got him a job at an ice plant. He went to work mornings at three, and for four hours shouldered the ice blocks with a pair of tongs. When dawn came he was drenched to the skin and almost hoarse from singing. At first his fellow icemen hooted at his solos, but presently the voice found its way into their hearts.



When he had saved enough money to study music, Crooks went to New York. Good teachers asked from \$20 to \$50 for a half-hour's lesson, and the money he had earned as an iceman melted like the ice. He got a job in an insurance office at \$80 a month and began to rise so rapidly that he was tempted to forget his musical career.

Then Mildred came to New York and they were married. She had not forgotten his career. They rented a little cottage near the city and began to save. When the fashionable Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church announced auditions for a new tenor, Crooks took a chance. He was forty-

seventh on the list, and many followed him. But he got the job—at \$25 a Sunday. One Sunday shortly afterward, while he was scrubbing the kitchen floor and Mildred was papering the pantry shelves with music sheet covers, a representative of a famous Brooklyn singing society telephoned. Was Mr. Crooks engaged for Thursday night? The society wanted him as soloist at its annual meeting. The honorarium was \$75.

“Just a moment,” said the unknown tenor. “I’ll look in my engagement book.” There wasn’t any engagement book. He replied with dignity that he was free on Thursday night. This book, now a directory of the opera houses and the imperial courts of the world, is still a family joke.

He left his insurance job and went to work in earnest. He sang far into every night, with Mildred at the piano. She tightened up on the family budget and saved every possible penny. Within a year, they had \$1300 in the bank.

When Crooks was not singing, he was keeping himself fit. The New York Symphony Orchestra offered him an engagement to sing the third act of Wagner’s *Siegfried*—at the age of twenty-two. On the morning of his New York debut, he played in the New York State Handball Championship match. It was a tense game. Three hours before concert time he had not put in an appearance. Mrs. Crooks, the managers, and the conductor were frantic. Another hour passed. And then, while the orchestra was tuning up, Crooks bounded in, crying, “I’m handball champion of the State of New York!” He rushed onto the stage of Carnegie Hall and gave a performance that brought an ecstatic audience to its feet.

Then with \$1300 he and Mildred shipped third class to Paris, where they lived in cheap lodgings while he studied. When Paris had taught him what it knew, Crooks went to Munich. Before he left Europe he was a master tenor and was singing incessantly, with or without contracts.

When he had finished with Europe, he set about conquering the United States, in concert, not in opera. Crooks could have had second or third place in the Metropolitan, but he was seeking tops. And before his debut there in 1933, when he received thirty-seven curtain calls as Des Grieux in *Manon* and stopped the performance for fifty minutes, he was known to the nation as a great tenor.

He never stints his marvelous voice. With or without an audience, he sings for the joy of song. He has made it a rule never to accept payment if his concert is not a success. Once at a concert in New Jersey, laryngitis caused his voice to fail. "I'm sorry," he said, near the close of the program. "I cannot go on. I shall give another concert next week, instead." And he gave it, refusing to accept a cent for his services.

This spendthrift of song gives his managers some bad moments, but he has given other people—like Nancy Council—the thrill of a lifetime. For several years, from among the thousands of his fan letters, Richard Crooks plucked a little letter every few weeks. He had never seen the writer—in fact, he knew virtually nothing about her. Nancy Council always wrote suggestions and criticisms, all of them extraordinarily good. And Crooks always wrote a note of thanks in reply.

When he went to Berkeley, California, to sing in a concert, he looked her up. He found that Nancy was an invalid, strapped to a board. Her spine had been injured in infancy. She could not attend the concert. She had been so excited at the prospect that the doctor had forbidden it. Crooks immediately telephoned a piano dealer to send a grand piano to Nancy's house at once.

Mildred played for two hours and Richard Crooks sang his entire program. Time came for his concert down town, but Crooks sang on. His manager was desperate. When at last he found Crooks singing by the bedside of Nancy

Council, he did not interrupt. He returned to the hall and said merely that Richard Crooks was singing to a sick child. When Crooks arrived at last, two hours late, the crowd stood up

For years at the Metropolitan a "little boss" sold bows and encores. He had no connection with the house, but he was in a position to fill the standing room with retainers who could control the applause of the audience. It was said that this "claque" could make or break an artist. When Richard Crooks made his debut he was told: "You pay for your applause. If you don't, we will hiss you off the stage."

Many an artist would have capitulated. But Crooks accepted the challenge with cold contempt. "Hiss!" he said.

That night when he sang, fully expecting a condemnation like a rush of steam, the house thundered with applause. Even the claque, faithful to their old-world love of song, forgot their cue and beat their palms in acclamation.

Check Yourself

1. Give a character sketch of Richard Crooks as revealed by this story.
2. Why would you enjoy having him for a friend?
3. Compare the work of Richard Crooks and that of Marie Curie from the following standpoints:
 - a. Preparation necessary for each
 - b. Dependence of work on native ability or training
 - c. Satisfaction to the individual
 - d. Benefit to the world
4. List other occupations or careers which furnish work for an individual and afford pleasure to others.
5. Supply evidence from outside reading by which you can prove that the work of an entertainer or artist is as important to mankind as that of a builder or scientist.

Work

By Henry van Dyke

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
 "This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
 Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,—
 To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
 Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

Share Your Ideas

1. Which of the following moods is expressed by the poem: despair, rebellion, contentment, resignation, or indifference?
2. State the philosophy of the poem in one good sentence.
3. Explain the message given to the reader by the following line:
 "Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,—"
4. Compare the theme of the poem to that of the preceding story, "The Singing Iceman."
5. Read the poem orally, bringing out its spirit.

Burton's Birds

By Jule Junker Mannix

When George Burton was crippled in a fall from a horse, he was told that he would never again be able to train animals. One day, however, when his little green parakeet escaped from his cage, George had an idea that was to serve him well in the years to come. "Burton's Birds" became famous, and George and his wife enjoyed an unusual occupation. This story will help you form judgments based on the text and outside reading.

For years George Burton made his living by training parakeet lovebirds. Lovebirds come in three colors: green, yellow, and blue. All have long tails, throw their seed on the rugs, and squawk. Most people think of them as having the mentality of a goldfish and the voice of Fred Allen, but Burton trained his parakeets to obey over fifty commands—more than most dogs ever know—and to go through a routine of tricks that lasted for an hour and a half. The troupe traveled with Burton all over America, staying at the best hotels, exercising in the parks, and commanding a much higher price than the human actors on the same bill.

Previous to their experience with trained parakeets, Burton and his wife were crack riders and horse trainers. They traveled for years with the big Wild West shows. Then a throw from a horse crippled Burton so badly that the doctors regretfully agreed that he would never ride again.

The news shook Burton and his wife. They had worked with animals all their lives, and animal training was all they knew. While Burton was recovering from his injuries, the couple were forced to rent a tiny flat, too small for even

a dog. So Mrs. Burton got her husband a little grass-green parakeet.

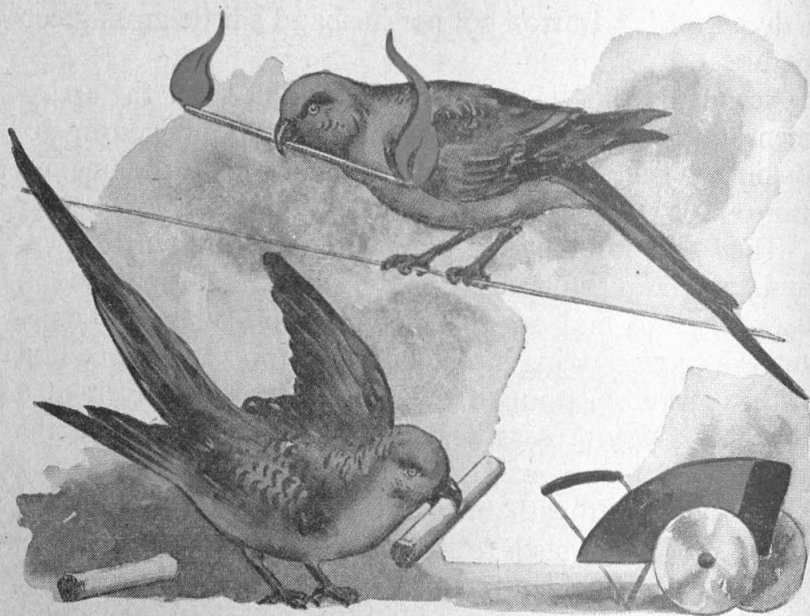
Because of his injury, Burton couldn't leave the apartment; so he and the parakeet spent long hours getting acquainted. The little bird would call and whistle to him, and Burton would whistle back.

Then one day the cage door was accidentally left open, and the parakeet went flapping wildly about the room, astonished to find out that he could fly. When he finally made a crash landing into a lamp, Burton approached him with a pencil. Although the parakeet wasn't much of a flier, he had for years been hooking himself around the perches of his cage. He promptly grabbed the pencil, chinned himself with his beak until he could climb on board, and rode back to his cage in triumph.

That small incident started Burton's mental processes, and he began to experiment with the parakeet. Most animals are trained either through punishment or reward. But Burton knew he couldn't spank a bird the size of a sparrow, and any attempt to starve him into submission would ruin the delicate parrot's health. Burton decided to utilize the bird's instinct to grab everything with his bill.

He began by putting the parakeet on a table and lifting him off by means of a long wand. Soon the bird would run to the stick and grab it to be put back in his home. Then Burton handed him a matchstick instead of the wand. While the parakeet stood puzzled with the match in his mouth, Burton quickly lifted him with the stick and returned him to his cage. After a few trials, the parakeet would hurriedly search the table until he found a match and carry it eagerly to Burton as his passport to his cage.

That was the beginning. Working on this curious principle, Burton trained the birds to set up signs reading "Birds at Work," collect cigarette stubs, pile them in a wheelbarrow, and wheel the load over to him. Another



parakeet could thread beads on a string. Still another carried a miniature torch, flaming at both ends, up to a tight-rope, walked across the rope using the torch as a balancing pole, and then flapped his wings until he put out the flames.

An Abyssinian brownhead rode a scooter around a table, gravely pushing with one foot. Most remarkable of all to an animal trainer, they did not do these amazing feats automatically as part of a routine. They waited for the word of command and when the parakeets were deep in one act, Burton would give an order, and the birds would promptly begin a different performance.

For a long time Burton thought the birds took no interest in their acts.

"As soon as one bird finished his act, he ran to me to be picked up and put back with his mate," he exclaimed. "But one day while I was working in a circus, Tarzan, one of my best birds, was frightened by some children and flew off to the bracers at the top of the tent, refusing to come down.

"Now each bird has a stand-in, in case of a similar accident. I took out Tarzan's stand-in and tried to make him go through the act. The poor substitute had stage fright and massacred the routine. He was supposed to drive a toy jeep over to a grind organ and then turn the handle of the organ, which played 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee,' while another bird ran up an American flag. I stole occasional glances at Tarzan. He had taken months to learn to drive that jeep, and I saw him running up and down his bracer, wringing his wings as he watched the other bird mesh the gears.

"Finally the substitute reached the organ. He was completely flustered by then, though still very hopeful. He grabbed the handle and started to crank the wrong way.

"That was enough for Tarzan. He came flying back, screaming all the way down. When he hit the table, he rushed at his poor stand-in so savagely that I was fearful of the outcome. But he just shoved the other bird aside and started turning. The audience gave him three encores and he took them all—with bows."

Tarzan was Burton's most brilliant actor. He knew over thirty routines and if another bird fell down on his turn, Tarzan would frequently go over and do it for him. Curiously, Tarzan had been a poor buy. One of the Burtons' prize birds had died in Chicago, and they feared they could not replace it.

Since no one can foretell how good a student a bird will be, Burton picked his birds for brilliance and variety of color. Tarzan was a curious russet color, and the Burtons thought he would stand out in the act as a curiosity.

The poor woman who sold them the bird told the Burtons brokenly that the parakeet was her last possession. Her invalid child was devoted to the bird, but they could no longer keep him. The Burtons were inclined to consider this statement part of the sales talk and closed the deal.

They went out that evening, leaving Tarzan comfortably ensconced in their room. When they got back, they found the neighbors had called in the police, the SPCA, and an ambulance. A furious crowd wanted to know why they had left a sick child locked in their room.

"But there is no sick child there," Mrs. Burton insisted.

"Don't try to deny it, you brute!" shrilled their landlady.

Through the closed door came the unmistakable moaning of an ill baby. It was Tarzan, imitating the sound he must have been hearing for months. The Burtons' search for the woman proved fruitless.

Burton explained, "When Tarzan molted, he lost his distinctive russet coloration, and we would have been willing to give him back. But when we discovered how smart he was, it would have been harder."

The parakeets were very quick to pick up sounds and imitate them. All the Burton birds knew their own names and at least a dozen or so commands.

"Sometimes," said Burton, "a bird's memory for faces and sounds is a nuisance. Once while Superman, another of my birds, was preparing to do his 'Slide for Life' down a slack wire, a bus boy dropped a stack of dishes. Superman was scared right down to his pinfeathers and shook through his whole act. Would you believe it, the next evening the same bus boy dropped a plate at just the same time! After that, whenever the bus boy appeared, Superman would stop in the middle of his act, lay down his balancing pole, and wait quietly until the bus boy had gone. Then he would pick up his pole and go on again."

Burton had twenty-five birds, but only fourteen of them worked in any one show. The others rested and acted as supernumeraries. Many talented prospective actors never made the grade because of stage fright. They might have done beautifully in Burton's hotel room, but the excitement of a show was too much for them. They just col-

lapsed, literally, falling over backward and feebly waving their feet in the air.

The birds traveled in a special suitcase composed of little compartments. Their regular living quarters were two-foot-square cages with glass sides so that they couldn't scatter seed on the hotel's rugs. Burton let the cast fly around his room and put a pan of water and a pan of sand in the bathroom for either a water or a dust bath.

The Burtons drove everywhere in their car, and the birds sat on the back seat and sang. They enjoyed traveling and liked to look out the window. Wild birds particularly interested them, and after a tanager or an oriole had flown by, the parakeets would discuss it in shrill squawks.

Whenever Burton saw a likely looking stream, he stopped and got fresh sand for the birds, as he thought pet-store sand was too fine. Burton kept his eyes open for old buildings in the process of demolition. He picked up bits of plaster for the birds to crack with their beaks.

Fortunately for the Burtons, the birds stayed amazingly healthy. It took a year to train most parakeets before they could appear in even bit parts. A sudden epidemic would close the show overnight. The most common accident was a broken leg, and Burton became an expert at setting them. He used quills for splints and spirit gum, and he has almost a 100 per cent record of cures.

Burton refused to clip the birds' wings, not only because he thought it ruined their looks, but because the parakeets needed their wings to balance themselves in certain routines. But often the birds were so eager to begin their acts that they flew from their owner's stick to the table and, not being very expert fliers, they occasionally cracked up. Once a bird flew into an electric fan and it took months for his feathers to grow back.

The Burtons ceased to miss their horses. "After all, we are getting a little old to be stunt riders," Burton admitted.

"And in the spring when we're driving along the highroads listening to our birds singing beside us or stopping by a stream to give them a chance to drink or have a fly, my wife and I agree that it's about the nicest work in the world."

Check Yourself

1. What do you consider the most interesting feature of this article? Give a reason for your answer.
2. According to this story, by what method are most animals trained?
3. What method did Burton utilize in training his birds?
4. Explain why Burton was well-fitted to train animals.
5. What method did he use when selecting a new bird?
6. How did Tarzan surprise the Burtons?
7. Describe the way the birds acted when they had stage-fright.
8. Find the part of the story which proves the Burtons enjoyed their unusual occupation. Prepare to read this orally.
9. Many animals show their intelligence by being adaptable to training in much the same way as do the parakeets of the story. Read about how several animals in which you are interested respond to training. Then use this information and that from the story about the parakeets to judge which animal is the most intelligent. You may be able to prove that one or more of your favorite animals is even more adaptable than the parakeets. Fill in a chart such as the following to help you reach a conclusion:

Accomplishments of Parakeets	Accomplishments of _____	Accomplishments of _____
------------------------------------	--------------------------------	--------------------------------

Share Your Ideas and Experiences

1. Make a list of occupations followed by citizens in your community. Spend a class period discussing the qualifications necessary for each.
2. Which career described in this unit or read about in free reading is the most appealing to you as a life-work? Give reasons for your choice. Point out the advantages and disadvantages connected with such a career.
3. Prepare a scrapbook with clippings, drawings, and other items related to your "favorite career." Accomplishments of great men or women in this field should be included. When the scrapbooks are completed, exhibit them so that the class may share the material.
4. In "Burton's Birds," you read of an unusual occupation. Find examples of other unusual occupations and talk to the class about them.
5. Make a frieze for your classroom and decorate it with attractive pictures of men and women working at the occupations in which you are interested.
6. List the qualities that practically all of the workers you have read about had in common.
7. If you have seen a movie of some great worker, such as Madame Curie, tell the class about it.

How to Use Statistics

To help you interpret statistics

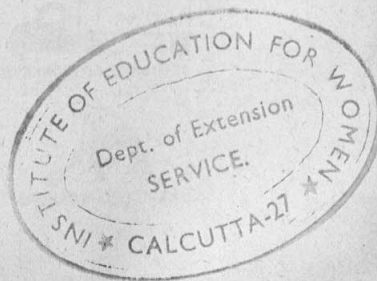
A statistical table, such as the one on the opposite page, is a systematic arrangement of figures showing relationships between various items. Read the title of the table. What type of information can you obtain by studying it? Now turn to page 184 and review the graph on "Crude Oil Production." You will see that the graph and the statistical table are alike in that they both show relationships. The table uses numbers, while the bar graph varies in height. Both tables and graphs give you a great deal of information in a few words.

Check Yourself

1. Read the statistical table and prove that the following are true:
 - a. More women than men in the field of music
 - b. More men than women in the field of medicine and surgery
 - c. More women teachers than men teachers
 - d. Very few teachers of other races
 - e. More men than women physicians of other races
 - f. More actresses than actors
 - g. Fewer Negro laborers than white laborers
2. Use reliable reference books to obtain information which will explain the truth of the statements above.
3. Utilize the statistics on the opposite page and make a graph. You might like to make a pictograph similar to that on page 390. Determine the symbols you will use and the number of people to be represented by each. Be sure to make a legend for your graph.

EMPLOYED PERSONS BY OCCUPATION AND SEX FOR UNITED STATES, 1940

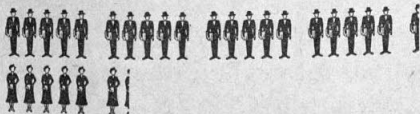
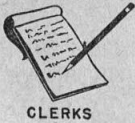
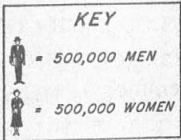
Occupation and Sex	Total	White	Negro	Other Races
Actors and Actresses				
Male	2,252	2,159	86	7
Female	4,761	4,545	192	24
Physicians and Surgeons				
Male	54,119	53,400	669	50
Female	7,608	7,457	129	22
Musicians and Music Teachers				
Male	26,233	24,356	1,781	96
Female	59,456	57,424	1,960	72
Cotton Manufacturing				
Male	38,854	38,488	364	2
Female	167,155	166,655	484	16
Farm Laborers (receiving wages— includes foremen)				
Male	881,786	481,255	398,398	2,133
Female	96,726	25,161	70,211	1,354
Teachers				
Male	66,073	65,653	386	34
Female	776,440	725,698	50,112	630



EMPLOYMENT OF MEN AND WOMEN

- 1. Which group employs the largest number of male workers? Why?
- 2. In what type of work are there almost as many women as men?
- 3. What is the approximate proportion of men and women among skilled workers?
- 4. What is the difference between skilled and semi-skilled workers?
- 5. In which group would you place a plumber? a doctor? a teacher? a grocer? a stenographer?

EMPLOYMENT OF MEN AND WOMEN
IN THE U. S.



Make Your Vocabulary Grow

The headings of the chart which appears below indicate the types of careers about which you have read in this unit. Following the chart is a list of words taken from the stories. Copy the chart on your paper. Then under each heading, classify the words by placing each under its correct heading. Several of the words will belong under more than one heading.

Scientific	Stage	Musical	Animal Training

1. encore
2. cast
3. laboratory
4. ore
5. rehearsal
6. final curtain
7. tenor
8. overture

9. routine of tricks
10. herpetologist
11. debut
12. stand-in
13. radiation
14. element
15. go on tour
16. run

17. repertory
18. specimens
19. X-ray
20. chemistry
21. La Traviata
22. uranium
23. untutored
24. soprano

Select Good Books

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.

FRANCIS BACON

Whether fact or fiction, all of the following books are interesting and point the way toward worth-while careers:

DONALD MCKAY, by Clara Ingram Judson

This is the true story of Donald McKay's career. For most people, chance seems to determine the career they follow. Others know from boyhood exactly what their life work will be. Donald McKay, designer and builder of clipper ships, was one of these.

GOETHALS AND THE PANAMA CANAL, by Howard Fast

This is the true story of George Washington Goethals' responsibility for the world's biggest engineering job—that of building the Panama Canal. Here you will find an absorbing picture of a great man.

THOMAS A. EDISON, by Francis Trevelyan Miller

This is an inspiring story of the greatest inventor of all time. It is interestingly written and as absorbing to the reader as fiction.

DICK BYRD, AIR EXPLORER, by Fitzhugh Green

Your attention will be held by this true story of a man who chose aviation as a career. His first round-the-world trip was made at the age of twelve. His subsequent expeditions have made him famous.

PATSY BREAKS INTO ADVERTISING, by Evalyn Grumbine

This is an entertaining story of the steps by which Patsy climbed toward her goal of advertising manager.

WHEN I WAS A GIRL, by Helen Josephine Ferris, Editor

In this book, Madame Schumann-Heink, Marie Curie, Janet Scudder, Etsu Inagaki Sugimato, and Jane Addams recount their own stories.

JANE'S ISLAND, by Marjorie Hill Allee

You will find this story of how a girl began her work as a scientist as absorbing as other Allee books.

FAMOUS LEADERS OF INDUSTRY, by Edwin Whitman

In the two volumes, you will find brief accounts of twenty-six well-known men who are or have been important in the industrial development of our country.

7

Fun and Folly



An Adventure of Baron Munchausen

By Rudolph Raspe

Many people look upon Baron Munchausen as a purely fictitious character. As a matter of fact, he was an adventurous soldier who lived in the eighteenth century. When he was an old man, he entertained his friends with exaggerated accounts of the adventures of his youth. The casual manner in which these extraordinary tales are recounted adds to the humorous effect. The stories were put into written form by Rudolph Raspe and first published in 1785.

Some years before my beard announced approaching manhood, or, in other words, when I was neither man nor boy, but between both, I expressed in repeated conversations a strong desire to see the world. This yearning was discouraged by my parents, though my father had been no inconsiderable traveler himself, as will appear before I have reached the end of my singular and, I may add, interesting adventures. A cousin, on my mother's side, took a liking to me, often said I was a fine forward youth, and was much inclined to gratify my curiosity. His eloquence had more effect than mine, for my father consented to my accompanying him on a voyage to the island of Ceylon, where his uncle had for many years resided as governor.

We sailed from Amsterdam with despatches from their High Mightinesses the States of Holland. The only circumstance worth relating which happened on our voyage was the wonderful effect of a storm, which had torn up by the roots a great number of trees of enormous bulk and height, on an island where we lay at anchor to take in wood and water. Some of these trees weighed many tons, yet they were carried by the wind so amazingly high that they appeared like the feathers of small birds floating in the air, for they were at least five miles above the earth. However, as soon as the storm subsided they all fell perpendicularly into their respective places and took root again, except the largest which happened, when it was blown into the air, to have a man and his wife, a very honest old couple, upon its branches, gathering cucumbers (in this part of the globe that useful vegetable grows upon trees). The weight of this couple, as the tree descended, overbalanced the trunk and brought it down in a horizontal position. It fell upon the chief man of the island and killed him on the spot; he had quitted his house in the storm, under an apprehension of its falling upon him, and was returning through his own garden when this fortunate accident happened. The word *fortunate*, here, requires some explanation. This chief was a man of a very avaricious and oppressive disposition, and though he had no family, the natives of the island were half-starved by his despotic and infamous impositions.

Though the destruction of this tyrant was accidental, the people chose the cucumber-gatherers for their governors, in gratitude for destroying their late tyrant.

After we had repaired the damages we sustained in this remarkable storm and had taken leave of the new governor and his lady, we sailed for the object of our voyage.

In about six weeks we arrived at Ceylon, where we were received with friendship and true politeness. The following singular adventure may not prove unentertaining.



After we had resided at Ceylon about a fortnight I accompanied one of the governor's brothers upon a shooting party. He was a strong, athletic man, and being used to that climate (for he had resided there some years) he bore the violent heat of the sun much better than I could. In our excursion he had made considerable progress through a thick wood when I was only at the entrance.

Near the banks of a large piece of water which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind; on turning about I was almost petrified (as who would not be?) at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcass, and that without asking my consent. What was to be done in this horrible dilemma? I had not even a moment for reflection. My piece was only charged with swan-shot, and I had no other about me. However, though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also. I immediately let fly, without waiting till he was within reach, and the report did but enrage him, for he now quickened his pace and seemed to approach me full speed. I attempted to escape, but that only added (if an addition could be made) to my distress; for the moment I

turned about I found a large crocodile, with his mouth extended almost ready to receive me. On my right hand was the piece of water before mentioned, and on my left, a deep precipice, said to have, as I have since learned, a receptacle at the bottom for venomous creatures; in short I gave myself up as lost, for the lion was now upon his hind legs, just in the act of seizing me. I fell involuntarily to the ground with fear, and, as it afterwards appeared, he sprang over me. I lay some time in a situation which no language can describe, expecting every moment to feel his teeth or talons in some part of me. After waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds, I heard a violent but unusual noise, different from any sound that had ever before assailed my ears; nor is it at all to be wondered at, when I inform you from whence it proceeded. After listening for some time, I ventured to raise my head and look around when, to my unspeakable joy, I perceived the lion had, by the eagerness with which he sprang at me, jumped forward, as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth which, as before observed, was wide open! The head of the one stuck in the throat of the other, and they were struggling to extricate themselves! I fortunately recollected my *couteau de chasse*, which was by my side; with this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet! I then, with the butt end of my fowling-piece, rammed the head further into the throat of the crocodile and destroyed him by suffocation.

Soon after I had thus gained a complete victory over my two powerful adversaries, my companion arrived in search of me; for finding I did not follow him into the wood, he returned, apprehending I had lost my way or met with some accident. After mutual congratulations, we measured the crocodile which was just forty feet in length.

As soon as we had related this extraordinary adventure to the governor, he sent a wagon and servants who brought home the two carcasses. The lion's skin was properly pre-

served, with its hair on, after which it was made into tobacco pouches and presented by me, upon our return to Holland, to the burgomasters who, in return, requested my acceptance of a thousand ducats.

The skin of the crocodile was stuffed in the usual manner and makes a capital article in their public museum at Amsterdam, where the exhibitor relates the whole story to each spectator with such additions as he thinks proper. Some of his variations are rather extravagant; one of them is that the lion jumped quite through the crocodile and was making his escape at the back door, when, as soon as his head appeared, Monsieur the Great Baron (as he is pleased to call me) cut it off, and three feet of the crocodile's tail along with it. Nay, so little attention has this fellow to the truth that he sometimes adds, "As soon as the crocodile missed his tail, he turned about, snatched the *couteau de chasse* out of Monsieur's hand, and swallowed it with such eagerness that it pierced his heart and killed him immediately!"

The little regard which this impudent knave has for veracity makes me apprehensive that my *real facts* may fall under suspicion by being found in company with his confounded inventions.

Share Your Ideas

1. The humor of this story is in the extravagance of the adventures encountered by the Baron. When did you realize that the story is a gross exaggeration?
2. What effect does the Baron's seeming modesty in regard to *real facts* have on the story?
3. Of what other tall tale does this remind you?
4. Find the following phrases in the story and explain their meanings as used here:
 - a. horrible dilemma
 - b. venomous creatures
 - c. extricate themselves
 - d. powerful adversaries
 - e. avaricious and oppressive disposition

An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog

By Oliver Goldsmith

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,—
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a Man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes,
The naked every day he clad,—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a Dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This Dog and Man at first were friends;
But when the pique began,
The Dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the Man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the Dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a Man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the Dog was mad,
They swore the Man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied:
The Man recovered of the bite,
The Dog it was that died.

Share Your Ideas

1. After you have read the poem silently to learn the story, discuss what you consider the most mirth-provoking feature of each stanza.
2. Give the meanings of the following words:
 - a. elegy
 - b. pique
 - c. rogue
3. Read the poem aloud for further enjoyment.

Pecos Bill, King of Texas Cowboys

By Walter Blair

Pecos Bill is one of the many legendary heroes of pioneer America. Many tall tales of his remarkable prowess have been written. According to these narratives, he designed the cowboy business and invented everything connected with it. The following account tells of his unusual childhood and early days as a cowboy.

Along about the time Paul Bunyan was developing lumbering to a high point up North, down in Texas Pecos Bill was doing likewise for the cowboy business.

Nobody knows the name of Bill's father. In Texas, back in the days when he went there, it wasn't healthy to go up and ask a stranger his name, as many a tenderfoot learned to his sorrow. But Bill's mother called him the Ole Man beginning when he was a young twirp of half-past seventy, and he called her the Ole Woman, more or less in revenge.

So far as is known, there wasn't anything out of the ordinary about this family. They had the usual things people took to Texas in those days—a rifle, a chopping ax, and an iron hog-rendering kettle. And they had seven boys and six girls, all of them either sons or daughters.

They got into Texas, it's said, about the time Sam Houston and the other Texans were putting the final licks on the Republic of Texas so she could let the Union join her. This made it possible for Bill to be born in Texas, and from the start he did his best to live up to that great honor.

"Pecos Bill, King of Texas Cowboys"—adapted from *Tall Tale America*, copyright, 1944 by Walter Blair, and used by arrangement with Coward-McCann, Inc., Publishers.

There was the time, for instance, when, in the middle of a sunny day, all of a sudden the whole place was as dark as the inside of a cotton-picker's pocket. This was just after Bill's family had got a little way into Texas, and the family was still camping out. The Ole Woman had put Bill down on a bearskin on the ground, where he was lying and trying his best to swallow his left foot.

The hum this black cloud made soon showed what it was—a stampeding herd of Texas Gallinippers—swarming down so thick that shortly little Bill was plumb out of sight. Even when the Ole Man fired his rifle into the blackness, a faint ray of light came through a tube-like hole only for a split second, and then the hole closed, leaving the world as dark as it had been before.

“Ole Man,” says the Ole Woman, “that newest baby—Bill, I think his name is—is likely to get carried plumb away unless you do something.”

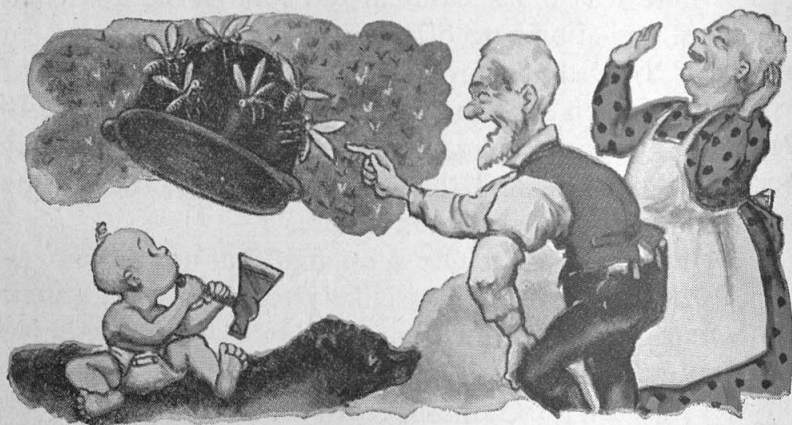
The only thing the Ole Man could think to do was push his way through the Gallinippers to the wagon, get the hog-rendering kettle, stumble over to where Bill was lying, turn the kettle upside down, and cover the little fellow up with it. At the last minute, figuring Bill might get bored, he shoved in the chopping ax for the baby to play with.

Baffled like that by a mere iron kettle, the Texas Gallinippers started to take steps—or swoops, rather—in short order. One of the smartest of them cleared the way several feet above the kettle bottom, took aim, and dived down with all the speed of a dive-bomber. He hit the kettle with a metallic ping and rammed his bill through the iron.

Then another one did likewise, and another, and another—until the sound of Gallinippers banging against the kettle and sinking their bills into it was like the patter of rain on a tin roof. But there was another noise that at first puzzled the Ole Man and the Ole Woman—a bang, inside the kettle, following each one of the pings.

"By grannies," says the Ole Man finally, "I know what's happening. When each of those fellows lands, little Bill is taking the chopping ax and bradding the bill with it."

The Ole Man and the Ole Woman were laughing like hyenas when they saw the kettle, in the murk, slowly beginning to rise. "I'll swan," says the Ole Woman, "those Gallinippers are carrying off that great big kettle."



They did, too, easy as lifting an eyelash. And before long they were disappearing, lugging that big piece of ironware.

"Look!" the Ole Man said. "Those other fool Gallinippers think Bill's still underneath it."

Sure enough, it looked that way. And the things all flew after that kettle, so that shortly the family was in the Texas sunshine again, with the skies all clear. As for Bill, he was lying on the bearskin, just as calm as a cow, having a try at swallowing that ax handle. "Goo," he said, "goo!"

"I'm sorry to lose that kettle," the Ole Woman said. "But when a baby's as smart as Bill there is, it's worth while to keep him."

She took extra good care of Bill after that—fed him on panther's milk and gave him a bowie knife to cut his teeth on. He grew stronger, and when the first norther came

along and the flames in the fireplace froze stiff as crooked icicles, Bill chewed them up and swallowed them without harm. Soon as they unfroze, they couldn't seem to do more than give him a warm feeling in the stomach that made him giggle a bit.

A few months later, one of the older children ran up to the Ole Man in the field one morning and said, "There's a panther just went into the cabin where Bill is, and Bill's alone with the varmint!"

"Well," says the Ole Man, "that fool panther doesn't need to expect any help from me." He didn't feel any different either when he stopped plowing at noon, went into the cabin, and found Bill (who was a year old now) cooking up some panther steaks for the family.

A while later, when the Ole Man found wagon tracks within five miles of the cabin, he thought that the district was getting too crowded and decided to move away. It was while they were on this trip that Bill jounced out of the wagon just after the family had forded Pecos River.

By bad luck he was asleep at the time, so he didn't wake up until hours after he'd taken the spill. And the Ole Man and the Ole Woman were so busy moving the family and all that it wasn't until three days later, counting the children, that they found Bill was missing.

"How sad," the Ole Woman said. "Our little Bill out there among all those wild animals and poisonous snakes."

"The varmints and rattlers," the Ole Man said, "will have to fend for themselves. We didn't go to lose him."

What Bill had done, meanwhile, was toddle around on his little dimpled feet and find himself a pack of coyotes to be friendly with. After he'd licked them all to persuade them that he was the boss, he started to teach them everything he knew and to learn everything they knew.

He and these varmints taught one another so much that by the time Bill was grown up, the coyotes were smarter

than foxes, and Bill was smarter than anybody else his age—except in some ways. For example, he was the only human being who learned to palaver in all animal lingo before reaching the age of ten; and no other human *ever* learned to follow trails, to run, or to foresee weather the way Bill could. Still and all, Bill thought he was a coyote, and he hadn't done any human talking since he'd been lost at the age of two.

That's why he had such an all-fired hot argument with the cowboy that came on him one day when Bill, in his birthday clothes, was loping around out in the sagebrush and making coyote noises.

This cowboy spent a whole day getting Bill not to fear him. Then he spent another day teaching him to talk again and curing him of some of his baby ways of saying things. Then he spent three days making Bill see that he was a human being instead of a coyote. This was a ferocious argument. The cowboy would put out one argument after another, and Bill would bat each down until finally the cowboy said, "If you're a coyote, where's your bushy tail?"

After Bill had looked around and had found this article missing, the cowboy said, "That's a stunner, huh? Here's another. Come over with me and take a squint into the creek with me." When they were bending over their reflections in the water, the cowboy said, "Now, don't you look like me, only less handsome and more whiskery?"

Bill admitted this, gulped, and said, "All right, drat it to dratted drat! I'm a human man then. We'll call me Pecos Bill, because I'm from the Pecos River country—been a coyote there most of my days. And I'll run with my own human pack, if I can slow down enough. First thing I have to do, I suppose, is start looking like you ugly critters. So tell me, how do I get myself bald all over the face, and how do I grow me hair like you've got all over most of you—red and blue and brown like that?"

The cowboy howled with laughter and pressed hard on his ribs with his hands, as if he were trying to keep them from falling off. "You get the hair off your face by shaving," he said. "And that red and blue and brown stuff isn't *hair*; it's *clothes*. We put clothes on—don't grow 'em. I'll bring you a razor to shave with, and I'll bring you some clothes tomorrow. Then I'll take you to the ranch, and maybe you can join the outfit."

So the next day the cowboy (name of Bowleg Gerber) brought Bill a razor and the biggest suit he could find. Then he showed Bill how to shave and how to get into his clothes. Bowleg brought a horse, too, and a quirt, but he found he didn't need them. "Got me an animal of my own, standing still over there," says Bill, pointing out a giant panther that he'd fought to a standstill. "And this is what I'll use for a quirt."

"Good heavens!" says Bowleg, for he saw that Pecos Bill had tamed a huge rattlesnake that just lay limp and smiling in Bill's big brown paw.



Well, when the two of them rode into camp, Bill's mount and his quirt, as well as his size and his looks in general, made the men sit up straight and blink. Bill jumped off his panther, cracked his rattlesnake quirt, wiped his wet brow with a handful of prickly pear cactus, and walked over to the fire.

There he asked the question Bowleg had told him to ask. "Who," he said, "is the boss of this here outfit, huh?"

A big cowboy going on seven feet high cleared his throat and answered him back in a low voice, "I—I—*was* until *you* turned up. What're your orders, sir?"

Anybody else but Pecos Bill would probably have been surprised by this and puzzled as to what to do. But Bill had been boss of the coyotes so long that he expected exactly this sort of thing to happen. And he'd learned from the coyotes, too, that a varmint was loco if he stuck out his neck too far, without knowing what might happen to what was on the other end of the neck.

So Bill just said, "Ahem! You can be vice-boss now, if you want to. You go ahead and run things the way you were until I get the lay of the land and figure out whether we need to make any changes."

Well, what Pecos Bill found in the cowboy business was very much like the sort of thing Paul Bunyan had found, at the start, in the lumber business. Everything was in its infancy, and more messed up than a baby that has dumped a bowl of strained spinach over its head.

Leading his friend, Bowleg Gerber, to the side, Bill said, "What's this pack doing?"

"They're cowboys," Bowleg told him. "They stay out here in this shack near the water. Wandering around in the country hereabouts are a good many head of cattle. Every morning each of these fellows takes a rope, puts a loop at the end, and lays the loop on the ground. He puts some bait in the loop—maybe a hunk of salt, or some sweet-

smelling hay, or a cowslip. Then he takes the other end of the rope and hides behind a tree or cactus with it. Then he waits."

"So far," Pecos Bill said, "the whole show sounds as if it'd bore a body plumb to death. Never, in all my days as a coyote, did I fiddle around in such a dull way."

"The exciting point comes next," Bowleg said. "After a while, a cow or a bull comes along to get a drink of water. Before or after drinking, the critter may see the bait. If the critter steps up to get the bait, the cowboy waits until its feet are in the noose and then gives the rope a quick jerk. If the animal isn't scared too soon—doesn't jump away—the cowboy catches its legs in the noose."

"I still think it's a very tame and boresome business," says Pecos Bill. "What's more, there are more 'if's' in it than we coyotes ever had in anything we did. What happens, though, if this fellow has the good luck to catch the critter?"

"We got us a barn over there," Bowleg said, "and we put the critter into the barn. When we've got enough animals so there's one for each cowboy to lead, each of us ties a rope to his particular critter. Then each one leads his animal to market, riding on a horse, you see. We call that a *cattle pull*, because we drag the critters."

"Heavens to Betsy!" Pecos Bill said. "All that bore-someness and all that trouble, and you just market one critter apiece? We've got to get this business more coyote-like and on a bigger scale."

Having this kind of an understanding of the way things were done and this kind of a hunch they could be done better, Bill started working out improvements. He went riding around on his panther for awhile but found that scared the cows too much. So he went out afoot one day and ran down the biggest wild horse he could find cavorting around in those parts, broke the animal, and started to

ride it. Bill didn't know it, but this in itself was a great thing to do. Before this the cowboys hadn't thought of catching a wild pony and taming it—always bought their horses. After he'd been fed on dynamite for a few days, the horse was good enough to suit his master.

Riding this horse, which he'd named Widow Maker, Pecos Bill went out among the herds of cattle on the plains, watched their ways, and figured out how to handle them. One very important thing he did was take a great long raw-hide rope out and do some practicing with it. When he came back about a week later, he had most of the points about the cattle business all worked out.

Pieface Thomason, the vice-boss of the outfit, was hiding behind some mesquite watching a cow when Pecos rode up. The noose was all laid out on the ground, baited with a pretty bowl of cornmeal mush, and this cow was sort of stepping up slowly, drooling a little, to have herself a bite. Pieface was watching and watching, all ready to jerk the noose at just the right minute.

When Pecos Bill came thundering in on his brand new broncho, the cow got scared and started to gallumph away.

Pieface came bustling out from behind the mesquite roaring at Bill. "Look what you went and did!" he yelled. "I've been lying in wait for that danged cow for two hours, and now you've come clumping up and scared her!"

"That's all right," says Pecos. "You can be sure when an old-time coyote makes a noise, it's because he wants to. I'll catch her for you, Pieface."

Spurring Widow Maker (for by that time he'd invented spurs), he went after the cow, swinging his rope around his head.

At the right minute, he let the noose fly through the air. It settled down over the cow's neck. Just at that instant, Bill's broncho braced. The end of the rope had been given a double turn around the saddle-bow. When the cow

started to run again, the rope tightened, and first thing the cow knew, she'd flopped onto one horn on the ground.

Pieface was watching, open-mouthed and goggle-eyed. "How under the sun did you do that?" he wanted to know.

"Little gadget I worked up," Bill said. "I call her a lariat. Keeps you from spending all that boresome time waiting for critters."

"Can you do that right along?"

"Sure. Call in the men in the outfit."

When the hands had come in, Bill galloped around on his broncho, showing them how to lasso one critter after another, while they all went "Oh!" and "Ah!" like a bunch of kids at a fireworks display. When, to end up his show, he tossed his rope up in the air and pulled down a buzzard that happened to be flying by, they all cheered as loud and as long as they could.

And this was only the beginning of Bill's contributions to the cowboy business.

Share Your Ideas

1. Discuss ways in which the author made Bill's babyhood wildly imaginative.
2. Find passages you especially like because of their droll humor. Be prepared to read them orally.
3. List in proper sequence the humorous events of this story.
4. Select ten humorous phrases or sentences that add to the fun of the story.
5. Find a story about Paul Bunyan and read it to the class.
6. Use your imagination and either write or tell another adventure of Pecos Bill. Make it really a "tall" story. The phrases you listed might be helpful in descriptions.
7. Have a contest to see who can tell the best tall tale. Select members from another class to act as judges.

Will o' the Griskin

By Eleanore Myers Jewett

Will was determined that "pride" should not rob him of his good fortune. His method of remaining humble was an unusual one.

Will was the likeliest lad in the village, though he was poor and without kith or kin. He had a ready grin, a gay laugh, and a friendly air about him; and somehow he never seemed to be in want of shelter or food, though where the next was coming from he could rarely have told. People liked him and the look of his brown eyes, and were ever fain to be giving him this or that, though they might be close-fisted enough with others. So it came about upon a day that a prosperous farmer hailed him as he was going by and offered him the gift of a small, squealing pig.

"Take the little griskin," the man said heartily. "I have enough and maybe it will make you your fortune!" This



he said more to cover up the embarrassment caused by his own generosity than by way of prophecy; yet, strange as it may seem, he spoke the simple truth.

Will received the gift with delight and straightway loved it. He fed it with scraps saved from his own all-too-scanty and uncertain meals, and he washed it in the village trough, to the immense annoyance of the citizens, who were, however, unable to produce more than a few stormy words upon the occasion, for the boy's merry, freckle-faced grin was too much for even righteous wrath to withstand. He begged a hempen cord and put it around the little pig's neck and led him about wherever he went and thereby earned for himself the nickname of "Will o' the Griskin."

But, alas, time works mighty and swift changes and in nothing more noticeable than the loveableness of a pig! Before long, Will's small pink-and-white, curly-tailed, round, and playful companion had grown to be a large, cross, snorting, and unattractive hog with an interior so cavernous that the poor boy grew lean and weary in his efforts to fill it. He sighed to himself and thought drearily that even a rather foul and overlarge pig can be better company than none, then made the best of the situation and resolved to sell it.

The price he got for it seemed princely to young Will. And, indeed, it was good honest pay, for the pig was in excellent condition, and the villager to whom it was sold was glad enough to do the boy a good turn without losing any advantage to himself.

So Will put his wealth into an old wallet, tied it around his neck inside his jerkin, and felt very rich.

"I have always wanted to see the world," said he to himself. "Now there is nothing to stay me. I shall be off on the morrow to seek my fortune."

Now, the long and the short of it was that Will, being thrifty and clever as well as honest and friendly, soon found

the world at his feet and success with it. After wandering about a bit and making his first money earn him more, he settled in a town in France, apprenticed himself to a merchant, and in good time became a merchant himself and a man of substance, held in great honor. Folk liked him here as at home; they laughed with him, then told him their troubles, sought his advice, and profited thereby. Always and ever they found him the same—simple, honest, friendly, keen, the first to see a joke and make merry, the last to say ill of a man or bespeak one more civilly than another, be he rich or poor, great or lowly.

Success, wealth, popularity, fame—all fell into Will's lap, as it seemed, without his asking. And from being the greatest man in his village he soon became the greatest in the countryside, and from that it was but a step before he was acclaimed the most influential person in the kingdom. High-born lords and ladies, counts and princes, nay, even the king himself, upon more than one occasion, summoned Will for aid and advice, or even for the mere pleasure of his company. When he traveled about to this or that great manor, he went simply, dressed quietly, rode a good horse, and was attended by only a faithful servant or two; and when he stayed at home, he lived in a large, spacious dwelling, comfortable enough but displaying neither wealth nor grandeur.

His servants wondered at him, living so humbly and he such a great man; they marveled that he still laughed and joked with poor, lowly folk and acted as if he were no whit better than they; and, more than all, they whispered among themselves of their master's great secret. In all things concerning his life save one, he was as open as the day. His people were free to come and go about his castle as they would, save for one room which was locked and bolted and wherein no one was allowed to set foot save Will himself. He kept the key to it, large and clumsy though it was,

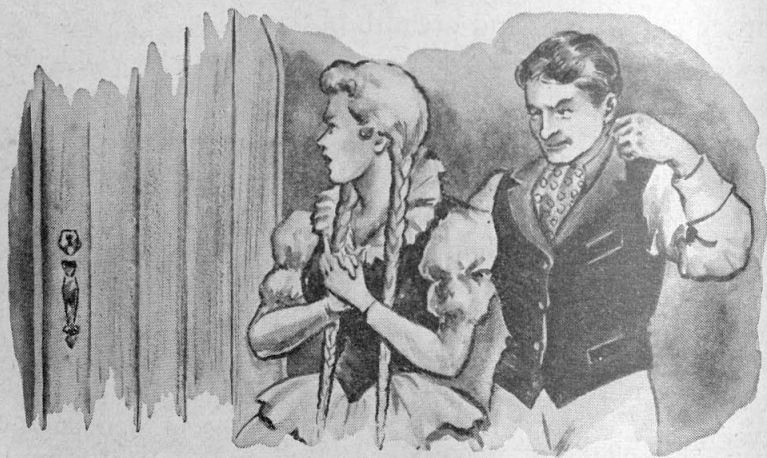
about his person; and every so often, and most especially after he had been away in princely palaces, or had received some new and great honor, or wealth in more abundance had resulted from his enterprises, he would let himself quietly in, close the door behind him, and remain uninterrupted, by strict orders, as long as it pleased him. Then he would issue forth again with a little twisted smile about his lips and his eyes more twinkly than ever.

Strange! The servants wondered and gossiped among themselves, and from them the rumor spread and grew through the length and breadth of the village. Master Will had a secret; perchance he was an alchemist or a magician; he might be in league with a devil—albeit it must, in sooth, be a very kindly and amusing devil if it could send one forth so pleasant and friendly. Or maybe the master had treasure beyond the power of poor folk to imagine and kept it there that he might gloat over it in private; or some inhuman monster under a spell; or a magic something whereby he gained the success that was always his. Stories multiplied and grew, yet never did a tale live long if it suggested dark deeds or evil on the part of Master Will. Whatever marvel, magic, or mystery might be hidden behind that closely barred door, the effect of it on Will himself was wholesome and good—there was no doubt about that.

At last Will took to himself a wife, and “Would you believe it?” quoth neighbor to neighbor. “He hath chosen the proudest and haughtiest young maid in all the countryside!”

Lovely she was to look at, tall and graceful, with long, golden plaits of hair falling over either shoulder nigh to her knees; eyes blue, clear, and large, with dark lashes oddly and beautifully contrasting with her fair white skin. Her red lips curled a trifle scornfully, and a wisp of a frown sometimes marred the smooth whiteness of her brow. But—what would you? She was the only child of a neighboring count and was accustomed to much grandeur, many

servants, and the world, as it were, served to her on a silver platter! And why did she wed young Will o' the Griskin, about whose birth and past nobody knew aught and apparently cared less? Love, forsooth! For, proud as the damsel was, she had a warm heart and she had lost it to Will himself very completely; and her father, to be sure, was nothing loath toward so prosperous a son-in-law. As for the fair maid Ylotte, she had notions of her own and resolved to change a thing or two in Will's way of living.



He gave her a free hand about the house and with the servants, making only one stipulation: the door of his secret chamber was to remain locked and barred to her as to all others.

Ylotte pouted. What amusement could she find in the rest of the establishment? True, it was ridiculously plain and simple, and she would—and did—remedy all that; but her husband's own special room—now, why should she not be admitted to that, pray?

"My dear," remonstrated Will, smiling indulgently at her, "there is nothing therein that would interest or please you; it is just—well, after all, a man likes one spot where

he can collect his thoughts and renew his harmony with himself and the rest of the world."

"But do I upset your harmony or your thoughts? By my troth, I thought you said you loved me!"

"Ylotte, my sweet, you are the very breath of my life!"

"Then prove it by giving me that key!"

But somehow or other Will managed to resist her and to keep his key attached to his person and his room closed against wifely intrusion.

Being a woman, Ylotte swiftly determined that she would find out what that secret chamber contained if it meant death and annihilation to do it! The obsession grew hourly upon her. She cared not at all for wealth, jewels, pleasures, or that every slightest whimsical desire she might express was straightway fulfilled. Her whole being surged and boiled with the one single passion—to pass over the threshold of that closed door. Being clever as well as feminine, she soon stopped speaking of the matter and pretended she had forgotten all about it. She redoubled her affectionate attentions to her lord, she made life in his home sweeter and more comfortable than it had ever been, she gave personal attention to the kitchen so that his tastes in the matter of food should be exactly catered to, she agreed with everything he said and melted him continually with adoring glances and little words calculated to prove to him that he had married the gentlest, most docile, most devoted wife ever born. And on the sly she watched him!

Every so often, and the oftener when he seemed to have special reason for feeling proud and glad, he would slip away from her side and go to his secret room, locking the door behind him. Ylotte would tiptoe after him and listen at the keyhole—it was quite blocked by the key in it, and closed with something when the key was out so that she could see nothing. No sound ever came from within except the slow tread of her husband's feet walking up and down,

and an occasional sigh followed by—yes, there was no mistaking it—his ready and contagious chuckle!

Ylotte would bite her fingernails and weep with vexation and curiosity. What could be within that room? She must know! She would! She would!

At long last an opportunity presented itself. There came a peddler-apothecary to the village, and the womenfolk were all agog to buy lovely trinkets, charms, and special brews for this or that. Ylotte went privily and hastily and sought the ear of the wise man.

"I want a sleeping potion," she said, "one that is harmless but sure, and that will last some time."

"Nothing simpler," the apothecary assured her. "Er—at least—it will be costly—but easily produced."

"The price is an indifferent matter," said the lady, atremble with eagerness. "How soon may I have it? And—you are sure it will do no harm?"

"A baby might swallow this," the man assured her, handing her a small vial containing a colorless fluid, "and a deep, dreamless sleep would be the only result."

It was an easy matter for Ylotte to slip the fluid into Master Will's cup that very day, and in no time at all, even while she watched him, his head began to nod, and he was off in a profound, snoring slumber. Then the lady, with swift, deft fingers, loosened the knotted cord about his waist and secured the key, the only key which he carried.

Away she sped with steps as fleet and noiseless as a hare's, fitted the key to the lock, pushed open the door, and, heart beating, breath coming fast, stepped over the threshold into the secret chamber.

At first she saw nothing, nothing whatever—merely a large, bare room. Slowly she walked into the center of it and gazed around. On the farthest wall was a painting, crudely colored, of a little boy, ragged and unkempt, leading by a cord a small pink pig, or griskin, as country folk

would call it. A half-stifled cry of surprise and disappointment escaped her. It was echoed by a chuckling laugh, familiar to her ears, rich, kindly, contagiously gay; and she turned with a start to see Master Will, very wide awake indeed and standing in the doorway.

"So, my dear," said he, "you have won your own way at last! A woman's way! I expected as much when I detected the potion in my cup, so I drank not heavily."

Ylotte opened her mouth to speak, but shame and bewilderment prevented her. She blushed and dropped her eyes, and Will laughed again at her confusion, but lovingly, so that somehow she minded not at all.

"How do you like my picture?" he continued. "'Tis I, myself, as a small lad. Come closer, my love, so that you can read the inscription beneath it."

He put his arm about her waist and drew her to him, and together they stood underneath the mural and gazed up at it. Laughing softly still, he pointed to the stiff ribbon of design that ran under the boy and the pig:

"Will o' the gris! Will o' the gris,

Think what you was—and what you is!"

"That is atrocious art!" said Ylotte, trying unsuccessfully to wrinkle her forehead and pout her lips. "Very bad poetry and worse grammar! My dear, whatever does the thing mean—and what possessed you—"

He closed her mouth with a kiss. "Madam, I will reward your disobedience by telling you all my merry little secret, for I see I cannot help myself. This is my storeroom; I keep all my pride and self-satisfaction here, labeled with the little rhyme the village lads called after me long ago. And whenever I feel an extra load of self-importance weighing me down, I slip away and look at my griskin and remember to what I am beholden for all my good fortune!"

The Lady Ylotte was silent for a long moment; then she smiled up at him gaily enough and said, "'Tis a good

storeroom, my dear, and I quite approve of it, but there is not enough of it. I shall house clean and share it with you—that is a wife's privilege, you know that full well! I shall have a large bag of pride to put in it myself, and some ill-humor, and some deceitful wiles—all very feminine, a chestful, maybe—and a great knobbly bundle of foolish curiosity. I shall *never* have need of that any more!"

Share Your Ideas

1. Why was Will called "Will o' the Griskin"?
2. Part of Will's success was caused by his friendliness. What other characteristics promoted his success?
3. What were some of the rumors that circulated in the village in France in regard to Will's secret? Why did these rumors do him no harm?
4. What was Will's secret? Explain what the room did for him.
5. What did Ylotte prove when she said she would share the room with Will?
6. Think of yourself and decide what *you* would have to put in such a room.
7. Dramatize the story. Choose suitable characters and improvise lines as the action takes place in the following scenes:
 - a. The village where Will lived as a boy. He is selling his pig before starting on his journey.
 - b. The French village where he settled after his wanderings. The village folk are discussing rumors of Will's secret.
 - c. Will's home. He is married to Ylotte, and she is arguing with him about wishing to see his secret chamber.
 - d. The secret room after Ylotte stole the key and Will found her there. Will is explaining the purpose of the room.

The Whirling Dervish

By Berton Braley

There was a Whirling Dervish who went spinning like a top.
For seven years he whirled around without a single stop.
I watched him all those seven years—a job that kept me
busy—

And finally I said to him, "Say, aren't you getting dizzy?"

"Dizzy!" said the Dervish, as he whirled and whirled and
whirled,

"I'm dizzier than anyone in all the dizzy world!
I'm dizzier than anything the dizzy world has in it,
And I'm getting dizzier and dizzier each minute!"

"Do you like being dizzy?" was my next remark to him.
"I hate it very heartily!" he answered me with vim.
"My eyes are always swimming and my brain is all aswirl
As I whirl and whirl and whirl and whirl and whirl and
whirl and whirl!"

"Why don't you stop?" I said to him, I said to him, said I.
The Whirling Dervish whirled about, and this was his
reply:

"I'm very sick of whirling, just as sick as I can be;
I don't know why they made a Whirling Dervish out of me;
I'd rather be a plumber or a tailor or an earl,
But I'm a Whirling Dervish, so, of course, I have to whirl.

"The minute I stop whirling," here he gave a little sob,
"I'd be no Whirling Dervish, but a man without a job!"

So let the tom-toms beat and throb, and let the bagpipes
skirl,
For I must whirl and whirl and whirl and whirl and whirl
and whirl."

I left that Whirling Dervish, whom I never shall forget,
And if he hasn't ceased to whirl, he must be whirling yet.
To interfere with others is to prove yourself a churl,
So we will let him whirl and whirl and whirl and whirl and
whirl.

The moral of these verses is a simple one to sing:
If you use *any* word enough, it doesn't mean a thing.
A word like "whirl" for instance, if you use it o'er and o'er,
Looks like five silly letters strung together, nothing more.
It simply makes you dizzy, and it makes your brain cells
curl
And whirl and whirl and whirl and whirl and whirl and
whirl and whirl.

Share Your Ideas

1. Read the poem orally, paying special attention to rhythm.
2. Explain why the rhythm of this poem suits the subject.
3. How does the poet use repetition to create the desired effect?
4. Find other nonsense verses in order that the class may enjoy them with you.
5. Try to write some nonsense verses of your own. To create the rhythm you desire, use word and phrase repetitions effectively.

The Celebrated Jumping Frog

By Mark Twain

Jim Smiley reported that all his frog needed was an education to enable him to outjump any frog in Calaveras County. That was before a stranger came to town and called his bet.

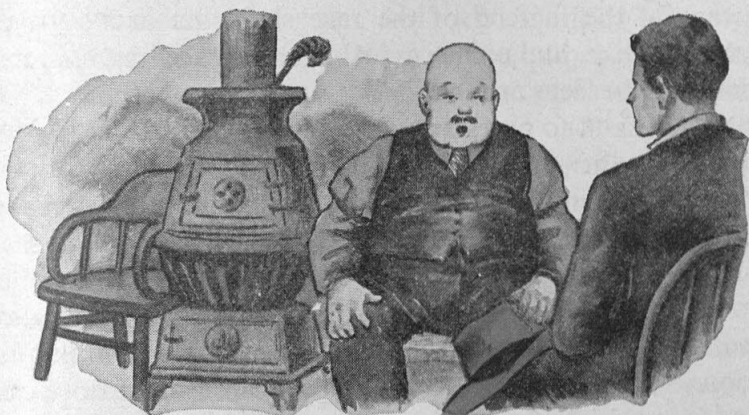
In compliance with the request of a friend of mine who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler and inquired after my friend's friend Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W. Smiley* is a myth; that my friend never knew such a person; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim Smiley*, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it certainly succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W. Smiley*—*Reverend Leonidas W. Smiley*—a young minister of the Gospel, who, he had heard, was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp.

I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Reverend Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under obligation to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without even smiling was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Reverend Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on without interruption.

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Anyway what suited the other man would suit him—anyway jest so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always came out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it and take any side you please, as I was jest telling you. If there was a horse race, you'd



find him flush, or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he ever seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico and he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *anything*—the dangdest feller.

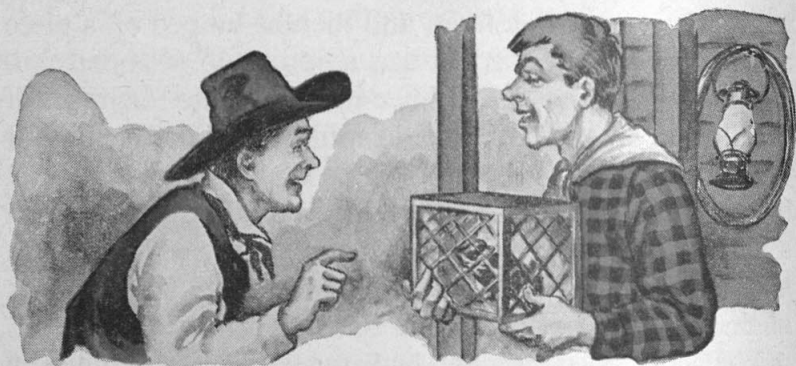
Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because of course she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of the kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start and then pass her under way; but

always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead.

And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at him you'd think he wa'n't worth a cent but to set around and look ornery and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steam-boat, and his teeth would uncover and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him and bully-rag him and bite him and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always came out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his

main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he hadn't had no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-terriers, and chicken cocks, and tomcats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day and took him home and said he calk'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, “Flies, Dan'l, flies!” and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he



could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up on him as long as he had a red.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box and says, “What might it be that you’ve got in the box?”

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, “It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain’t—it’s only jest a frog.”

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, “H’m—so ’tis. Well, what’s *he* good for?”

“Well,” Smiley says, easy and careless, “he’s good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County.”

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, “Well,” he says, “I don’t see no p’int about that frog that’s any better’n any other frog.”

“Maybe you don’t,” Smiley says. “Maybe you understand frogs and maybe you don’t understand ’em; maybe you’ve had experience, and maybe you ain’t only a ama-

ture. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County."

And the feller studied a minute and then says, kinder sad-like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and pried his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley, he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says,

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wa'n't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised and disgusted, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l and says again, very deliberate, "Well *I* don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley, he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look

mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nape of the neck and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And—

(Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.) And turning to me as he moved away, he said, "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim Smiley* would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Reverend *Leonidas W. Smiley*, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he button-holed me and re-commenced, "Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and—"

"Oh! hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good day, I departed.

Share Your Ideas and Experiences

1. Which of the following phrases best expresses the way in which Simon Wheeler told this story:
 - a. with gay, sprightly humor
 - b. monotonously
 - c. with extreme enthusiasm
2. In what way was each of Smiley's animals unusual?
3. When Smiley made the bet about the frog, did you suspect the outcome? Why?
4. What do you think of Jim Wheeler as a story teller? Give reasons for your answer.

The Story of a Bad Boy

By Thomas Gootee

The following is a radio dramatization of an incident from Thomas Bailey Aldrich's book. The Judge excuses his youthful counterpart with the comment, "Boys will be boys." For, after all, he said, "Seems like *most* of these things he does, *I* remember doing when *I* was a boy." See if you agree with Kitty who thinks Tom is a "bad boy."

Announcer. Adventure—Ahead!

(Music. Sweeps into standard intro theme—then fades.)

Judge. Tom Bailey—!

Tom. Yes, Uncle?

Judge. I *can't* understand it!

Tom. (*Innocently*) What, sir?

Judge. How you can get into so much trouble!

Tom. Trouble, sir?

Judge. My notebook, the firecrackers! Always up to some devilment! You're a bad boy, Tom Bailey! Worst boy in Massachusetts.

(Music. Bring up intro theme—then fade and hold behind)

Announcer. This is one of a series of famous stories for young people: Adventure Ahead! (*Pause*) This week we present a play based on that classic of American childhood, "The Story of a Bad Boy," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich—an amusing, exciting story of the adventures of a typical American boy! (*Pause*) And so—

(Music. Bring up intro theme under above and resolve out here)

Announcer. (*Cold*) Adventure Ahead!

(*Music. Introductory theme: Brisk and choppy—it stops suddenly for:*)

Judge. (*Loudly calling*) Tom! Tom Bailey!

Kitty. (*Slightly off mike*) He's upstairs, Judge Nutter!

Judge. Eh?

Kitty. (*Slightly off mike*) In his room!

Judge. Oh! Thank you, Kitty!

(*On mike—door closes*) (*Several footsteps are heard, stopping under:*)

Judge. (*Loudly calling*) Tom! Oh, Tom! Tom Bailey!

Tom. (*Off mike*) Yes, sir?

Judge. Come down here, Tom! Want to talk to you!

Tom. (*Off mike*) Yes, Uncle!

(*Fading in—boy's footsteps, running downstairs very fast*)

Tom. (*Breathlessly*) Is—is something wrong, sir?

Judge. (*Pseudo-irately*) Wrong? Huh. I should say something's wrong! What about this book?

Tom. (*Innocently*) Book, sir? What book?

Judge. Recognize it, eh?

Tom. Well,—(*Pause*) Yes, Uncle!

Judge. You know very well what book, Tom Bailey! This one! My notebook! One I'm writing my speech in!

Tom. (*Deflation*) Oh-h-h—!

Judge. Drawing pictures in my notebook! Funny faces! For shame, Tom Bailey! All these—these *faces* mixed up with my campaign speech! Um-m-m. Not very good likenesses either!

Tom. They're—they're not, sir?

Judge. This one *here*!

Tom. That's supposed to be Kitty Callen, our maid!

Judge. Huh! Doesn't look like *her*! Who's this stupid-looking one?

Tom. Well—uh—that's supposed to be *you*, Uncle!

Judge. Oh? It is, eh?

Tom. It's the best I could do, sir! My pencil was worn out!

Judge. (Pseudo-exasperation) Tom! I declare! You'll be the death of me yet! Always up to some devilment! You're a bad boy, Tom Bailey! Worst boy in Massachusetts!

Tom. (Protesting) Oh, but sir, I only—

Judge. (Interrupting) Sometimes I wonder why I ever let your folks send you up here to live with me.

Tom. But I like to live here on the coast, Uncle!

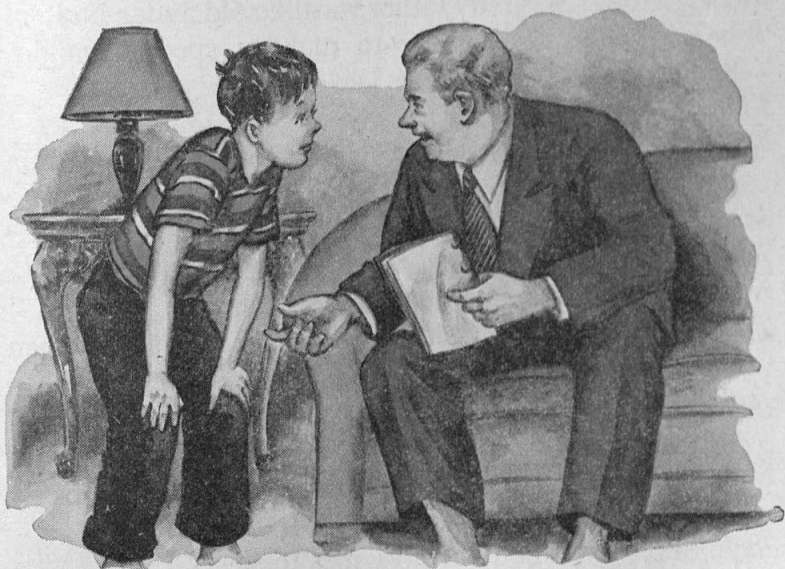
Judge. Huh! I should think you would! Your folks'd never put up with the things *I* do!

Tom. (Apologetically) Well, I—I'm sorry if I cause you so much trouble, Uncle! I didn't know your old notebook was so important!

Judge. Well, it is! Got my campaign speech in it, for the big political rally!

Tom. Are you going to make a speech?

Judge. Why, of course! Tonight, in the square. Long after you're in bed! (*Proudly*) I'm going to be the chief speaker! A few words from *me* ought to do a lot for our candidate!



Tom. I didn't know *you* could make a—

Judge. (*Interrupting*) Better run along now, Tom! I'm busy.

Go find your friends, Jack Harris and Kinney Wallace! Bother them!

Tom. (*Fading back*) Yes, sir! I'll be back for supper!

Judge. (*Calling off*) Oh, and Tom—!

Tom. (*Off mike*) Yes, Uncle—?

Judge. Please don't get into any more trouble!

(*Music: Brisk bridge to next scene—blend to dialogue*)

Jack. (*Excitedly*) Was he mad, Tom? Was Judge Nutter mad about the notebook?

Kinney. (*Excitedly*) What'd your uncle say, Tom?

Tom. (*Trying to be nonchalant*) Oh, he didn't say much!

Jack. Bet he didn't like it!

Tom. Well—(*Pause*) No, Jack.

Kinney. Did he scold you, Tom? Like the schoolmaster did, the time you drew the funny pictures on the blackboard!

Tom. No. He just said I was a bad boy! He didn't even tell me not to do it again!

Kinney. Golly! Wish my father was like old Judge Nutter!

Tom. (*Proudly*) He's going to make a speech tonight, Kinney!

Kinney. Who? My father?

Tom. No. Judge Nutter! He's going to make an *election* speech—up on the square!

Jack. What's *he* running for, Tom? President?

Tom. No, he's not running for anything!

Kinney. Well, what's he making a speech for?

Tom. I don't know! But it must be something! He's been rehearsing it, all day!

Jack. If it's anything like the speeches I've heard at political rallies, everybody'll go to sleep!

Kinney. (*Obvious pity*) Poor old Judge Nutter'll probably be just like the rest of 'em. Won't he, Jack?

Jack. Sure! Everybody always goes to sleep!

Tom. You think they would?

Jack. Sure!

Tom. Well, gosh! I can't let that happen! I can't let 'em go to sleep on my own uncle!

Jack. Bet they will!

Tom. I know what we can do! I know how we can keep people awake at the political rally!

Kinney. Well, *how*, Tom?

Tom. You know that stack of firecrackers we've been saving to use, since the Fourth of July?

(*Music: Bridge to next scene—blend to sound*)

(*Fading in—indifferent applause from about 50 people.*

This quickly blends down to crowd noise and murmurs.)

Jack. (*Down*) All set, Tom?

Tom. (*Down, gaily*) All set!

Jack. (*Laughs*) They'll never expect so much noise to come from *under* the platform!

Kinney. You've got the match, Tom?

Tom. Uh-huh!

Jack. Better get ready to run then! Judge Nutter's going to speak next!

(*Bring up crowd noise and murmurs and hold briefly then gradually fade out crowd noise under*)

Chairman. (*A typical stentorian*) Friends and voters! It is now my privilege to introduce that great citizen of Massachusetts, that leader among men, that champion of order and discipline, Judge Oswald Shrewsbury Nutter! (*A brief flurry of applause from about 50 people. This fades out very quickly behind.*)

Judge. (*He clears his throat loudly, raspily. Then he speaks in a loud, very affected, politico-platform voice.*) Ladies and gentlemen, voters in this great county! In speaking of our political candidate tonight, I would like to say a few words about the younger generation, and the important part they are playing—here in Rivermouth—in the



promotion and security of quiet and peaceful tranquility! (Pause) For we are trying to make this the—(He breaks off with sound. A few scattered firecracker bursts are heard, followed by a blasting cacophony of many such detonations and explosions. Bring up crowd noise of 50 people, and mix with firecrackers. Hold all sound full on mike, then dissolve to music.)

(Music: Very fast, racy bridge to next scene—fading in)
(Racing footsteps of three boys, in tempo with background music)

Jack. (Breathlessly) Tom! You think they—saw us!

Tom. (Ditto) How could they? It's too dark!

Kinney. (Ditto) All the same, I'm scared!

Jack. What'll we do, Tom?

Tom. Only one thing—we *can* do! Go home to bed!

Kinney. All right!

Tom. And whatever you do, don't tell anybody—what happened!

(*Music: Bring up bridge, slow down tempo—then blend to dialogue*) (*Fading in—slight rattle of knife and fork, plate, et al, at breakfast table. Hold these noises behind.*)

Tom. (*Very innocently*) Good morning, Uncle!

Judge. (*He is grumpy, dour, preoccupied.*) Um-m—you're up late this morning, Tom!

Tom. Late? Oh, uh—uh—yes, sir! (*Pause*) I—was sleepy!

Judge. Oh? Sleepy, eh?

Tom. (*Quietly*) Yes, sir—

Judge. Um-m. (*Pause*) Had quite a time—up on the square last night! Too bad you weren't there, Tom! Lots of fireworks!

Tom. Fireworks—?

Judge. Broke up the rally!

Tom. (*Innocently*) They did?

Judge. Came right after I started my speech! (*Pause*) Thought it might be the opposition party, set 'em off! Or maybe sailors, from that ship down in the harbor!

Tom. Are there sailors in the harbor?

(*On mike—noise of folding, ruffling newspaper*)

Judge. (*He ignores the question.*) Quite a long write-up—here in the morning paper!

Tom. (*Nervously*) There—there is?

Judge. Says: (*Reading*) The three miscreants who caused the disturbance are unknown, as they escaped in the confusion! Hm!

Tom. (*Pseudo-surprise*) My goodness!

Judge. And listen to *this*! (*Reading*) Judge Nutter's speech was the first election oration of the year. And it can truthfully be said that the Judge went over with a bang!

(*Pause*) Humph!

Tom. (*Stifles a giggle*)

Judge. What are you giggling about, Tom Bailey?

Tom. (*Innocently*) Who? Me?

Judge. It's no laughing matter!

Tom. (*Soberly*) No, sir!

Judge. Hurt my social prestige, injured my political reputation—and *worst* of all, like to scared me to death!

Tom. Yes, sir!

Judge. (*Meaningfully*) Glad you were home in bed last night, Tom!

Tom. (*Meekly*) Yes, sir.

Judge. Thought about you when those firecrackers started banging away. But I knew you were home in bed, so didn't give it another thought! (*With finality*) Too bad you missed all the excitement, Tom!

Tom. Yes, sir. I mean, no, sir! Uh—will you excuse me?

Judge. Um-m—Finished your breakfast already?

Tom. I'm not very hungry!

Judge. No—?

Tom. Kinney Wallace and me are going down to the harbor—to see the cruiser and all the sailors! I'm anxious to get started!

Judge. Oh—well, if you're done, you can leave!

Tom. (*Hastily*) Thank you, sir!

Judge. But—Tom!

Tom. (*Slightly off mike*) Yes, Uncle?

Judge. Just a minute! Come back here!

Tom. (*Fading in*) Yes, sir?

Judge. Seems to be something sticking out of your pocket—the *back* pocket! Hm-mm! A firecracker!

Tom. (*Guiltily*) Uh—uh—yes, sir! It is a firecracker!

Judge. (*Kindly*) Better let me have that, Tom! You set off any *more* of those things, and I'll go stark, raving mad!
(*Music: Fast bridge to next scene. Blend to dialogue*)

Kitty. (*Fading in*) And you let him go, Judge Nutter? Without so much as boxing his ears?

Judge. Well, yes, Kitty! I can't be too harsh with Tom. Seems like *most* of these things he does, *I* remember doing when *I* was a boy!

Kitty. He'll never amount to nothing, Judge Nutter! 'Cause you're spoiling him! (*Pause*) He's a bad boy! And you're making him worse!

Judge. Oh, I don't know about that, *Kitty*. He may not be what you'd call a real *good* boy. But Tom's not such a very *bad* boy! Boys will be boys, *Kitty*! Um-m-m, I wonder where he got all those firecrackers?

Share Your Ideas and Experiences

1. Give "The Story of a Bad Boy" as a radio play. Have the class appoint a director to hold try-outs and choose characters. He should appoint an announcer and arrange for someone to take charge of the music and sound effects. Invite another class to hear it.
2. Write short radio scripts based on chapters of your favorite humorous books. Suggestions are:
 - a. Other incidents from *The Story of a Bad Boy*.
 - b. The fence-painting incident from *Tom Sawyer*.
 - c. An incident from *Mr. Popper's Penguins*.
 - d. "The Birthday Party" from *Penrod*.
3. The tall tale has been peculiar to the frontiers of America. Explain to the class the reasons for this.
4. Discuss the way in which a humorous situation is produced by a tall tale.
5. Read aloud especially humorous parts of tall tales in which you are interested.
6. Make attractive posters of your favorite tall tale hero. Display them in the classroom.
7. Have the students vote on their favorite tall tale hero. Then make a frieze for the room, telling the story of one of his adventures.
8. Organize a tall tale club. Plan to meet from time to time to relate interesting tall tales and yarns you hear.

Select Good Books

*He laughs best who laughs last,
The wiseacres vow;
But I am impatient,
I want to laugh now.*

CAROLYN WELLS

The stories and yarns in the following publications have amused thousands of people. They have been handed down in one form or another from generation to generation.

JOHN HENRY, THE RAMBLING BLACK ULYSSES, by James Cloyd Bowman

John Henry was a "wonder child" conjured up by the magic of Aunt Eliza, a plantation slave. You will enjoy the story of this legendary hero.

PAUL BUNYAN, by Esther Shepherd

This is the legendary history of another tall tale hero. Paul Bunyan, the great lumberman, and his huge blue ox, "The Babe," accomplished marvelous feats which required superhuman strength. If you want to read about loggin' that was loggin', read this book.

UNCLE REMUS, HIS SONGS AND HIS SAYINGS, by Joel Chandler Harris

The tales told by Uncle Remus, an old plantation Negro, to Miss Sally's seven-year-old son are dear to the hearts of all American children.

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING, collected by Ruth A. Barnes

The selections of this anthology abound with the spirit of the American people.

A TREASURY OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE, edited by B. A. Botkin

This giant of a book should be in every library. All of America's legendary heroes are found in these stories, songs, tall tales, anecdotes, and jests.

CORONADO'S CHILDREN, by J. Frank Dobie

In the sixteenth century, Coronado of Spain made his search for gold in the new world. Although his efforts ended in failure, his dream lived on in the hearts of thousands of people down through the centuries, and many stories resulted.

TALL TALE AMERICA, by Walter Blair

This book presents a legendary history of many of our humorous heroes. Among its characters you will find Old Stormalong, Pecos Bill, and others equally well known.

8

Playing the Game



Knute Rockne

By H. William Hurt

Knute Rockne is known as the greatest of all football coaches. Tolerant yet exacting, he had the frank, unassuming manner which, coupled with a sense of humor and a love of clean fun, made him a superb influence among men.

It was he who made character, clear thinking, and good sportsmanship the primary requisites of a football player. It was he who was responsible for making football more important as a game of brain than of brawn, who proved that football could be a game of skill and strategy, a game of rhythm and harmony, commanding the best qualities of men. For Rockne believed that you should always be at your best, whether you win or lose.

Knute Rockne was undoubtedly one of the greatest football coaches of all time. The story of his active life starts in the little village of Voss, across the seas in Norway. The rugged country was windswept with snow and cold that fourth day of March, 1888, when Knute Rockne was born. Upon the tall, silent mountains lay a heavy mantle of white, down to where the dark waters of the salty sea pounded against the mountain bases. The lakes and waterways were held in the tight grip of the winter's ice.

The people of this village were strong and rugged, like their mountains. Indeed, like the story of the "Great Stone

Face," these simple folk had come to resemble their country. They lived simple, wholesome lives. As a matter of fact, life itself was a pretty serious business, and these thrifty Norwegians, old and young, had a part to do. Slackers were few. Work was honorable; idleness was dishonorable. To work and create and save was the goal toward which they strove. The boys looked forward to doing a man's work; the girls prided themselves on the homecraft they learned from their mothers.

The older Rockne, a carriage-maker, was a careful workman. His carriage-body work fitted perfectly. He made "better" carriages. So good was his work that he planned to exhibit it at the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1893. Fine, careful workmanship and the pride of the workman were his. In showing his work in America, one sees something of the same push, the same sturdy, adventuresome spirit that sent the Vikings on long voyages across unknown seas!

The father's work was recognized. For it he received the World's Fair medal, and he liked Chicago so much that he decided to remain. So across the seas went the letter asking his wife and family to come to Chicago—to the land of wider liberty—liberty under self-imposed law.

Little Knute was but five years old when he crossed the ocean, passed the Statue of Liberty, and docked in New York Harbor. Holding his mother's hand, he and his three sisters walked down the gangplank into New York City. How big its buildings looked as compared with the simple village of Voss, or its near-by Norse metropolis of Oslo—then known as Christiania! It was all a bit bewildering.

Little could this lad foresee that some three decades later he would visit this same great city often and in triumph, with his name carried by press and radio to the corners of the land.

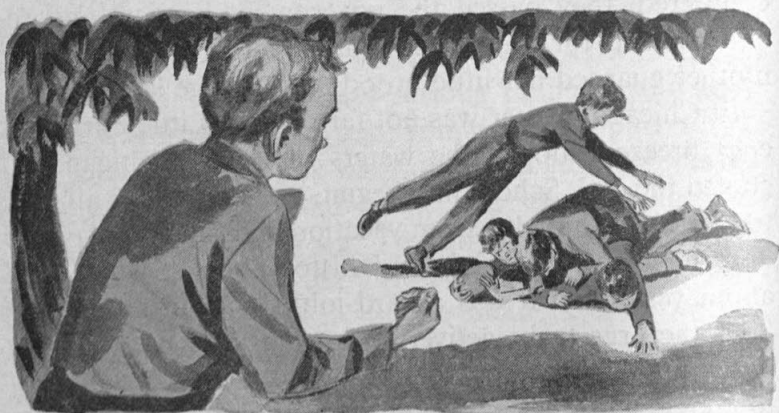
The Rockne family struggled with the problems of the new language, but with the help of Norwegians they en-

countered, they passed the government barriers and secured tickets for Chicago to join the father. Meantime the mother guarded her little brood in a strange land.

In Chicago, winter was not far distant. Little flurries of cold breeze whipped the waters of Lake Michigan and cooled the city. School had begun, and lads tried valiantly to shift their thoughts from vacation and fun and play and "the now" to arithmetic and history books, which told about yesterday. It was a hard job. God had given these boys the urge to be active, to do things, to use their big body muscles, and now school said to them, "If you want to take a man's place, sit and read and write." This sitting still was made all the worse by the fact that it was football time. Now Saturday had come, with its chance for freedom, for out-of-doors, and for play.

On the vacant sand-lots of Chicago's Northwest side, groups of boys were playing football this Saturday morning. In and around Logan Square, there were Norse and Swedish boys, Irish boys, Italian boys, German boys, and Polish boys, who played and quarreled together. Here in school, church, street, and neighborhood, they were being "melted" into Americans. And now they were playing football. They kicked and ran and tackled, tumbled, and piled up. Looking at the old time "scrimmage" heap, it was a bit hard to tell whose arms and legs were whose. Some got bumped now and then, but the "game" ones said little about it. It was fun. It was serious business, too. They had seen big teams in action—high school teams and college teams. These sand-lot players were doing their best to copy the big teams they had seen—perhaps through a knot-hole in a fence.

Standing shyly but alertly by was a little yellow-haired Norwegian immigrant boy, watching his first game of American football! He was small but wiry and plucky-looking. He watched the kick-off, the catch, the run, the



tackle, the pile up. It completely absorbed him. In Voss, Norway, he had never seen such a game. Now he must learn to play it, because now he, too, was an American.

A decade later Hyde Park's football team, champion of the Mid-west, was to play the High School champions of the East—"Poly-Prep" from Brooklyn, New York. The little fair-haired Norseman had worked and studied, played and fought his way earnestly on into the old North-west Division High. His spirit and go and alertness made his 120 pounds worth much more. He played end and played it well. He was courageous and fast on his feet.

While their own team had been eliminated earlier, they were deeply interested in the whole championship business. Knute and his friend decided to see this great game. They started early and got across the city. It is not recorded how they gained admission nor where they sat, but they saw this great game—literally devoured every play. They saw Hyde Park's scoring machine, working with almost flawless precision, make score after score against the East's champion team. Here they saw Eckersall, quarterback of Hyde Park, handling his team like the great general that he was. He and the team worked smoothly, easily, and with the polish born of practice for perfection. He found the

weak spots, he noted the shift of a player, he mixed up the plays; it was a superb piece of real teamwork, ably directed.

Rockne saw it all and was captivated by Eckersall's skill. "Eckie" became his idol. That day Knute registered a new ideal and standard of a smooth-working scoring machine. The score was Hyde Park—105, Brooklyn—0.

When young Rockne finished high school, he went to work in the Chicago Post Office. Encouraged by his sister, he worked for four long years until he had saved out of his modest salary enough money to go to college. As September approached and the boys returned from their summer's work, he met his two high school friends, Plant and Devine, who, like himself, were good "sprinters" and athletes. Where should they go? They talked it over and the others said, "Come on, let's all go to Notre Dame. It doesn't cost as much, and you can get a job to help pay your way." That settled it, and they went together.

Upon his admission, Knute obtained a job as janitor of the old chemistry laboratory. He was assigned a room in the old dormitory, and as he was unpacking his few belongings, a young stranger entered. Extending his hand, with that warm cordiality and courtesy which made him friends and kept them, Rockne said, "I'm Rockne of Chicago. Are you my new roommate?"

"I guess I am. My name's 'Gus' Dorais, from Chippewa Falls, Kansas."

They became great pals. During summer vacation they both got jobs as life guards on the Lake Erie beach at Cedar Point, Ohio. They took a football with them and all summer long they practiced the forward pass—from Dorais to Rockne. From every angle they tried it and mastered it. It finally worked like a machine. Rockne was a fast end—how he could run! In addition he mastered a new way to catch the ball, not against his chest, but with his hands

high in the air, reaching for the ball and pulling it in toward his body. He learned to jump into the air to get it.

In the fall, Notre Dame was scheduled to play the Army at West Point! To Notre Dame, it was a great chance—to the Army team, it was merely a little “practice game” to tune them up in preparation for their big ones.

The day, November 1, 1913, finally arrived. Rockne was the captain of his team. The whole student body went down to see them off, and the little squad journeyed to West Point—the first of many such pilgrimages in later years. At West Point, they were accorded every courtesy. With all the wondrous pomp of a West Point parade, the great band played and marched; the cadets paraded and filled their stands.

The whistle blew. The game was on. In the early scrimmages the Army line—15 pounds heavier to the man—pushed the somewhat bewildered Hoosiers around a bit—but not for long. They soon settled down and held the Army on “downs.” Then Dorais decided to open things up a bit. In a half-huddle, he whispered, “A forward pass, Rock.” As the big Army linesman charged toward him, Dorais threw a perfect pass to Rockne—eleven yards and a first down!—and again and again—three first downs! Then Rockne came out of the scrimmage limping, and the next three passes went to Pilaska—Rockne still limping. His opponent became careless and perhaps a bit bored. Then came the signal for a long pass to “Rock.” Like a flash he was gone, and the careful pass, timed to exactness by weeks of practice on the beach at Cedar Point, went 40 yards to Rockne’s outstretched hands and a clear touchdown. The crowd was astounded. “Who are these Westerners?” “Oh, yes! From some place in Indiana.”

Of course the Army fought back. They drove through two straight touchdowns by a driving march up the field, the Hoosiers contesting every inch. But it availed them

nothing. When the Army defense would spread out too much for the passes, Dorais would send the giant Eichenlaub through the line for heavy gains.

When the timekeeper called time, the score was Notre Dame—35, Army—13.

Notre Dame's sports history had begun. Rockne had been discovered. Year after year, since 1913, this smaller university has produced football teams that challenged the respect and admiration and fired the imagination of the entire world of sport.

They played hard. They played fair and clean. They played fast, with snap and skill and polish. They were resourceful. They played as a team. They were superb. They were a credit to their university and the game of football.

In 1918 when Harper left Notre Dame—to return in 1931—it was necessary to replace him as football coach. Meanwhile Rockne had been graduated with cum laude recognition and had become distinguished on the campus as a chemistry instructor and an assistant football coach.

Rockne's thoroughness and careful grasp of the game, in addition to his power over men, had impressed everyone, and Harper, when asked whom he could recommend to replace him, promptly said, "Rockne is the best qualified man for the job."

The record of Rockne's thirteen years eloquently tells its own story—87.1% won and 9.7% lost. But back of this marvelous itinerary of champion teams is another record far greater than the goals crossed and the points scored, and that was the great personal power of Rockne himself—the magnetic, deep, earnest influence which he exerted over the lives of his boys. Of course that is the goal toward which all real coaches and teachers strive—to stimulate and encourage, to strengthen and help boys build themselves into strong, manly, courageous, energetic, powerful, clean, useful men.

Knute Rockne stood out as a giant among men in the influence of his own character. Modest, unassuming, thorough, exacting, humorous, human—he scored these eternal values throughout his own life. That was his goal, and he reached it.

Share Your Ideas

1. Knute Rockne was a self-made man. Certain factors in his heritage and background were assets with which he faced life. Make a list of these assets and explain why each proved advantageous. Read passages from the story which justify your points.
2. Rockne's success did not come without careful preparation. Discuss the steps by which he advanced.
3. What was the new play Rockne and Dorais practiced on the Lake Erie beach during their summer vacation? Have a football player explain this technique.
4. What effect did the play have on the sports history of Notre Dame? on Rockne's career?
5. Make a list of the qualities that made Rockne a great football coach. Then have the group decide which single quality led most directly to his success.

Make Your Vocabulary Grow

The following list is made up of words from the story. The prefix or suffix of each is underlined. Build five additional words for each prefix and suffix.

slackers

neighborhood

homecraft

encourage

championship

unassuming

foresee

preparation

immigrant

impressed

alertness

undoubtedly

flawless

dishonorable

Revelation

By Ruth Comfort Mitchell

He had not made the team. The ultimate moment—
Last practice for the big game, his senior year—
Had come and gone again with dizzying swiftness.
It was all over now, and the sudden cheer
That rose and swelled to greet the elect eleven
Sounded his bitter failure on his ear.

He had not made the team. He was graduating:
The last grim chance was gone and the last hope fled;
The final printed list tacked up in the quarters;
A girl in the bleachers turned away her head.
He knew that she was trying to keep from crying;
Under his tan there burned a painful red.

He had not made the team. The family waiting
His wire, upstate; the little old loyal town
That had looked to him year by year to make it famous,
And lauded him each time home with fresh renown;
The men from the house there, tense, breathlessly watching,
And, after all, once more, he'd thrown them down.

He had not made the team, after years of striving;
After all he had paid to try, and held it cheap,—
The sweat and blood and strain and iron endurance,—
And the harassed nights, too aching-tired to sleep;
The limp that perhaps he might be cured of some day;
The ugly scar that he would always keep.

He had not made the team. He watched from the sidelines,
Two days later, a part of a sad patrol,

Battered and bruised in his crouched blanketed body,
Sick and sore to his depths and aloof in dole,
Until he saw the enemy's swift advancing
Sweeping his teammates backward. Then from his soul
Was cleansed the sense of self and the sting of failure,
And he was one of a pulsing, straining whole,
Bracing to stem the tide of the on-flung bodies,
Helping to halt that steady, relentless roll;
Then he was part of a fighting, frenzied unit
Forcing them back and back and back from the goal.
There on the sidelines came the thought like a whip-crack
As his team rallied and rose and took control:
*He had not made the team, but for four long seasons,
Each of ten grinding weeks, he had given the flower,
The essence, and strength of body, brain and spirit,
He and his kind—the second team—till the power
To cope with opposition and to surmount it
Into the team was driven against this hour!*

What did it matter who held onto the leather,
He or another? What was a four-years' dream?
Out of his heart the shame and rancor lifted;
There burst from his throat a hoarse, exultant scream.
Not in the fight, but part of it, he was winning!
This was his victory: he had *made* the team!

Share Your Ideas

1. After you have read the poem silently, look up the definition of "revelation" and explain why this makes a good title.
2. What is the boy's mood in the first four stanzas? Explain why his attitude changed in the fifth stanza.
3. Interpret the following quotation:
"Not in the fight, but part of it, he was winning!
This was his victory: he had *made* the team!"

The Girl Who Wouldn't Quit

To help you draw generalizations

As you read this story, think of some general rules that must be followed by sportsmen if they wish to succeed. This is an editorial and as such expresses the personal opinion of the man by whom it was written. An editorial not only gives you the news, but it also *evaluates* it. The editorial page of a newspaper or magazine is the only place in a "good" publication where personal opinion, based on fact, is expressed.

The world is indebted to Miss Gertrude Ederle for one of the most satisfying thrills in the whole summer's news. The fact that she was the first woman to swim the English Channel, her extraordinary speed which lowered by nearly two hours the record of the best male swimmer, her youth, and her gay courage captured the imagination of all the continents. The detailed story of her epic swim, from the moment she plunged into the water at Cape Gris Nez until she found her feet on British shingle, is a narrative which sparkles with evidence of clean grit and tenacity of purpose. In all the annals of sport there is no finer record than that of this young American girl.

Miss Ederle was in superb physical condition. Under one hundred and fifty pounds in weight, she has highly developed and perfectly coordinated muscles. She has a chest expansion of eight inches. She is the mistress of an easy and powerful stroke which gets her through the water with the smallest outlay of energy. All these things contributed to her victory; but it was her blithe courage and



laughing pluck which made them function so effectively and finally brought her through. It was not physical strength alone that gave her power to withstand the surge of twenty-foot waves hour in and hour out, the chill of the waters, and all the hardships of storm, gale, and darkness. It was not mere muscle that made her twice refuse to come out of the water when the elements seemed too much for her, or which prompted her, when at last her feet pressed solid English gravel, to swim back to the escorting tug to greet her friends. At no time while she was in the water did she appear to slacken her efforts.

There is every reason to hope and believe that Miss Ederle's great achievement will intensify interest in swimming as a sport for both men and women. There is no outdoor activity better calculated to develop the entire body,

none which brings fewer evils in its train, and none which is more perfectly adapted to the needs of young people.

Some of our larger universities make swimming a compulsory subject and require a certain degree of proficiency in it before they will confer a degree upon an able-bodied student. Every college rich enough to afford a swimming pool might adopt this rule to advantage. Every youngster should be taught to take care of himself in the water.

Protection from drowning is not the only immunity the frequent swimmer enjoys. Swimming not only enlarges the lung capacity and develops wind and muscle, but also builds up a stubborn power to resist disease. The more swimming we do, the better our national health will be. We owe Miss Ederle a note of thanks for the thrilling and spectacular manner in which she has drawn attention to its possibilities.

Check Yourself

1. Make a list of general rules that should be followed by an individual who wishes to succeed in sports.
2. Summarize the editor's opinion of Miss Ederle's physical condition and her swimming techniques.
3. Why should everyone be able to swim?
4. According to this editor, what personal qualities contributed to Miss Ederle's success?
5. In his opinion, what will be the chief result of Miss Ederle's achievement? To what extent has this been proved?

Make Your Vocabulary Grow

As you read, you probably noticed that well-chosen words resulted in a forceful yet brief article. Read this editorial to determine how this was accomplished. Then write an editorial on a news item in which you are interested. Care in your choice of words and sentence structure will enable you to say a great deal in a few sentences.

Lou Gehrig - An American Hero

By Paul Gallico

Lou Gehrig was one of the greatest baseball players in the country. He patiently labored to become an expert in a game he loved. He was an avid player both in high school and in college, and in 1925 he was made a "regular" with the New York Yankees. In the following article Paul Gallico, sports writer, tells of Gehrig's greatest triumph and the last chapter of a baseball hero's life. Read the story for enjoyment and to compare Lou Gehrig with Knute Rockne and Gertrude Ederle.

Success in full measure had come to Henry Louis Gehrig, the American-born son of immigrant German parents. He had fame, money, popularity, love, and, thanks to his wife, Eleanor, even a little self-assurance.

The awkward boy who could neither bat nor field as a youngster had, by his unswerving persistence, his gnawing ambition, his tenacity and iron will-power, made himself into the greatest first baseman in the history of baseball.

I remember writing years ago about Gehrig: "To my mind there is no greater inspiration to any American boy than Lou Gehrig and his career. For if the awkward, inept, and clumsy Gehrig that I knew in the beginning could turn himself into the finest first-base-covering machine in all baseball, through sheer drive and determination, then nothing is impossible to any man or boy in this country."

When the "All-Star" games were played each summer, there was bitter controversy about who should play many of the positions. But it was almost automatically conceded

that Lou Gehrig should play first base for the American Leaguers. Unhesitatingly, he was placed at first base on any "All" team.

In 1934 Lou won the triple batting championship of the American League and gave it to his wife as a first anniversary present. That year he led his league in hitting, batting .363, hitting 49 home runs, and driving in 165 runs.

It is interesting to note Babe Ruth's waning record for the same year. He hit .288, knocked 22 out of the park, and batted in 84 runs.

The following year Lou Gehrig was out from beneath the shadow of Babe Ruth. The Babe was no longer with the Yankee team. Wear and tear and time had tapped Ruth. But actually, Gehrig had begun to emerge even before Ruth's retirement. For not even the Babe could cast a shadow large enough to blanket the Iron Horse.

Gehrig's modesty and self-depreciation kept him in the background, but his deeds, his amazing vitality, durability, and the quality of his play now refused to be submerged.

Sincere tributes to the man appeared in the sports columns. From the Olympian slopes of the press box, the sports writers began to look down with honest affection at the piano legs, the broad rear porch which had earned him the name of Biscuit Pants, the powerful, smooth-swinging shoulders, and the young and pleasant face of "that big, dumb Dutchman."

Success! The Golden Decade was buried in the limbo of beautiful dreams. There was a new era and a new team. With Lou as captain, the Bronx Bombers won the American League pennant in 1936, 1937, and 1938. They won three World Series in a row, two from the Giants, 4-2 and 4-1, and one from the helpless Cubs in straight games.

In 1936, exactly nine years after he had first achieved this honor, Lou was again named the most valuable player in the American League.

Toward the end of the last decade, the name, the figure, and above all, the simple engaging personality of Lou Gehrig became welded into the national scene. With the baseball season came Gehrig. With Gehrig came home runs, triples, doubles, excitement, and faultless play around first base. And his consecutive-games record went on and on.

Lou played with colds. He played with fevers. He played so doubled over with lumbago that it was impossible for him to straighten up; and bent over at the plate, he still got himself a single.

I wonder whether you know what that means to a ball-player, and particularly one who plays at first base where there is daily danger both from ball and man.

The year he won the triple crown, he fractured a toe, but he played on. He was knocked unconscious by a wild pitch, suffering a concussion that would hospitalize the average man for two weeks. The next day, he was at his position and collected four hits. When, late in his career, his hands were X-rayed, they found seventeen assorted fractures that had healed by themselves. He had broken every finger on both hands and some twice, and *hadn't even mentioned it*.

The fantastic thing about all this is not that he was able to endure the pain of breaks, strains, sprains, pulled and torn tendons, muscles, and ligaments, but that it failed to impair his efficiency. On the contrary, if he had something the matter with him, it was the signal for him to try all the harder, so that no one, least of all his own severe conscience, could accuse him of handicapping his team while playing in a crippled condition.

When, in 1939, Lou Gehrig found himself slow in spring training, he began to punish his body for a failure that was unaccountable and to drive it harder than ever before.

It had begun before that, the slow tragedy of going to pieces. During most of 1938, Gehrig had been on a strict

diet. That year had not been a good one. He and Eleanor had gone ice skating together as was their custom. Lou was a fine skater, but, strangely, he fell repeatedly.

The teams went South for the 1939 training season, and the sports writers went along. With one accord they began sending back stories that must have saddened them to write. I know sports writers. When you grow to love an athlete the way Lou Gehrig was loved, it isn't fun to oil your typewriter with his blood and be the first to write of the passing from the sports scene of a once-great figure.

What they saw was not unfamiliar to them. The useful playing lifetime of a top-flight professional athlete is on the average shockingly short. A sports writer is quick to notice the first symptoms of slowing up. They were obvious with Gehrig at St. Petersburg. He was slow afoot, afield, and at bat. And while he fought like a rookie to hold his position, no improvement was evident. Sadly the sports writers wrote that the old Iron Horse was running down.

But the players on the Yankee ball club were saying something else. They were close to Gehrig—close enough to touch. They noticed things that worried and depressed them. And they had knowledge of their craft and of themselves. One of the things they knew was that a ballplayer slows up only gradually. His legs go, slowly at first, then noticeably as he no longer covers the ground he once did in the field. But he doesn't come apart suddenly.

Bill Dickey, Lou's closest friend, was worried sick. He began to watch over Lou the way a father watches over a child. And nobody would say anything to Gehrig because, rough and tough though the ballplayer may be, he is a sensitive fellow and a respecter of private feelings.

There are grim tales of things that happened in the locker room. One tells of Gehrig leaning over to lace his spikes while dressing and falling forward to the floor, to lie helpless for a moment. And it tells further of tough men with

the fine instincts to look away and not to hurt his already tortured soul the more by offering to help. Quickly they left the locker room, leaving him to struggle to his feet alone with no eyes to see his weakness.

Among the elements that go to make up a hero is the capacity for quiet, uncomplaining suffering, the ability to take it and never let the world suspect that you are taking it. This was Lou Gehrig. Not even his wife knew, though she must have suspected, how terribly Gehrig suffered.

Picture the fear, the helpless bewilderment that must have filled Lou's soul as he found that he could not bat, could not run, could not field. Life for him took on nightmare aspects. All the fear-dreams to which humans are prone, dreams of shameful failure, dreams of an inability to run when being pursued, dreams of performing some well-remembered daily office with grotesque results, now haunted his waking hours.

The strain and terror of it lined his face in a few short months and brought gray to his hair. But it could not force a complaint from his lips.

Gehrig's most powerful reaction, when it became apparent that there was something wrong with him, was to drive himself still harder, to punish his flagging muscles and sick body relentlessly. He was certain it was work he needed. It never occurred to him to blame something quite outside his own power to control.

His performance during the early part of 1939 was pitiful. And yet, so great was the spell cast by his integrity, his honest attempts to please, and his service over the long years, that that worst-mannered, worst-tempered individual in the world, the baseball fan, forebore to heckle him.

On Sunday, April 30, 1939, the Yankees played the Senators in Washington. Lou Gehrig came to bat four times with runners on base. He failed even to meet the ball, and the Yankees lost.

Something else happened that day. There was a toss ball at first. The pitcher fielded a one-hop grounder, ran over toward first, and tossed the ball underhand to Lou.

Lou muffed the throw.

Monday was an off day. Lou went away by himself. He had a lot of thinking to do and wanted to do it alone. He had the toughest decision of his life to make.

Tuesday, May second, the team met in Detroit to open a series against the Tigers. Joe McCarthy flew in from Buffalo. Lou met him in the dugout and said the fateful words: "Joe, I always said that when I felt I couldn't help the team any more I would take myself out of the line-up. I guess that time has come."

"When do you want to quit, Lou?" asked McCarthy.

Gehrig looked at him steadily and said, "Now. Put Babe Dahlgren in."

Later, alone in the dugout, he wept.

The record ended at 2,130 games.

The newspapers and the sports world buzzed with the news of Gehrig's departure from the Yankee line-up.

At the urging of Eleanor, Lou went to the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, for a check up.

There was a lull in the news. Then out of a clear sky the storm burst again. Black headlines tore across the page tops like clouds and lightened their messages: "GEHRIG HAS INFANTILE PARALYSIS." "GEHRIG FIGHTS PARALYZING ILLNESS." The mystery of the too-sudden decline and passing of Henry Louis Gehrig, perennial Yankee first baseman, was solved.

Before Gehrig came home from the Mayo Clinic, Eleanor went to their family physician, gave him the name of the disease, and asked to be told the truth about it. The doctor knew her well. He said quietly, "I think you should know." Then he told her that her husband could not live for more than two years.

Eleanor went home. She closed her door upon herself, shutting out the world. But before she could give in to grief and shock for the first and last time, she telephoned to the Mayo Clinic. She had but one question to ask of the doctors there: "Have you told my husband?"

Gehrig had so captivated the staff that they had not yet had the heart to tell him the truth, and they so advised Eleanor.

She begged, "Please promise me that you never will. Don't ever let him know. I don't want him to find out."

The time of weeping was short. Lou came home. He came home full of smiles and jokes, and the girl who met him was smiling and laughing too, though neither noticed that in the laughter of the other there was something feverish. They were too busy to notice—too busy with their magnificent deception of each other.

Lou's cheer was based outwardly on the fact that he hadn't just been an aging ballplayer; that his sudden disintegration had been caused by disease—a disease of which he promised Eleanor he would be cured before he learned to pronounce its name.

Eleanor fought constantly to keep the truth from Lou. She had always to answer the telephone, to look after the mail before he saw it. Ever present was the menace of the one moronic informer who might slip through the shields of love she placed about her husband and tell him that his case was hopeless.

As to what Lou knew—he never told anybody.

To all intents and purposes, Gehrig went into the battle with his chin up and his determination blazing. If the knowledge was clear within him that the cards were stacked against him and he could not win, he fought, nevertheless. He would have fought if only to keep up Eleanor's courage, to prevent her from realizing the hopelessness of his situation.

On July 4, 1939, there took place the most tragic and touching scene ever enacted on a baseball diamond. Lou Gehrig Appreciation Day, as it was called, was a gesture of love and appreciation on the part of everyone concerned, a spontaneous reaching out to a man who had been good and kind and decent, to thank him for having been so.

The suggestion that there be a Gehrig Day began in the sports column of Bill Corum of the *Journal-American*. Other columnists concurred, and the event was set between the games of a Fourth of July double-header.



The most touching demonstration of what the day meant was the coming from the ends of the country of Gehrig's former teammates, the famous Murderer's Row, the powerful Yankees of 1927. They were all there, even George Herman Ruth. The Babe was there with an arm around Lou and a whispered pleasantry that came at a time when Gehrig was very near collapse from the emo-

tions that turmoiled within him. It needed Babe's nonsense to make him smile.

The principal speakers were Jim Farley, then Postmaster-General, and New York's former Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia. Sixty-one thousand, eight hundred and eight were in the stands. It was what was known as A Great Day.

To Lou Gehrig, it was good-by to everything that he had known and loved.

It was good-by to baseball; to the big steel-and-concrete stadium where he had served so long; to the neat green diamond with the smooth dirt paths cut by the sharp steel baseball cleats; to the towering stands with the waving pennons, the crowds, their roar and color.

It was good-by, too, to the men with whom he had played for fourteen years, the happy, friendly men who had been his shipmates through life.

In the stands was all that he held dear: his mother and father seated in a box, unaware of his doom; his wife seated in another. Lifelong friends were in the boxes, cheering and applauding. And as Lou observed them gathered in his honor, he knew he was seeing them thus for the last time.

Gifts piled up for him—a silver service, smoking sets, writing sets, fishing tackle. They were from the Yankees; from their great rivals the Giants; from the baseball writers; and even from the ushers in the stadium and the peanut boys. The objects were a mockery, because Lou could no longer possess them. But the warmth of the feeling that prompted their presentation melted that iron reserve and broke him down.

It was so human and so heroic that Gehrig should have wept there in public before the sixty-one thousand, not for pity of himself, nor yet for the beauty and sweetness of the world he would soon leave, but because the boy who all his life had convinced himself that he had no worth, that he

did not matter* and never would, understood on this day, for the first time perhaps, how much people loved him.

Not only his immediate family, his adored wife, his personal friends were broadcasting their warmth to him, but huge masses of plain, simple people with whom he felt a deep kinship. He was the lone receiving station. To tune in suddenly upon so much love was nearly too much for him.

The speeches were ended at last, the gifts given, and the stadium rocked as wave after wave of cheers rolled down from the stands and broke over him. For a little while, as he stood at the microphones, it seemed as if the huge combers of sound might engulf him. He stood with his head bowed to the tumult and pressed a handkerchief to his eyes.

But when at last, encouraged by his friend Ed Barrow, a burly bear of a man with the kindest of hearts, he faced the instruments and the people behind him, the noise stopped abruptly. Everyone waited for what he would say. With a curled finger he dashed away the tears that would not stay back, lifted his head and spoke his own never-to-be-forgotten epitaph:

"For the past two weeks you have been reading about a bad break I got. Yet today I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth— — —"

The clangy, iron echo of the Yankee Stadium picked up the sentence that poured from the loud-speakers and hurled it forth into the world. "The luckiest man on the face of the earth— — — the luckiest man on the face of the earth — — — luckiest man—"

Almost two more years had to pass before the end came to Henry Louis Gehrig, and Eleanor says that during that time he was always laughing, cheerful, interested in everything, impatient only of unasked-for sympathy. In short, he lived his daily life.

Gehrig achieved the life everlasting in that he left behind a vital part of himself in the hearts and minds of men. They have tried to express it in the perpetuating of his playing number "4" and his locker in the Yankee Stadium; in the naming of the intersection at Grand Concourse and East 161st Street, Gehrig Plaza; in the dedication to him of a World Series; in the screening by Samuel Goldwyn of a picture patterned after his life.

But the light that really shines like a friendly, beckoning beacon in the darkness is that of the spirit of a clean, honest, decent, kindly fellow. It is not so much the man whom our weary souls have honored as the things by which he lived and died. And for the seeing of those we must all of us be very grateful.

Check Yourself

The three preceding accounts of sports heroes might be called studies in characters. Three personalities are presented through accounts of what they did and what has been said about them. Make a careful study of the three characters. Then from the list below, choose a topic and write several paragraphs about it. You may make other comparisons if you wish. After the paragraphs are written, read them aloud in class in order that all may benefit by the various viewpoints expressed.

1. Comparison of Rockne, Ederle, and Gehrig in regard to the success each achieved in his own field.
2. Comparison of the three in regard to patience.
3. Comparison of the three in regard to physical endurance.
4. Comparison of the three in regard to ingenuity.
5. Comparison of the three in regard to the effect their personalities had on others.

Make Your Vocabulary Grow

1. The following list is made up of words from the story. The prefix or suffix of each is underlined. Build five additional words for each prefix and suffix.

afterwardsaffectionpowerfulhelplessunswervingintersectionineptvaluableplayerhospitalizeautomaticallyapartforwardsweetnesssubmergereaction

2. Write a synonym for each of the following words from the story:

(a) inspiration

(g) mockery

(b) determination

(h) captivated

(c) controversy

(i) deception

(d) decade

(j) tenacity

(e) assorted

(k) beckon

(f) fantastic

(l) spontaneous

3. Write an antonym for each of the following words from the story:

(a) depressed

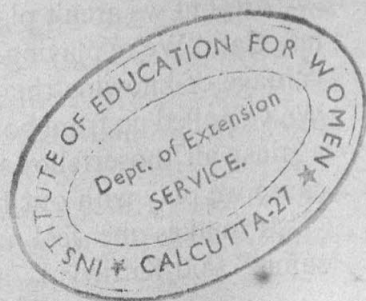
(d) self-assurance

(b) grim

(e) reserve

(c) magnificent

(f) sensitive



The Maltese Cat

By Rudyard Kipling

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In the following account of a polo game, the horses, with The Maltese Cat as their leader, tell their own story.

They had good reason to be proud, and better reason to be afraid, all twelve of them; for though they had fought their way, game by game, up the teams entered for the polo tournament, they were meeting the Archangels that afternoon in the final match; and the Archangels' men were playing with half a dozen ponies apiece. As the game was divided into six quarters of eight minutes each, that meant a fresh pony after every halt. The Skidars' team, even supposing there were no accidents, could supply only one pony for every other change; and two to one is heavy odds. Again, as Shiraz, the gray Syrian, pointed out, they were meeting the pink and pick of the polo ponies of Upper India, ponies that had cost from a thousand rupees each, while they themselves were a cheap lot gathered, often from country carts, by their masters, who belonged to a poor but honest native infantry regiment.

"Money means pace and weight," said Shiraz, rubbing his black-silk nose dolefully along his neat-fitting boot, "and by the maxims of the game as I know it—"

"Ah, but we aren't playing the maxims," said The Maltese Cat. "We're playing the game; and we've the great advantage of knowing the game. Just think a stride, Shiraz! We've pulled up from bottom to second place in two weeks against all those fellows on the ground here. That's because we play with our heads as well as our feet."

"It makes me feel undersized and unhappy all the same," said Kittiwynk, a mouse-colored mare with a red

brow-band and the cleanest pair of legs that ever an aged pony owned. "They're twice our style, these others."

Kittiwynk looked at the gathering and sighed. The hard, dusty polo ground was lined with thousands of soldiers, black and white, not counting hundreds and hundreds of carriages and drags and dogcarts, and ladies with brilliant-colored parasols, and officers in uniform and out of it, and crowds of natives behind them, and orderlies on camels, who had halted to watch the game, instead of carrying letters up and down the station, and native horse dealers running about on thin-eared Biluchi mares, looking for a chance to sell a few first-class polo ponies. Then there were the ponies of thirty teams that had entered for the Upper India Free-for-All Cup—nearly every pony of worth and dignity, from Mhow to Peshawar, from Allahabad to Multan; prize ponies, Arabs, Syrian, Barb, countrybred, Decanee, Waziri, and Kabul ponies of every color and shape and temper that you could imagine. Some of them were in mat-roofed stables, close to the polo ground, but most were under saddle, while their masters, who had been defeated in the earlier games, trotted in and out and told the world exactly how the game should be played.

It was a glorious sight, and the come and go of the little, quick hooves, and the incessant salutations of ponies that had met before on other polo grounds or race-courses were enough to drive a four-footed thing wild.

But the Skidars' team were careful not to know their neighbors, though half the ponies on the ground were anxious to scrape acquaintance with the little fellows that had come from the North and, so far, had swept the board.

"Let's see," said a soft, gold-colored Arab, who had been playing very badly the day before, to The Maltese Cat, "didn't we meet in Abdul Rahman's stable in Bombay, four seasons ago? I won the Paikpattan Cup next season, you may remember?"

"Not me," said The Maltese Cat, politely. "I was at Malta then, pulling a vegetable cart. I don't race. I play the game."

"Oh!" said the Arab, cocking his tail and swaggering off.

"Keep yourselves to yourselves," said The Maltese Cat to his companions. "We don't want to rub noses with all those goose-rumped half-breeds of Upper India. When we've won this Cup they'll give their shoes to know *us*."

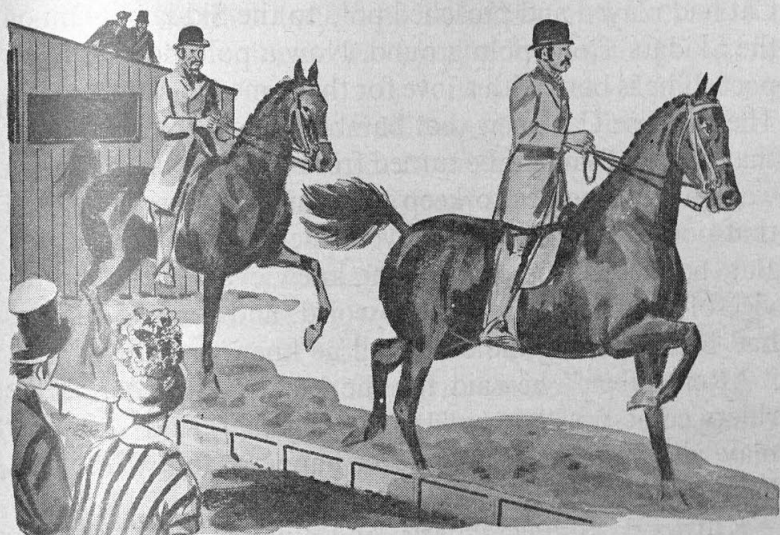
"We sha'n't win it," said Shiraz. "How do you feel?"

"Stale as last night's feed when a muskrat has run over it," said Polaris, a rather heavy-shouldered gray; and the rest of the team agreed with him.

"The sooner you forget that the better," said The Maltese Cat cheerfully. "They've finished tiffin in the big tent. We shall be wanted now. If your saddles are not comfy, kick. If your bits aren't easy, rear, and let the *saises* know whether your boots are tight."

Each pony had his *sais*, his groom, who lived and ate and slept with the animal and had bet a good deal more than he could afford on the result of the game. There was no chance of anything going wrong, but to make sure, each *sais* was shampooing the legs of his pony to the last minute. Behind the *saises* sat as many of the Skidars' regiment as had leave to attend the match—about half the native officers and a hundred or two dark, black-bearded men with the regimental pipers nervously fingering the big, beribboned bagpipes. The Skidars were what they call a Pioneer regiment, and the bagpipes made the national music of half their men. The native officers held bundles of polo sticks, long cane-handled mallets, and as the grandstand filled after lunch, they arranged themselves by one's and two's at different points round the ground, so that if a stick were broken, the player would not have far to ride for a new one. An impatient British Cavalry Band struck up "If you want to know the time, ask a p'leeceman!" and the





two umpires in light dust-coats danced out on two little excited ponies. The four players of the Archangels' team followed, and the sight of their beautiful mounts made Shiraz groan again.

"Wait till we know," said The Maltese Cat. "Two of 'em are playing in blinkers, and that means they can't see to get out of the way of their own side, or they *may* shy at the umpires' ponies. They've *all* got white webreins that are sure to stretch or slip!"

"And," said Kittiwynk, dancing to take the stiffness out of her, "they carry their whips in their hands instead of on their wrists. Hah!"

"True enough. No man can manage his stick and his reins and his whip that way," said The Maltese Cat. "I've fallen over every square yard of the Malta ground, and I ought to know."

He quivered his little, flea-bitten withers just to show how satisfied he felt; but his heart was not so light. Ever since he had drifted into India on a troopship, taken, with an old rifle, as part payment for a racing debt, The Maltese

Cat had played and preached polo to the Skidars' team on the Skidars' stony polo ground. Now a polo pony is like a poet. If he is born with a love for the game, he can be made. The Maltese Cat knew that bamboos grew solely in order that polo balls might be turned from their roots, that grain was given to ponies to keep them in hard condition, and that ponies were shod to prevent their slipping on a turn. But, besides all these things, he knew every trick and device of the finest game in the world, and for two seasons had been teaching the others all he knew or guessed.

"Remember," he said for the hundredth time, as the riders came up, "you *must* play together, and you *must* play with your heads. Whatever happens, follow the ball. Who goes out first?"

Kittiwynek, Shiraz, Polaris, and a short, high little bay fellow with tremendous hocks and no withers worth speaking of (he was called Corks) were being girthed up, and the soldiers in the background stared with all their eyes.

"I want you men to keep quiet," said Lutyens, the captain of the team, "and especially not to blow your pipes."

"Not if we win, Captain Sahib?" asked the piper.

"If we win you can do what you please," said Lutyens, with a smile, as he slipped the loop of his stick over his wrist and wheeled to canter to his place. The Archangels' ponies were a little bit above themselves on account of the many-colored crowd so close to the ground. Their riders were excellent players, but they were a team of crack players instead of a crack team; and that made all the difference in the world. They honestly meant to play together, but it is very hard for four men, each the best of the team he is picked from, to remember that in polo no brilliancy in hitting or riding makes up for playing alone. Their captain shouted his orders to them by name, and it is a curious thing that if you call his name aloud in public after an Englishman, you make him hot and fretty. Lutyens said

nothing to his men, because it had all been said before. He pulled up Shiraz, for he was playing "back," to guard the goal. Powell on Polaris was halfback, and MacNamara and Hughes on Corks and Kittiwynk were forwards. The tough, bamboo ball was set in the middle of the ground, one hundred and fifty yards from the ends, and Hughes crossed sticks, heads up, with the Captain of the Archangels, who saw fit to play forward; that is a place from which you cannot easily control your team. The little click as the cane shafts met was heard all over the ground, and then Hughes made some sort of quick wriststroke that just dribbled the ball a few yards. Kittiwynk knew that stroke of old and followed as a cat follows a mouse. While the Captain of the Archangels was wrenching his pony round, Hughes struck with all his strength, and next instant Kittiwynk was away, Corks following close behind her, their little feet pattering like raindrops on glass.

"Pull out to the left," said Kittiwynk between her teeth, "it's coming your way, Corks!"

The back and halfback of the Archangels were tearing down on her just as she was within reach of the ball. Hughes leaned forward with a loose rein, and cut it away to the left almost under Kittiwynk's foot, and it hopped and skipped off to Corks, who saw that, if he was not quick, it would run beyond the boundaries. That long bouncing drive gave the Archangels time to wheel and send three men across the ground to head off Corks. Kittiwynk stayed where she was; she knew the game. Corks was on the ball half a fraction of a second before the others came up, and MacNamara, with a backhanded stroke, sent it back across the ground to Hughes, who saw the way clear to the Archangels' goal and smacked the ball in before anyone quite knew what had happened.

"That's luck," said Corks, as they changed ends. "A goal in three minutes for three hits, and no riding to speak of."

"Don't know," said Polaris. "We've made 'em angry too soon. Shouldn't wonder if they tried to rush us off our feet next time."

"Keep the ball hanging then," said Shiraz. "That wears out every pony that is not used to it."

Next time there was no easy galloping across the ground. All the Archangels closed up as one man, but there they stayed, for Corks, Kittiwynk, and Polaris were somewhere on the top of the ball, marking time among the rattling sticks, while Shiraz circled outside, waiting for a chance.

"We can do this all day," said Polaris, ramming his quarters into the side of another pony. "Where do you think you're shoving to?"

"I'll—I'll be driven in an *ekka* if I know," was the gasping reply, "and I'd give a week's feed to get my blinkers off. I can't see anything."

"The dust is rather bad. Whew! That was one for my off-hock. Where's the ball, Corks?"

"Under my tail. At least, the man's looking for it there! This is beautiful. They can't use their sticks, and it's driving 'em wild. Give old Blinkers a push and he'll go over."

"Here, don't touch me! I can't see. I'll—I'll back out, I think," said the pony in blinkers, who knew that if you can't see all round your head, you cannot prop yourself against the shock.

Corks was watching the ball where it lay in the dust, close to his near fore leg, with MacNamara's shortened stick tap-tapping it from time to time. Kittiwynk was edging her way out of the scrimmage, whisking her stump of a tail with nervous excitement.

"Ho! They've got it," she snorted. "Let me out!" and she galloped like a rifle bullet behind a tall, lanky pony of the Archangels, whose rider was swinging for a stroke.

"Not today, thank you," said Hughes, as the blow slid off his raised stick, and Kittiwynk laid her shoulder to the



tall pony's quarters and shoved him aside just as Lutyens on Shiraz sent the ball where it had come from, and the tall pony went skating and slipping away to the left. Kittiwynk, seeing that Polaris had joined Corks in the chase for the ball up the ground, dropped into Polaris' place, and then "time" was called.

The Skidars' ponies wasted no time in kicking or fuming. They knew that each minute's rest meant so much gain and trotted off to the rails, and their *saises* began to scrape and blanket and rub them at once.

"Whew!" said Corks, stiffening up to get all the tickle of the big vulcanite scraper. "If we were playing pony for pony, we would bend those Archangels double in half an hour. But they'll bring fresh ones and fresh ones and fresh ones after that—you see."

"Who cares?" said Polaris. "We've drawn first blood. Is my back swelling?"

"Looks puffy," said Corks. "You must have had rather a swipe. Don't let it stiffen. You'll be wanted again in half an hour."

"What's the game like?" said The Maltese Cat.

"Ground's like your shoe, except where they put too much water on it," said Kittiwynk. "Then it's slippery. Don't play in the center. There's a bog there. I don't know how their next four are going to behave, but we kept the ball hanging and made 'em lather for nothing. Who goes out? Two Arabs and a couple of country-breds! That's bad. What a comfort it is to wash your mouth out!"

Kitty was talking with a neck of a leather-covered soda-water bottle between her teeth, and trying to look over her withers at the same time. This gave her a coquettish air.

"What's bad?" said Gray Dawn, giving to the girth and admiring his well-set shoulders.

"You Arabs can't gallop fast enough to keep yourselves warm—that's what Kitty means," said Polaris, limping to



show that his hock needed attention. "Are you playing back, Gray Dawn?"

"Looks like it," said Gray Dawn, as Lutyens swung himself up. Powell mounted The Rabbit, a plain bay country-bred much like Corks, but with mulish ears. MacNamara took Faiz-Ullah, a handy, short-backed little red Arab with a long tail, and Hughes mounted Benami, an old and sullen brown beast, who stood over in front more than a polo pony should.

"Benami looks like business," said Shiraz. "How's your temper, Ben?" The old campaigner hobbled off without answering, and The Maltese Cat looked at the new Archangel ponies prancing about on the ground. They were four beautiful blacks, and they saddled big enough and strong enough to eat the Skidars' team and gallop away with the meal inside them.

"Blinkers again," said The Maltese Cat. "Good enough!"

"They're chargers—cavalry chargers!" said Kittiwynk, indignantly. "*They'll* never see thirteen-three again."

"They've all been fairly measured, and they've all got their certificates," said The Maltese Cat, "or they wouldn't be here. We must take things as they come along, and keep your eyes on the ball."

The game began, but this time the Skidars were penned to their own end of the ground, and the watching ponies did not approve of that.

"Faiz-Ullah is shirking—as usual," said Polaris, with a scornful grunt.

"Faiz-Ullah is eating whip," said Corks. They could hear the leather-thonged polo quirt lacing the little fellow's well-rounded barrel. Then The Rabbit's shrill neigh came across the ground.

"I can't do all the work," he cried, desperately.

"Play the game—don't talk," The Maltese Cat whickered; and all the ponies wriggled with excitement, and the

soldiers and the grooms gripped the railings and shouted. A black pony with blinkers had singled out old Benami, and was interfering with him in every possible way. They could see Benami shaking his head up and down and flapping his under lip.

"There'll be a fall in a minute," said Polaris. "Benami is getting stuffy."

The game flickered up and down between goal post and goal post, and the black ponies were getting more confident as they felt they had the legs of the others. The ball was hit out of a little scrimmage, and Benami and The Rabbit followed it, Faiz-Ullah only too glad to be quiet for an instant.

The blinkered black pony came up like a hawk, with two of his own side behind him, and Benami's eye glittered as he raced. The question was which pony should make way for the other, for each rider was perfectly willing to risk a fall in a good cause. The black, who had been driven nearly crazy by his blinkers, trusted to his weight and his temper; but Benami knew how to apply his weight and how to keep his temper. They met, and there was a cloud of dust. The black was lying on his side, and the breath knocked out of his body. The Rabbit was a hundred yards up the ground with the ball, and Benami was sitting down. He had slid nearly ten yards on his tail, but he had had his revenge and sat cracking his nostrils till the black pony rose.

"That's what you get for interfering. Do you want any more?" said Benami, and he plunged into the game. Nothing was done that quarter, because Faiz-Ullah would not gallop, though MacNamara beat him whenever he could spare a second. The fall of the black pony had impressed his companions, and so the Archangels could not profit by Faiz-Ullah's bad behaviour.

But as The Maltese Cat said when "time" was called and the four came back blowing and dripping, Faiz-Ullah

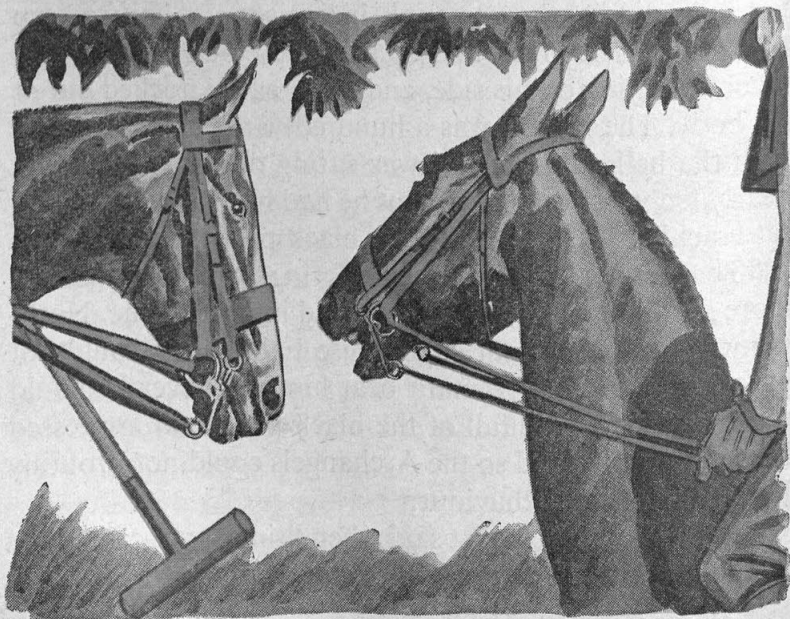
ought to have been kicked all round Umballa. If he did not behave better next time, The Maltese Cat promised to pull out his Arab tail by the roots and—eat it.

There was not time to talk; the third four were ordered out.

The third quarter of a game is generally the hottest, for each side thinks that the others must be pumped; and most of the winning play in a game is made about that time.

Lutyens took over The Maltese Cat with a pat and a hug, for Powell had Shikast, a little gray rat with no pedigree and no manners outside polo; MacNamara mounted Bamboo, the largest of the team; and Hughes, Who's Who, alias The Animal. He was supposed to have Australian blood in his veins, but he looked like a clothes-horse, and you could whack his legs with an iron crowbar without hurting him.

They went out to meet the very flower of the Archangels' team; and when Who's Who saw their elegantly booted legs and their beautiful satin skins, he grinned a grin through his light, well-worn bridle.



"My word!" said Who's Who. "We must give 'em a little football. These gentlemen need a rubbing down."

"No biting," said The Maltese Cat, warningly; for once or twice in his career Who's Who had been known to forget himself in that way.

"Who said anything about biting? I'm not playing tiddly-winks. I'm playing the game."

The Archangels came down like a wolf on the fold, for they were tired of football, and they wanted polo. They got it more and more. Just after the game began, Lutyens hit a ball that was coming towards him rapidly, and it rolled in the air, as a ball sometimes will, with the whirl of a frightened partridge. Shikast heard but could not see it for a minute, though he looked everywhere and up into the air as The Maltese Cat had taught him. When he saw it ahead and overhead, he went forward with Powell as fast as he could put foot to ground. It was then that Powell, a quiet and level-headed man, as a rule, became inspired and played a stroke that sometimes comes off successfully after long practice. He took his stick in both hands and, standing up in his stirrups, swiped at the ball in the air, Munipore fashion. There was one second of paralyzed astonishment, and then all four sides of the ground went up in a yell of applause and delight as the ball flew true (you could see the amazed Archangels ducking in their saddles to dodge the line of flight and looking at it with open mouths), and the regimental pipes of the Skidars squealed from the railings as long as the pipers had breath.

Shikast heard the stroke; but he heard the head of the stick fly off at the same time. Nine hundred and ninety-nine ponies out of a thousand would have gone tearing on after the ball with a useless player pulling at their heads; but Powell knew him, and he knew Powell; and the instant he felt Powell's right leg shift a trifle on the saddle flap, he headed to the boundary where a native officer was frantically

waving a new stick. Before the shouts had ended, Powell was armed again.

Once before in his life The Maltese Cat had heard that very same stroke played off his own back and had profited by the confusion it wrought. This time he acted on experience, and leaving Bamboo to guard the goal in case of accidents, came through the others like a flash, head and tail low—Lutyens standing up to ease him—swept on and on before the other side knew what was the matter, and nearly pitched on his head between the Archangels' goal post as Lutyens kicked the ball in after a straight scurry of a hundred yards. If there was one thing more than another upon which The Maltese Cat prided himself, it was on this quick, streaking kind of run across the ground. He did not believe in taking balls round the field unless you were clearly over-matched. After this they gave the Archangels five minutes of football; and an expensive fast pony hates football because it rumples his temper.

Who's Who showed himself even better than Polaris in this game. He did not permit any wriggling away, but bored joyfully into the scrimmage as if he had his nose in a feed-box and was looking for something nice. Little Shikast jumped on the ball the minute it got clear, and every time the Archangel pony followed it, he found Shikast standing over it, asking what was the matter.

"If we can live through this quarter," said The Maltese Cat, "I sha'n't care. Don't take it out of yourselves. Let them do the lathering."

So the ponies, as their riders explained afterwards, "shut up." The Archangels kept them tied in front of their goal, but it cost the Archangels' ponies all that was left of their tempers; and ponies began to kick, and men began to repeat compliments, and they chopped at the legs of Who's Who, and he set his teeth and stayed where he was, and the dust stood up like a tree until that hot quarter ended.



They found the ponies very excited and confident when they went to their *saises*; and The Maltese Cat had to warn them that the worst of the game was coming.

"Now *we* are all going in for a second time," said he, "and *they* are trotting out fresh ponies. You think you can gallop, but you'll find you can't; and then you'll be sorry."

"But two goals to nothing is a halter-long lead," said Kittiwynk, prancing.

"How long does it take to get a goal?" The Maltese Cat answered. "For pity's sake, don't run away with a notion that the game is half-won just because we happen to be in luck *now*! They'll ride you into the grandstand, if they can; you must not give 'em a chance. Follow the ball."

"Football, as usual?" said Polaris.

"Don't let them have a look at the ball, if you can help it. Now leave me alone. I must get all the rest I can before the last quarter."

He hung down his head and let all his muscles go slack, Shikast, Bamboo, and Who's Who copying his example.

"Better not watch the game," he said. "We aren't playing, and we shall only take it out of ourselves if we grow anxious. Look at the ground and pretend it's flytime."

They did their best, but it was hard advice to follow. The hooves were drumming, and the sticks were rattling all up and down the ground, and yells of applause from the English troops told that the Archangels were pressing the Skidars hard. The native soldiers behind the ponies groaned and grunted and said things in undertones, and presently they heard a long-drawn shout and a clatter of hurrahs!

"One to the Archangels," said Shikast, without raising his head. "Time's nearly up. Oh, my sire—and *dam*!"

"Faiz-Ullah," said The Maltese Cat, "if you don't play to the last nail in your shoes this time, I'll kick you on the ground before all the other ponies."

"I'll do my best when my time comes," said the little Arab.

The *saises* looked at each other gravely as they rubbed their ponies' legs. This was the time when long purses began to tell, and everybody knew it. Kittiwynk and the others came back, the sweat dripping over their hooves and their tails telling sad stories.

"They're better than we are," said Shiraz. "I knew how it would be."

"Shut your big head," said The Maltese Cat. "We've one goal to the good yet."

"Yes; but it's two Arabs and two country-breds to play now," said Corks. "Faiz-Ullah, remember!" He spoke in a biting voice.

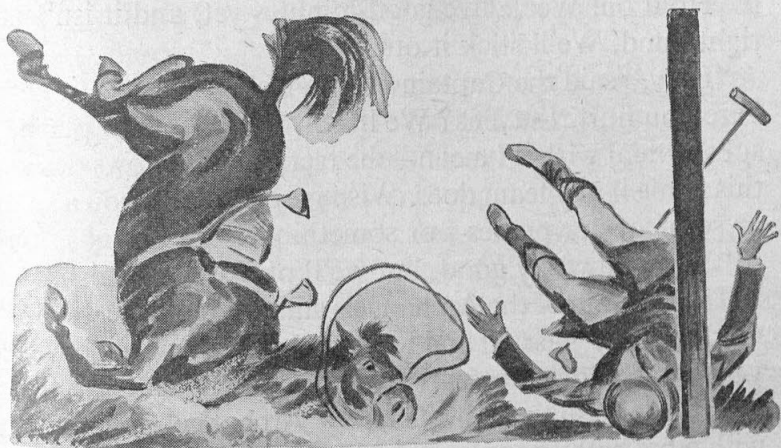
As Lutyens mounted Gray Dawn he looked at his men, and they did not look pretty. They were covered with dust and sweat in streaks. Their yellow boots were almost black, their wrists were red and lumpy, and their eyes seemed two inches deep in their heads; but the expression in the eyes was satisfactory.

"Did you take anything at tiffin?" said Lutyens, and the team shook their heads. They were too dry to talk.

"All right. The Archangels did. They are worse pumped than we are."

"They've got the better ponies," said Powell. "I sha'n't be sorry when this business is over."

That fifth period was a painful one in every way. Faiz-Ullah played like a little red demon, and The Rabbit seemed to be everywhere at once, and Benami rode straight at anything and everything that came in his way; while the umpires on their ponies wheeled like gulls outside the shifting game. But the Archangels had the better mounts—they had kept their racers till late in the game—and never allowed the Skidars to play football. They hit the ball up and down the width of the ground till Benami and the rest were outpaced. Then they went forward, and time and again Lutyens and Gray Dawn were just, and only just,



able to send the ball away with a long, spitting backhander. Gray Dawn forgot that he was an Arab and turned from gray to blue as he galloped. Indeed, he forgot too well, for he did not keep his eyes on the ground as an Arab should, but stuck out his nose and scuttled for the dear honor of the game. They had watered the ground once or twice between the quarters, and a careless waterman had emptied the last of his skinful all in one place near the Skidars' goal. It was close to the end of the play, and for the tenth time Gray Dawn was bolting after the ball, and he rolled over and over, pitching Lutyens just clear of the goal post; and the triumphant Archangels made their goal. Then "time" was called—two goals all; but Lutyens had to be helped up, and Gray Dawn rose with his near hind leg strained somewhere.

"What's the damage?" said Powell, his arm around Lutyens.

"Collar bone, of course," said Lutyens, between his teeth. It was the third time he had broken it in two years, and it hurt him.

Powell and the others whistled.

"Game's up," said Hughes.

"Hold on. We've five good minutes yet, and it isn't my right hand. We'll stick it out."

"I say," said the Captain of the Archangels, trotting up, "are you hurt, Lutyens? We'll wait if you care to put in a substitute. I wish—I mean—the fact is, you fellows deserve this game if any team does. Wish we could give you a man, or some of our ponies—or something."

"You're awfully good, but we'll play it to a finish."

The Captain of the Archangels stared for a little. "That's not half bad," he said and went back to his own side, while Lutyens borrowed a scarf from one of his native officers and made a sling of it. Then an Archangel galloped up with a big bath-sponge and advised Lutyens to put it under his armpit to ease his shoulder; and between them they tied up his left arm scientifically, and one of the native officers leaped forward with four long glasses that fizzed and bubbled.

The team looked at Lutyens piteously, and he nodded. It was the last quarter, and nothing would matter after that. They drank out the dark golden drink and wiped their moustaches and things looked more hopeful.

The Maltese Cat had put his nose into the front of Lutyens' shirt and was trying to say how sorry he was.

"He knows," said Lutyens, proudly. "The beggar knows. I've played him without a bridle before now—for fun."

"It's no fun now," said Powell. "But we haven't a decent substitute."

"No," said Lutyens. "It's the last quarter, and we've got to make our goal and win. I'll trust The Cat."

"If you fall this time, you'll suffer a little," said Mac-Namara.

"I'll trust The Cat," repeated Lutyens.

"You hear that?" said The Maltese Cat, proudly, to the others. "It's worth while playing polo for ten years to have that said to you. Now then, my sons, come along. We'll

kick up a little bit, just to show the Archangels this team hasn't suffered."

And, sure enough, as they went on to the ground, The Maltese Cat, after satisfying himself that Lutyens was home in the saddle, kicked out three or four times, and Lutyens laughed. The reins were caught up anyhow in the tips of his strapped left hand, and he never pretended to rely on them. He knew The Cat would answer to the least pressure of the leg, and by way of showing off—for his shoulder hurt him very much—he bent the little fellow in a close figure-of-eight in and out between the goal posts. There was a roar from the native officers and men, who dearly loved a piece of *dugabashi* (horse-trick work), as they called it, and the pipes very quietly and scornfully droned out the first bars of a common bazaar tune called "Freshly Fresh and Newly New," just as a warning to the other regiments that the Skidars were fit. All the natives laughed.

"And now," said The Maltese Cat, as they took their places, "remember that this is the last quarter and follow the ball!"

"Don't need to be told," said Who's Who.

"Let me go on. All those people on all four sides will begin to crowd in—just as they did at Malta. You'll hear people calling out and moving forward and being pushed back; and that is going to make the Archangel ponies very unhappy. But if a ball is struck to the boundary, you go after it and let the people get out of your way. I went over the pole of a four-in-hand once and picked a game out of the dust by it. Back me up when I run, and follow the ball."

There was a sort of all-round sound of sympathy and wonder as the last quarter opened, and then there began exactly what The Maltese Cat had foreseen. People crowded in close to the boundaries, and the Archangels' ponies crowded looking sideways at the narrowing space. If you



know how a man feels to be cramped at tennis—not because he wants to run out of the court, but because he likes to know that he can at a pinch—you will guess how ponies must feel when they are playing in a box of human beings.

“I’ll bend some of those men if I can get away,” said Who’s Who, as he rocketed behind the ball; and Bamboo nodded without speaking. They were playing the last ounce in them, and The Maltese Cat had left the goal undefended to join them. Lutyens gave him every order that he could to bring him back, but this was the first time in his career that the little wise gray had ever played polo on his own responsibility, and he was going to make the most of it.

“What are you doing here?” said Hughes, as The Cat crossed in front of him and rode off an Archangel.

“The Cat’s in charge—mind the goal!” shouted Lutyens, and bowing forward hit the ball full and followed on, forcing the Archangels toward their own goal.

“No football,” said The Maltese Cat. “Keep the ball by the boundaries and cramp ’em. Play open order and drive ’em to the boundaries.”

Across and across the ground in big diagonals flew the ball, and whenever it came to a flying rush and a stroke close to the boundaries, the Archangel ponies moved swiftly. They did not care to go headlong at a wall of men and carriages, though if the ground had been open, they could have turned on a six-pence.

“Wriggle her up the sides,” said The Cat. “Keep her close to the crowd. They hate the carriages. Shikast, keep her up this side.”

Shikast and Powell lay left and right behind the uneasy scuffle of an open scrimmage, and every time the ball was hit away, Shikast galloped on it at such an angle that Powell was forced to hit it toward the boundary; and when the crowd had been driven away from that side, Lutyens would send the ball over to the other, and Shikast would

slide desperately after it till his friends came down to help. It was billiards, and no football, this time—billiards in a corner pocket; and the cues were not well chalked.

"If they get us out in the middle of the ground, they'll walk away from us. Dribble her along the sides," cried The Maltese Cat.

So they dribbled all along the boundary, where a pony could not come on their right-hand side; and the Archangels were furious, and the umpires had to neglect the game to shout at the people to get back, and several blundering mounted policemen tried to restore order, all close to the scrimmage, and the nerves of the Archangels' ponies stretched and broke like cobwebs.

Five or six times an Archangel hit the ball up into the middle of the ground, and each time the watchful Shikast gave Powell his chance to send it back, and after each return, when the dust had settled, men could see that the Skidars had gained a few yards.

Every now and again there were shouts of "Side! Off side!" from the spectators; but the teams were too busy to care, and the umpires had all they could do to keep their maddened ponies clear of the scuffle.

At last Lutyens missed a short, easy stroke, and the Skidars had to fly back helter-skelter to protect their own goal, Shikast leading. Powell stopped the ball with a back-hander when it was not fifty yards from the goal posts, and Shikast spun round with a wrench that nearly hoisted Powell out of his saddle.

"Now's our last chance," said The Cat, wheeling like a cockchafer on a pin. "We've got to ride it out. Come along."

Lutyens felt the little chap take a deep breath and, as it were, crouch under his rider. The ball was hopping toward the right-hand boundary, an Archangel riding for it with both spurs and a whip; but neither spur nor whip would make his pony stretch himself as he neared the crowd. The

Maltese Cat glided under his very nose, picking up his hind legs sharp, for there was not a foot to spare between his quarters and the other pony's bit. It was as neat an exhibition as fancy figure-skating. Lutyens hit with all the strength he had left, but the stick slipped a little in his hand, and the ball flew off to the left instead of keeping close to the boundary. Who's Who was far across the ground, thinking hard as he galloped. He repeated stride for stride The Cat's maneuvers with another Archangel pony, nipping the ball away from under his bridle, and clearing his opponent by half a fraction of an inch, for Who's Who was clumsy behind. Then he drove away toward the right as The Maltese Cat came up from the left; and Bamboo held the middle course exactly between them. The three were making a sort of Government-broad-arrow-shaped attack; and there was only the Archangels' back to guard the goal; but immediately behind them were three Archangels racing all they knew, and mixed up with them was Powell sending Shikast along on what he felt was their last hope. It takes a very good man to stand up to the rush of seven crazy ponies in the last period of a Cup game, when men are riding with their necks for sale, and the ponies are delirious. The Archangels' back missed his stroke and pulled aside just in time to let the rush go by. Bamboo and Who's Who shortened stride to give The Cat room, and Lutyens got the goal with a clean, smooth, smacking stroke that was heard all over the field. But there was no stopping the ponies. They poured through the goal posts in one mixed mob, winners and losers together, for the pace had been terrific. The Maltese Cat knew by experience what would happen and, to save Lutyens, turned to the right with one last effort that strained a back-sinew beyond hope of repair. As he did so he heard the right-hand goal post crack as a pony cannoned into it—crack, splinter, and fall like a mast. It had been sawed three parts

through in case of accidents, but it upset the pony nevertheless, and he blundered into another, who blundered into the left-hand post, and then there was confusion and dust and wood. Bamboo was lying on the ground seeing stars; an Archangel pony rolled beside him, breathless and angry; Shikast had sat down dog-fashion to avoid falling over the others, and was sliding along on his little bobtail in a cloud of dust; and Powell was sitting on the ground, hammering with his stick and trying to cheer. All the others



were shouting at the top of what was left of their voices, and the men who had been spilt were shouting too. As soon as the people saw no one was hurt, ten thousand native and English shouted and clapped and yelled, and before anyone could stop them the pipers of the Skidars broke on to the ground, with all the native officers and men behind them, and marched up and down, playing a wild northern tune called "Zakhme Bagan," and through the insolent blaring of the pipes and the high-pitched native yells you could hear the Archangels' band hammering, "For they

are all jolly good fellows," and then reproachfully to the losing team, "Ooh, Kafoozalum! Kafoozalum!"

Beside all these things and many more, there were a Commander-in-chief, and an Inspector-General of Cavalry, and the principal veterinary officer of all India standing on the top of a regimental coach, yelling like schoolboys; and brigadiers and colonels and commissioners and hundreds of pretty ladies joined the chorus. But The Maltese Cat stood with his head down, wondering how many legs were left to him; and Lutyens watched the men and ponies pick themselves out of the wreck of the two goal posts, and he patted The Maltese Cat very tenderly.

"I say," said the Captain of the Archangels, spitting a pebble out of his mouth, "will you take three thousand for that pony—as he stands?"

"No thank you. I've an idea he's saved my life," said Lutyens, getting off and lying down at full length. Both teams were on the ground too, waving their boots in the air and coughing and drawing deep breaths, as the *saises* ran up to take away the ponies, and an officious water-carrier sprinkled the players with dirty water till they sat up.

"My aunt!" said Powell, rubbing his back and looking at the stumps of the goal posts. "That was a game!"

They played it over again, every stroke of it, that night at the big dinner, when the Free-for-All Cup was filled and passed down the table and emptied and filled again, and everybody made most eloquent speeches. About two in the morning, when there might have been some singing, a wise little, plain little, gray little head looked in through the open door.

"Hurray! Bring him in," said the Archangels; and his *sais*, who was very happy indeed, patted The Maltese Cat on the flank, and he limped in to the blaze of light and the glittering uniforms, looking for Lutyens. He was used to messes, and men's bedrooms, and places where ponies are



not usually encouraged, and in his youth had jumped on and off a mess-table for a bet. So he behaved himself, and ate bread dipped in salt, and was petted all around the table, moving gingerly; and they drank his health because he had done more to win the Cup than any man or horse on the ground.

That was glory and honor enough for the rest of his days, and The Maltese Cat did not complain much when the veterinary surgeon said that he would be no good for polo any more. When Lutyens married, his wife did not allow him to play, so he was forced to be an umpire; and his pony on these occasions was a flea-bitten gray with a neat polo tail, lame all round, but desperately quick on his feet, and, as everybody knew, Past Pluperfect Prestissimo Player of the Game.

### Share Your Ideas

1. By what unusual feature does the author of this story immediately attract the reader's attention?
2. Is greater emphasis placed on the setting or on the swift movement? How was this accomplished?
3. In what way is the dash and humor of this story created? Read aloud parts you found especially clever.
4. Cite instances from the story where the horses proved their shrewd philosophy.
5. Discuss why the story is more effective with attention focused on the horses rather than on their riders.
6. Why did it at first seem impossible for the Skidars' team to win? Show how the contrast between the two teams adds to your interest in the story.
7. When did you begin to recognize the winner?
8. Write a paragraph giving reasons for your enjoyment of the story, commenting on the following items:
  - a. characterization
  - b. movement
  - c. plot
  - d. setting

# How to Enjoy a Football Game

By Dick Hyland

*To help you follow directions*

Football may be your favorite sport. In any event, the following instructions will prove valuable to you as a spectator at a football game. Read slowly and carefully. You will be tested on your ability to follow directions.

Time and again a Stanford trick play had swept over a California guard. Bert Schwarz, 200 and some odd pounds, playing that position, had been knocked flat on his face, on his back, and sideways. The signal was called again. Mr. Schwarz was once more flattened out, and a Stanford full-back swept through the hole for a touchdown.

Young Mr. Schwarz lifted himself to his knees, raised his powerful hands to the sky, and, with as much sincere reverence as I have ever heard in or out of churches, prayed, "Oh, Lord, please tell me where they're coming from."

A lot of spectators sit in the stands Saturday after Saturday each fall and utter a similar plea, "Please tell me where they're going and what they're doing there."

Schwarz, who was actually a fine football player, eventually figured out Stanford's puzzling play and no more ground was gained that day. The spectator, too, can work out his problem and relish the game of football to an amazing degree. He can do this by learning a few simple things. Football, contrary to the average conception, is not the mysterious affair professional coaches would like you to believe.



One year a rabid young Harvard rooter took his best girl to the Yale-Harvard game. Just as Yale was to make—or not to make—a touchdown that would put his favorite team in the hole, the girl grabbed his arm frantically and, in a tense whisper that convinced him that she had been shot from behind, gasped, “Look!”

His eyes swept from the desperate goal-line stand being made by Harvard to the spot in the stands where she was pointing. He saw nothing.

“Look at what?” he asked, his heart still pounding.

“Did you ever see anyone who looked more like Buddy Rogers—it *is* Buddy!” she exclaimed.

That girl is a “throw back” to the dear old days that are gone forever. Women today are becoming just as rabidly interested in football as are their brothers.

Women cannot be left out of football. It is played to them and for them, as individuals and collectively. One All-American center used to barge into the dressing room daily with a breezy, “Well, shall we talk about the girls right away or gradually lead up to them?”

Being interested in football does not necessarily provoke enjoyment. In fact, some people enjoy the intermission more than they do the actual game. That's unnecessary. By learning one or two easy-to-understand things, they may enjoy the grand old sport one thousand per cent:

Do not try to see everything at once.

Look ahead of the ball for real football players.

Know how to watch the execution of plays. This requires only good eyesight and a little attention.

Figure out what plays should be called and when and where. This is a bit of mental gymnastics guided by a few simple rules. It is more fun than backgammon, twenty questions, or contract—and easier. In other words, become a "grandstand quarterback."

One year at the Army-Navy game in Philadelphia, two men arrived and sat on the forty-yard line high up near the Franklin Field press box. One, from their conversation, was an old fan. The other knew nothing of football.

The novice said, "Too bad we didn't decide earlier to come to the game. We might have got good seats close to the field."

The other man grunted sarcastically, "Why do you think they put the sports writers up here behind us?"

The first requisite for enjoying a football game is a good seat. The higher the better, because you can then see twenty-two men and what each is doing. That is important. Don't be kidded into believing that the fifty-yard line is the only place from which to see a game. The majority of tense, exciting plays takes place between the goal line and the twenty-yard line. You may miss a little of what is going on at the other end of the field, but you will probably have about fifty per cent of the best plays of the day run off right in your lap if you're on the ten-yard line.

Don Robesky, an All-American Stanford guard, was dancing at a hotel the night after a Southern California

game in which his team had been defeated, 10 to 0. The floor was crowded and slippery. Some one gave the big fellow a shove, and he suddenly found himself sitting on the polished floor blinking up at his astonished partner.

"Are you hurt?" she asked.

"Nope," said Don, and then added philosophically, "I'm used to it. I've been in this position all afternoon."

Which brings us to the fact that if you watch the guards while at a football game, you will obtain more information about what is going on than can be garnered by any other method. If you want to enjoy football this season, if you want to "expert" a bit before, after, and during games, remember that the real work, the work that counts, is not done by the ball carriers. And it's that rough work in front of the ball carrier that is interesting. That's where the noses are walloped, the eyes blackened, the hearts broken, and the ribs caved in.

Bob Zuppke, the smart old Illinois coach who was so instrumental in bringing "Red" Grange to fame and fortune, one day watched a football hop, roll, jump, and tumble down the field in a series of daft gyrations.

"A football," he said, "has a funny shape."

Having struggled with footballs, rain and shine, on fields in the United States, Canada, France, and England, I can attest to that homely truth. Perhaps that is one reason it hypnotizes so many spectators who cannot take their eyes off it—and thus miss nearly ninety per cent of what's happening on the field before them.

There are eleven men involved, actively and vitally, in every offensive play in football. When Lou Little, Columbia's top-notch coach, gives his team a new play, he outlines carefully and in detail what every man is to do on the play. Then, casually and as though it were of no great importance, he says to the man who will carry the ball, "Joe, you get the ball and go through the hole."



No directions are needed because he has nothing to do. Therefore, watching him before he gets to the line of scrimmage is watching a man who is doing nothing but running on an unobstructed straight line. The battle royal is going on in front of him.

A young lady I know well is an average-good sports follower and likes football particularly well. But the first time I took her to a game and commented upon the immense importance of "holes," she looked at me with a cold eye and remarked that the Los Angeles Stadium had no holes in its turf and she'd thank me not to be so smug just because I came from San Francisco.

Yet nothing is more important in football than are holes. They mean more to football than they do to doughnuts, and without a hole, a doughnut is in a bad way. Most of the effort in football is devoted to making holes—holes in the other team's line, holes through which the ball carrier can dash to a touchdown or a gain. No one can run through a brick wall, and that is what the defensive line resembles if no holes are made in it.

The players who make these holes have the toughest job in a football game.

Get to the stadium in time to settle yourself comfortably and take your usual look around; then thumb your program to the line-ups and familiarize yourself with the numbers of the guards and tackles—and any other bright and shining stars your morning newspaper has indicated may be spectacular and interesting.

If you memorize these few numbers, you will enjoy the game of football a great deal more. You'll know who is doing things. Otherwise it is a continual, "Who was that?" when a tackle is made or a pass intercepted. While you're looking it up in the program, you'll probably miss the next play. If you know a player's name and number and can recognize him in action, it is almost impossible not to take

a personal interest in him. And that increases the enjoyment of a game.

When the game starts, locate the center on the offensive team. Your eyes will naturally and easily encompass the men on either side of him—the all-important guards and tackles. When the ball is snapped and they move, follow *them*—because on running plays the ball is not going anywhere that some of these men do not go *first*! And where they go there's a clash of bodies that will keep you on the edge of your seat, cheering.

The difference between watching the linemen and watching the ball carrier is the difference between seeing a battle and hearing the result of it after the war is over. The battle is usually either won or lost before the ball arrives at the battlefield, in this instance the line of scrimmage. These linemen are shock troops, sent out to mop up the field ahead of the ball. They either do it and the ball goes places unmolested, or the ball carrier is stopped for no gain.

Of course, it's fun to watch the ball. But don't do it to the exclusion of what's going on in front of the ball carrier. A back will fool you—he's doing his best to fool his opponents—but a lineman or interference runner won't.

All honest ball carriers admit the importance of their interference runners, the men ahead of them clearing the path.

When "Red" Grange turned professional after the most brilliant college career a football player ever enjoyed, he hardly made his own length in yardage in his first two games.

"Oh, sure," the skeptics said. "The professional game is too tough for him. He could shine in college but not here."

C. C. Pyle, managing the "Gallopig Ghost," spoke to him about his showing, mentioning dollars and cents that would not come in the box unless "Red" Grange was the "Red" Grange of the flashing, long runs.

"Send for Britton," said Grange. "I can't go places without someone in front of me to make holes."

They sent for Britton who had run interference for "Red" all during his Illinois playing days. Britton responded. Mr. Grange started going places again, and a quarter of a million dollars flowed into the box office. Who made it? Who was the important player? Please do not think I mean that Grange was not good. He was great. All he needed was *half* a hole, but he needed that badly. Even *he* was stopped without it.

### Check Yourself

Twelve statements about the article are listed below. Number your paper from one to twelve and beside each number write true if the statement is true, false if it is false. Do not look back at the story to obtain answers. This test will check your ability to follow directions.

1. The best seats at a football game are high up.
2. The fifty-yard line is the only place from which to see a game.
3. Football is a mysterious game.
4. You should not try to see everything at once.
5. You should figure out the plays with the players.
6. The majority of the tense, exciting plays takes place between the goal line and the twenty-yard line.
7. You should always watch the ball in a game.
8. Most of the work is done by the ball carrier.
9. Watch the guards if you want to enjoy football.
10. "Holes" are very important in football.
11. Memorizing the players' numbers and recognizing a player in action adds to your interest in the game.
12. Honest ball carriers admit the importance of their interference runners.

### Make Your Vocabulary Grow

Find in the story all the terms peculiar to football. List them on the board. Explain and discuss their meanings.

# Get Set for Adventure

By Creighton Peet

*To check your comprehension and speed*

As you read this article about American Youth Hostels, decide whether or not you think girls and boys would be more interesting individuals for having taken a vacation similar to the one described here.

There's no sense packing yourself away in moth balls this winter just because the mercury in the thermometer has disappeared and everything is covered with snow and ice. By taking a school holiday or week-end trip to some of the American Youth Hostels you can have more fun than you ever thought possible. You might go with several friends or with a crowd from school, or your Scout troop.

In New England, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Colorado, and the far northwest, hostellers go skiing, skating, or bobsledding, depending on where they go, of course. Farther south, say in Pennsylvania, Ohio, North Carolina, and down to Florida, there is hiking and bicycling. At the end of the day there is a roaring fire, with games and singing, and sometimes square dancing in the hostel.

All this is really nothing but a continuation of the regular summer activities of the American Youth Hostels. During the vacation months thousands of young people go hiking and biking over the U. S. A., having a wonderful time at small cost.

A hostel is a cross between a self-service hotel and an indoor camp. Usually it is part of a farmhouse or attached to one. The farmer and his wife, who are known as the house father and mother, are in charge of it.

There are some two hundred and fifty hostels in the country scattered in groups or "loops" between Maine and California. Sometimes the "loops" are hundreds of miles apart, but once you reach one hostel, the next in that loop is usually only fifteen or twenty miles away. About a hundred hostels are open either all the year round or during most of the winter week ends.

There's nothing luxurious about a hostel. Usually it consists of a big community room with a fireplace and a kitchen with a number of stoves so that several groups can cook



their own meals at once. There is one bunk room for boys and another for girls. The bunks are sometimes three decks high, and the mattresses are filled with straw, so if you are related to the princess whose insomnia was caused by a pea at the base of her mattress, you'd better stay at home.

When you go hosteling you should take with you a sleeping sack (a sheet doubled over and sewed up the side and bottom), a knife, fork, spoon, metal plate, and toilet articles. The hostel provides enough blankets and pots and pans.

Hostelers buy their own groceries and not only cook their meals, but clean up afterward. However, since nobody does any fancy cooking, and since everything connected with the hostel is plain and solid, this takes no time at all.



Most of the 15,000 hostellers in the United States are in their teens, but anybody can go hosteling regardless of age. Often whole families go out and spend a week or two. Groups going for the first time might wisely take along a couple of old hostellers. They will be able to lay out a good itinerary and will know about such important items as what sort of groceries to buy and what clothes to wear.

It is customary for the teen-agers to take along an older person, but in the hostels themselves, the house mothers act as chaperones, of course.

The expense of such adventuring is negligible. You need an American Youth Hostel pass, which costs \$1.50 annually, and a little over a dollar a day for other expenses. An overnight stay at a hostel—any hostel—costs but twenty-five cents, and food will be approximately seventy-five cents more. There is also a charge of ten cents a day for fuel. With the pass you are given a subscription to the *Knapsack*, a little handbook issued four times a year. It is full of information you need and has constantly revised lists of hostels, giving their location, the names of the house parents, and many other facts. Among other things it tells which hostels have skiing, skating, horseback riding, and what to wear and what to take.

Ordinarily hostellers are supposed to travel about only on foot or by bicycle—but in winter these rules are off, although many hostellers do strap their skis to their bikes in regions where the roads have been cleared. Anyway, both because of the snow and because school schedules don't permit very long jaunts in winter, most hosteling that time of year consists of a visit to but one or two hostels, with plenty of time for skiing, skating, or sledding—and big parties with hot chocolate and snacks in the evening.

While the *Knapsack* has some very general maps showing where the hostels are located in different regions, you will also need a road map if you plan to do much hiking or

biking. In any case the hosteling enthusiasts are emphatic in their insistence that you stick to the back roads rather than to the highways. It's safer and more fun because everything moves more slowly.

Hosteling is a sociable business. You are constantly meeting new people because, of course, other groups traveling in different directions often stop at the same hostels. Then, too, there are the local boys and girls who drop around to the hostel for an evening when there is a crowd in town.

So if you are trying to think of a new and exciting way to spend your week ends this winter, write to the American Youth Hostels' headquarters at Northfield, Massachusetts, and find out all about Youth Hostels. Then organize a party—perhaps with a teacher or Scout leader to help in the planning—and you'll be set for adventure.<sup>942</sup>

### Check Yourself

Copy these sentences on your paper, substituting the proper words for the blanks:

1. The activities of the American Youth Hostels go on in winter and \_\_\_\_\_.
2. There are about \_\_\_\_\_ hostels in this country.
3. People of all ages go hosteling, but most of them are in their \_\_\_\_\_.
4. In hostels, house mothers act as \_\_\_\_\_.
5. A pass for an American Youth Hostel costs \_\_\_\_\_ annually.
6. An overnight stay at a hostel costs \_\_\_\_\_.
7. *Knapsack* is a little \_\_\_\_\_.
8. Except in winter, hostellers are supposed to travel on \_\_\_\_\_ or by bicycle.
9. Hosteling enthusiasts insist that you travel on back \_\_\_\_\_.

## Share Your Ideas and Experiences

1. From newspapers and magazines select sports pictures of the year. Explain to the class the significance of each picture.
2. Read to the class stories of "playing the game" similar to the ones of this unit.
3. Bring to class your favorite sports magazines and share them with others.
4. Did this unit include a story which concerned your favorite sport? If not, find one and tell it to the class.
5. Appoint a committee to report on a local sports hero. Compare his story with the ones you read in this unit.
6. Make posters that concern your favorite books on sports. Exhibit them to another class in order to create interest in reading the books.
7. Refer to the various types of book reviews discussed on page 66. Then write a review of a book the general theme of which concerns your favorite sport or your favorite sports hero.
8. Collect pictures of sports heroes and make a booklet.
9. Make a set of rules of good sportsmanship. Be sure that each class member contributes ideas for this undertaking. Select a chairman to organize the material into a neat set of rules and exhibit them on the bulletin board.

## Select Good Books

*Show me the books he loves and I shall know  
The man far better than through mortal friends.*

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL

You will find each of the following sports books exciting and full of rich adventure:

**IRON DUKE**, by John R. Tunis

This is the story of a boy from a small middle-western high school whose four years at Harvard were filled with satisfaction and achievement.

**OMNIBUS OF SPORT**, edited by Grantland Rice

This excellent book consists of a collection of sports stories from Homer to Ring Lardner.

**LOU GEHRIG, A QUIET HERO**, by Frank Graham

Here you will read the story of Lou Gehrig from the time he played baseball at Wrigley Field with his high school team to the day of his death.

**A CITY FOR LINCOLN**, by John R. Tunis

This is a stirring story of a young basketball coach who assisted the children of Springfield in organizing and administering a juvenile court.

**FUN BOOK FOR BOYS**, edited by William Allan Brooks

From this cleverly written book, boys may receive practical, clear-cut instructions in dog training, tumbling, table tennis, and other similar activities.

**WORKING THROUGH AT LINCOLN HIGH**, by Joseph Gollomb

This is an account of Jimmy, the first Captain of the All-American basketball team in a large New York high school, and of his struggles to make a living for his small brother and himself during his school days.

**HOW TO MAKE THE VARSITY**, by Stanley Pashko

Since every boy hopes to make the team and win a varsity letter, this book should be especially valuable. Through its instructions, boys are given practical hints about sports.

**BARCLAY BLACK**, by Ralph Henry Barbour

When Donald Barclay entered high school, he had hoped to renew a friendship with a childhood friend, a football hero. "Trott" took little notice of the newcomer until Donald proved his worth to the football team.

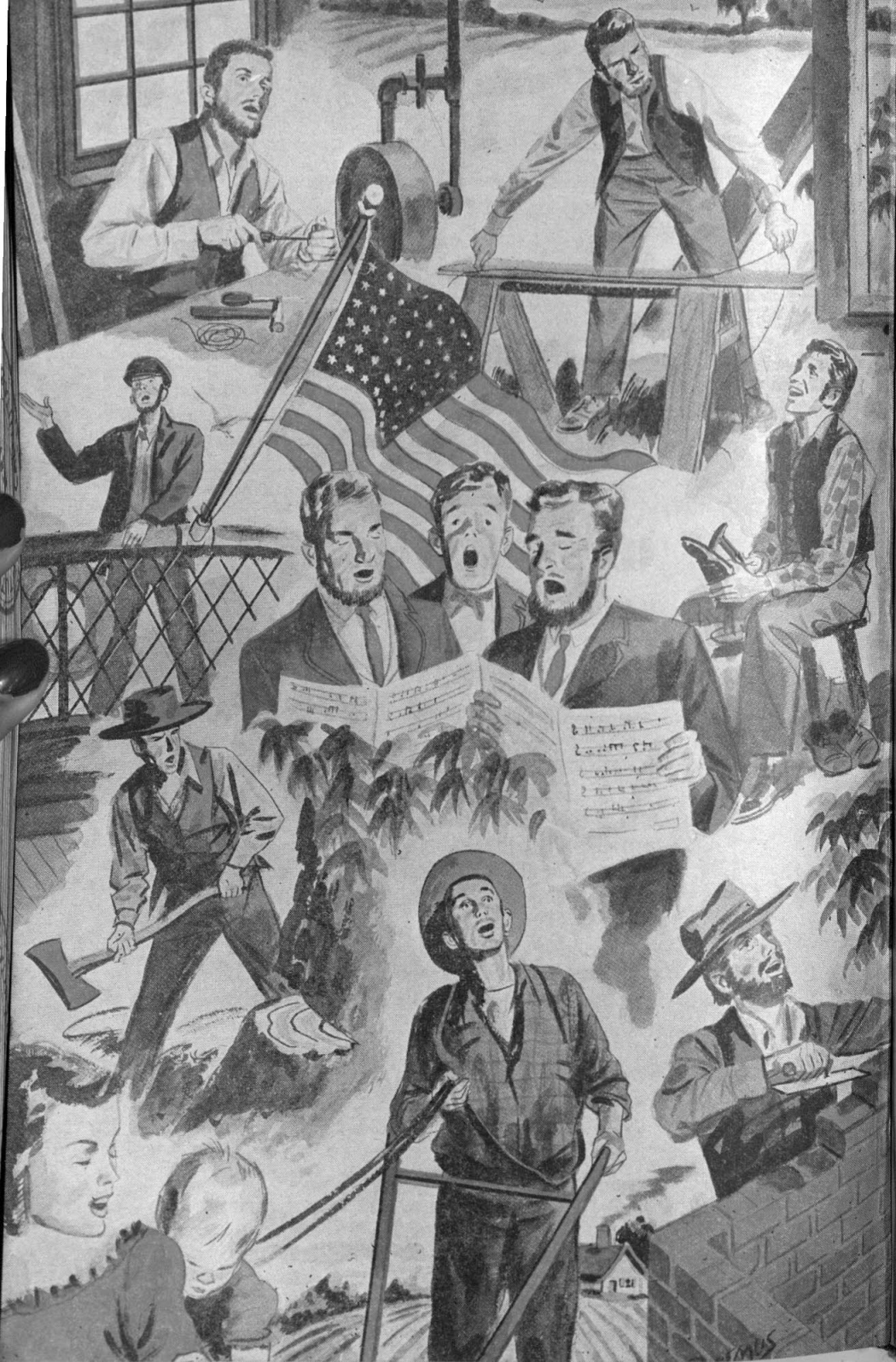
**ONE SUMMER**, by Martin Gale

A fifteen-year-old girl wrote this delightful story which concerns the out-of-doors, animals, and sports.

**9**

**Of Thee We Sing**





# I Hear America Singing

By Walt Whitman

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,  
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be,  
    blithe and strong,  
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,  
The mason singing as he makes ready for work, or leaves  
    off work,  
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the  
    deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,  
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter  
    singing as he stands,  
The woodcutter's song, the plowboy's on his way in the  
    morning, or at noon intermission, or at sundown,  
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at  
    work, or of the girl singing or washing,  
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,  
The day that belongs to the day—at night the party of  
    young fellows, robust, friendly,  
Singing with open mouths their strong, melodious songs.

## Share Your Ideas

1. How is the spirit of the American people expressed?
2. What is symbolic about the singing of Americans?

# What Is the Spirit of Liberty?

By Judge Learned Hand

When more than a million people gathered to celebrate "I am an American Day," in May of 1944 in New York's Central Park, Judge Learned Hand of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, led 150,000 newly naturalized citizens in the pledge to the flag. Judge Hand's address is a new stone in the edifice of American oratory. It is not in the great Webster tradition, but in the greater, simpler tradition of Lincoln. Judge Hand has been on the federal bench for thirty-five years. He is one of our most distinguished legal philosophers.

We have gathered here to affirm a faith, a faith in a common purpose, a common conviction, a common devotion. Some of us have chosen America as the land of our adoption; the rest have come from those who did the same. For this reason we have some right to consider ourselves a picked group, a group of those who had the courage to break from the past and brave the dangers and the loneliness of a strange land.

What was the object that nerved us, or those who went before us, to this choice? We sought liberty; freedom from oppression, freedom from want, freedom to be ourselves. This we then sought. This we now believe that we are by way of winning.

What do we mean when we say that first of all we seek liberty? I often wonder whether we do not rest our hopes too much upon constitutions, upon laws, and upon courts.

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These are false hopes; believe me, these are false hopes. Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women. When it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it. No constitution, no law, no court can even do much to help it. While it lies there, it needs no constitution, no law, no court to save it.

And what is this liberty which must lie in the hearts of men and women? It is not the ruthless, the unbridled will. It is not freedom to do as one likes. That is the denial of liberty, and leads straight to its overthrow. A society in which men recognize no check upon their freedom soon becomes a society where freedom is the possession of only a savage few; as we have learned to our sorrow.

What then is the spirit of liberty? I cannot define it; I can only tell you my own faith. The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right. The spirit of liberty is the spirit which seeks to understand the minds of other men and women. The spirit of liberty is the spirit which weighs their interests alongside its own without bias. The spirit of liberty remembers that not even a sparrow falls to earth unheeded. The spirit of liberty is the spirit of Him who, near two thousand years ago, taught mankind that lesson it has never learned, but has never quite forgotten: that there may be a kingdom where the least shall be heard and considered side by side with the greatest.

And now in that spirit, that spirit of an America which has never been, and which may never be; nay, which never will be, except as the conscience and the courage of Americans create it; yet in the spirit of that America which lies hidden in some form in the aspirations of us all; in the spirit of that America for which our young men are at this moment fighting and dying; in that spirit of liberty and of America I ask you to rise and with me to pledge our faith in the glorious *destiny* of our beloved country—with liberty and justice for all.



# The Spirit of America

By James Oppenheim

From land to land through age on age I led,  
Till now my new scene is—America;  
My latest, greatest venture. To this coast  
The world sends mightiest dreamers, hardest toilers,  
Her pioneers, and here by weltering millions  
They build a life that dares new heights, new heavens,  
Fired with democracy, till now at last  
I am the Spirit of America!

That spirit was in the Pilgrims when they knelt  
On Plymouth Rock; and in the Puritans  
Working their clearings in the wilderness  
And with the men that battled on Bunker Hill;  
And with the vast migration that swung tides  
Of people through the unadventured West;  
That spirit rose like storm and shook the world  
Gigantically in our homespun Lincoln.

That spirit lives today: is here tonight:  
For America is not the magic scenery  
Washed by the sunrise and the sunset seas,  
No, nor yet even the prairies dark with herds,  
Or land-lakes of the Western grain; nor yet  
Wonder-cities, white-towered, nor the peaks  
Bursting with metals, nor the smoky mills—  
America is you and you and I.

## Share Your Ideas

Judge Hand and Mr. Oppenheim convey corresponding philosophies as to what and where the Spirit of America really is. Express this in your own words.



# I Am an American

By Elias Lieberman

*I am an American.*

My father belongs to the Sons of the Revolution;  
My mother, to the Colonial Dames.  
One of my ancestors pitched tea overboard in Boston Harbor;  
Another stood his ground with Warren;  
Another hungered with Washington at Valley Forge.  
My forefathers were America in the making;  
They spoke in her council halls;  
They died on her battlefields;  
They commanded her ships;  
They cleared her forests.  
Dawns reddened and paled.  
Stanch hearts of mine beat fast at each new star  
In the nation's flag.  
Keen eyes of mine foresaw her greater glory;  
The sweep of her seas,  
The plenty of her plains,  
The man-hives in her billion-wired cities.  
Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of patriotism.  
I am proud of my Past.  
I am an American.

*I am an American.*

My father was an atom of dust,  
My mother a straw in the wind,  
To his Serene Majesty.  
One of my ancestors died in the mines of Siberia;  
Another was crippled for life by twenty blows of the knout.  
Another was killed defending his home during the massacres.

The history of my ancestors is a trail of blood  
To the palace-gate of the Great White Czar.

But then the dream came—

The dream of America.

In the light of the Liberty torch

The atom of dust became a man

And the straw in the wind became a woman

For the first time.

“See,” said my father, pointing to the flag that fluttered  
near,

“That flag of stars and stripes is yours;

It is the emblem of the promised land.

It means, my son, the hope of humanity.

Live for it—die for it!”

Under the open sky of my new country I swore to do so;

And every drop of blood in me will keep that vow.

I am proud of my Future.

*I am an American.*

### Share Your Ideas

1. Of what is the native-born American proud?
2. Of what is the foreign-born American proud?
3. Discuss the background, as expressed in the poem, of the native-born American; of the foreign-born American.
4. Explain the significance of these quotations:
  - a. In the light of the Liberty torch  
The atom of dust became a man  
And the straw in the wind became a woman
  - b. Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of patriotism.
5. Read the poem aloud, bringing out its dignity.

# The Admiral

By Archibald MacLeish

*Narrator.* This is the first of a series of broadcasts called *The American Story*. It is the purpose of this series to bring together from the ancient chronicles, the narratives, the letters from the pages written by those who saw with their own eyes and were part of it, the American record—the record common to all of us who are American of whatever American country and whatever tongue. For many centuries now we have been told of our difference from each other because our tongues are different and because our ancestors came from different parts of the Eastern Hemisphere and because we differ in appearance and in customs, some of us. These differences are real and important. They have value. But what is it that binds men together even more than common blood and common speech? Is it not a common experience of the earth? An experience common to them but not to others? And have we remembered in the Americas that we share in common an experience no other men living or dead have known—that this experience is indeed our history?

*(Sound of men's voices)*

*Narrator.* We share in common, all of us who are Americans, the experience in the cabin of the little ship where, in the last dark before the dawn of Friday the 12th day of October in the year fourteen ninety-two, a man sat writing by a candle at a board.

*The Admiral.* The land was first seen by a sailor named Rodrigo de Triana . . . At two hours after midnight the land was sighted at a distance of two leagues.

(*Music . . .*)

*Narrator.* These are the words Columbus wrote in his cabin on the warm October night when the ship lay hove-to in the trade wind off that unknown beach, the square-sail slapping at the heavy stays, the lift and slide of the water on the hull, the heels overhead on the planks, the thankful voices. Throughout his voyage the discoverer wrote in his journal describing, as he tells us, "each night what passed in the day . . . and each day how I navigated at night." The narrative he wrote is still, for those who can put themselves in imagination in Columbus' ship, a wonderful and moving story . . . the greatest narrative perhaps a man has ever written. The words are the simple, matter-of-fact words of the official record, but they will not deceive those who can imagine for themselves what the westward ocean was to men who were not certain that it had another shore or what that shore would be or how, if ever, they would be able to return from it.

*Admiral.* But the Admiral, at ten the previous night, from the castle of the poop, saw a light, though it was so uncertain he could not affirm it was land . . . It was like a wax candle rising and falling . . . As if people on shore were passing it from one hand to another . . .

*Narrator.* The Admiral was, of course, Columbus. It was by this title he demanded that his contemporaries should address him. And to posterity in all the Spanish countries he is the Admiral still. But who then was the Admiral Columbus, of what nation? Genoese because he was born there? Spanish because he sailed in Spanish ships? Dominican because he was buried in the city of that name? Or American—of every American nation equally? There were many discoverers of many tongues but of one fame: that they found a shore of this continent—one shore or another. There were the English

ships on the north coast sliding in through the fog past the unseen islands, the water dripping from the heavy sails, the creak of the gear as the seas lifted . . .

*English Voice. (Speaking as to himself)* A man can be wrong in the fog, but I heard it . . . when the wind stirred from the starboard I heard . . . or the blood in my ears it might be . . . but I heard surf . . . or a sound like surf . . . what the surf would sound like in a Christian country.

*(Sound of the surf far off, deadened by fog)*

*English Voice.* It is surf. It's the shore. There is land there.

*(Shouting)* LAND! Land Ho! Land to the starboard!

Land Ho! *(Prolonged)*

*Narrator.* There were the Spanish ships with the Trades behind them, the island looming like the trade-wind clouds.

*Spanish Voice.* Tierra! Tierra! Tierra! *(Prolonged)*

*Narrator.* The Portuguese ships on the Patagonian coasts in the winter landfall.

*Portuguese Voice.* Terra! Terra!

*Narrator.* The Dutch off the East capes with the low dunes and the oak trees.

*Dutch Voice.* Land in zicht! Land! Land!

*Narrator.* The sight of the land was called out on these coasts in many languages. There were Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Englishmen, Portuguese, Swedes, Spaniards, Norwegians. Many records in many tongues, but to us Americans, they are all one record and our own. What Rodrigo de Triana thought, who first, as the Admiral tells us, sighted land, we do not know though we know what he saw. We know how the moon looked that night in its third quarter and still astern in the eastern sky at two hours after midnight—we know how the moon would strike the white beach of that island the Indians called Guanahani. But Rodrigo de Triana has left us nothing, not even his cry of "Tierra! Tierra!" From the masthead of his ship, the Admiral is not so silent.



*The Admiral.* I left the city of Granada on the 12th day of May, in the same year of 1492, being Saturday, and came to the town of Palos, which is a seaport, where I equipped three vessels well suited for such service; and departed from that port, well supplied with provisions and with many sailors on the 3rd day of August of the same year . . .

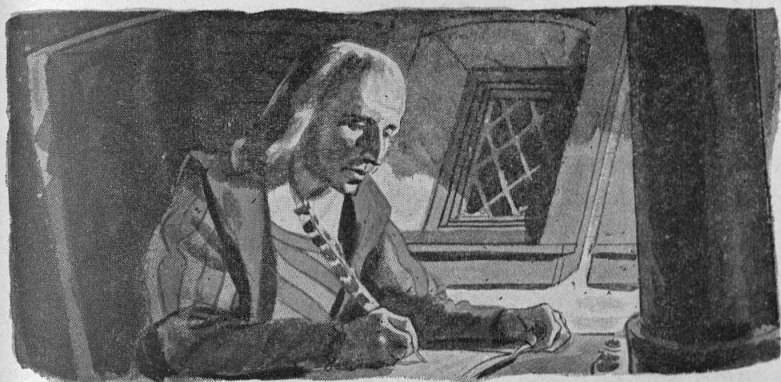
*Narrator.* Each day what had passed in the night and each night how he navigated by day—so day after day and night after night the Admiral wrote in the slow, continuing sound of the caravels in the great sea, the swell lifting and following after and falling, the trace of the wake dissolving on the sea as the Admiral watched it.

*Admiral . . .* taking the route to the islands of Canaria, belonging to your highness which are in the said ocean sea, that I might thence take my departure for navigating until I should arrive at the Indies, and give the letter of your highness to those Princes . . . (so as to comply with my orders . . .)

*Narrator.* It was on Thursday the ninth of August that the Admiral, as part of his duty as he says, “to write account of all the voyage very punctually” entered in his book the Canary landfall.

*Admiral . . .* Saw a great fire issue from the mountain on the island of Tenerife which is of great height . . . many honorable Spanish gentlemen—who were native of the island of Hierro declared that every year they saw land to the west of the Canaries—(*long pause*)—this day—made 19 leagues, and—arranged to reckon less than the number run because, if the voyage was of long duration, the people would not be so terrified and disheartened—(in the night they made 40 leagues).

*Narrator.* That was Sunday the 9th of September, well out to sea beyond the last known islands. Ponder that deception and what it has to say of the Admiral’s steadfast-



ness and of the fears he foresaw. If the voyage were of long duration and if the people on the ships knew how far they were from the known world—how far toward the unknown world—terror would take them. That secret was to be the Admiral's alone. He did not fear it.

*Admiral.* . . . that day they sailed on their course which was West and made 20 leagues or more but only counted 16. They saw a large piece of the mast of a ship of 120 tons but were unable to take it. (In the night they made nearly 20 leagues.)

*Narrator.* That was September 11, Tuesday, the 39th day from Palos roads. There had been ships before them in that ocean, then—and not to return from it.

*Admiral.* On this day at the commencement of the night the needles turned a half-point to the northwest and in the morning they turned somewhat more northwest . . .

*Narrator.* This variation, familiar enough now, had never been observed before. If any proof was needed that the caravels were moving out of the known into the unknown world, the variation of the compass needle was that proof. Even the most certain thing—the central certainty of every sailor's life—was sure no longer.

*Admiral.* . . . Here those of the caravel *Niña* reported that they had seen a tern and a boatswain's bird and these

birds never go more than 25 leagues from the land . . .  
(that day they navigated on their westerly course . . .)

*Narrator.* It was Friday the 14th of September, almost a month before the land was found, that the Admiral wrote these words at his cabin table at the day's end.

*Admiral.* . . . in the early part of the night there fell from heaven into the sea a marvelous flame of fire at a distance of about four or five leagues . . . (that day and night they made 27 leagues).

*Narrator.* Saturday the 15th of September, and already signs and portents.

*Admiral.* . . . The weather was like April in Andalusia. Here began to see many tufts of grass which were very green and appeared to have been quite recently torn from the land . . . (from this they judged that they were near some island but not the mainland).

*Narrator.* Sunday, September the 16th.

*Admiral.* . . . the pilots observed the north point and found that the needles turned a full point to the west of north. So the mariners were alarmed and dejected and did not give their reason . . . (they proceeded on their west course and made over 50 leagues).

*Narrator.* But the Admiral knew. Or rather the Admiral gave them a reason—and a good reason though not the true one. The Admiral told them, speaking as Dante might have spoken, that “the cause was that the star makes the movement and not the needles.” It is true that the Pole Star describes a circle round the pole of the earth—but not a circle equal to the needle's variation.

*Admiral.* . . . the sea water was found to be less salt than it had been since leaving the Canaries. The breezes were always soft. Everyone was pleased and the best sailors went ahead to sight the first land. They saw many tunny fish and the crew of the *Niña* killed one . . . these signs of land came from the west in which direction I trust in that

high God in whose hands are all victories that very soon we shall sight land . . . In that morning a white bird was seen which has not the habit of sleeping on the sea . . . (at dawn on that Monday they saw much more weed).

*Narrator.* This was the 17th of September. A Monday. The landfall many weeks ahead.

*Admiral.* . . . A great cloud appeared in the north which is a sign of the proximity of land . . . there was also some drizzling rain without wind which is a sure sign of land . . . at dawn two or three land-birds came singing to the ship and they disappeared before sunset. (Afterwards a booby came from West Northwest and flew to the Southwest.)

*Narrator.* The 18th. The 19th. The 20th.

*Admiral.* . . . shaped a course West Northwest more or less, her head turning from one to the other point . . . My people were much excited at the thought that in those seas no wind ever blew in the direction of Spain . . .

*Narrator.* They feared, that is, what many men had said and feared before—that there was no return from that ocean.

*Admiral.* . . . The sea being smooth and calm the crew began to murmur, saying that here there was no great sea and that the wind would never blow so that they could return to Spain. Afterwards the sea rose very much without wind which astonished them. Thus the high sea was very necessary for me such as had not appeared but in the time of the Hebrews when they went out of Egypt and murmured against Moses . . .

*Narrator.* Murmured against the Admiral and only a great sea without wind which astonished them could stop their tongues. And this was the 23rd of September with seventeen days still before them.

*Admiral.* At sunset Martin Alonso went up on the poop of his ship and with much joy called to the Admiral, claim-

ing the reward as he had sighted land. When I heard this positively declared, I say that I gave thanks to the Lord on my knees while Martin Alonso said the *Gloria in Excelsis* with his people. My crew did the same. (. . . those of the *Niña* all went up on the mast and into the rigging).

*Narrator.* This was Martin Alonso Pinzón, the good navigator who sailed in the *Pinta* which was ahead of the *Santa Maria* on which the Admiral sailed and ahead of the *Niña* also. The sunset was the sunset of the 25th. But there was no land. And the days passed and the nights.

*Admiral.* . . . the sea smooth as a river . . . there was much weed . . . a white bird was also seen that appeared to be a gull . . . (sand-pipers appeared and much weed and some of it very old).

*Narrator.* Wednesday the 26th. Thursday the 27th. The 28th. The 29th. The 30th. The first of October. The second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and now the seventh.

*Admiral.* . . . this day at sunrise, the caravel *Niña*, which went ahead, being the best sailor, and pushed forward as much as possible to sight the land first so as to enjoy the reward which the Sovereigns had promised to whoever should see it first . . . hoisted a flag at the masthead and fired a gun as a signal that she had sighted land . . . no land was seen during the afternoon . . .

*Narrator.* Twice they had found land and there was no land. And the needle altered.

*Admiral.* . . . And passed a great number of birds flying from north to southwest. This gave rise to the belief that the birds—were flying from the winter which might be supposed to be near in the land from which they came.

*Narrator.* To which the Admiral adds, "Most of the islands held by the Portuguese were discovered by the flight of birds." And to whom do you think those words were written in the little cabin looking aft over the wide wake—to whom but to himself?



*Admiral.* . . . throughout the night birds were heard passing . . .

*Narrator.* Throughout the night of the eighth of October and of the ninth in the soft strange wind that was like April in Seville as the Admiral wrote so often in his book . . . but yet not like it.

*Admiral.* . . . Here the people could endure no longer. They complained of the length of the voyage. But the Admiral cheered them up in the best way that he could . . . he added that however much they might complain, he had to go to the Indies and that he would go on until he found them with the help of God . . . (during the day and night they made 59 leagues . . .)

*Narrator.* And so they came to the candle moving on the dark and to Rodrigo's landfall. It was two hours past midnight of Friday, the 12th of October, when Rodrigo de Triana, with the old moon searching beyond him into the shadow to the west, imagined, and then did not imagine, the glimmer of the surf along the beach the Indians called Guanahani and Columbus called San Salvador and we call Watling Island.

*(Sound of surf far off)*

*Narrator.* It is not difficult even now to imagine with what emotions they lay there for those few remaining hours of the night, "hove-to" as the Admiral's journal puts it, "waiting for daylight." There would have been the rattle of canvas as the ship came round, the unaccustomed silence as she lost way in the long swells and under that whispering silence, at first faint, the nearer as the wind moved, the long unending thunder of the surf.

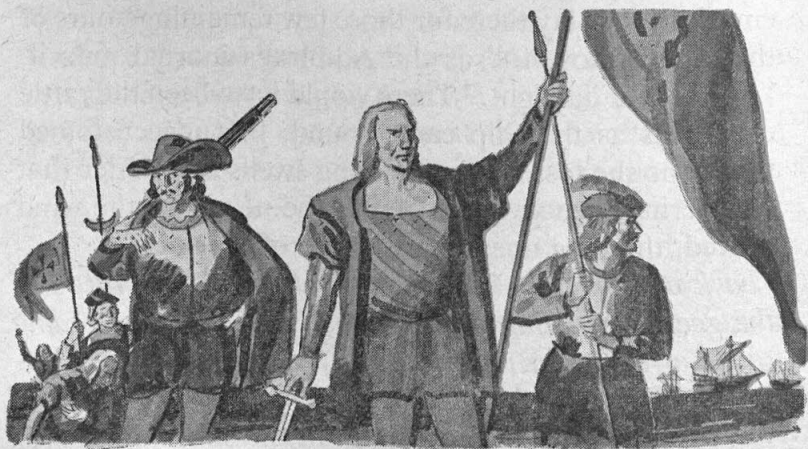
*(In back of Narrator) (The shaking of canvas and rattle of the gear as the ship comes up into the wind, the fading sound of the water under the hull)*

*Narrator.* There would have been the now-strange odor of the land, the blur of moonlight on the shining beaches,

the low line of the trees on the faint sky, the men along the deck rails staring at that glimmering shore, and then, as the dawn came, trees and the land's true shape before them.

*(Sound of the canvas filling and sliding of water along the ships' sides and the gulls beginning)*

*Narrator.* And so they stood in with the first light and "presently," as the Admiral's journal puts it, they saw naked people, but what people, of what race or nation they could not tell, and the Admiral went on shore in the armed boat with Martin Alonso Pinzón and Vicente, his brother, and the Admiral took the Royal Standard and the two captains and two banners of the green cross with an F and a Y for Fernando and Ysabel and a crown over each letter and they saw trees, very green after that long journey, and much fresh water, lovely after the stale water in the casks, and many and different kinds of fruits and the Admiral "took possession of the said island for the King and for the Queen, his Lords." And as for the naked people of the island—the Admiral wrote these words in his book at the day's end of that long-hoped-for day.



*Admiral.* I, that we might form great friendships, for I knew that they were a people who could be more easily freed and converted to our holy faith by love than by force, gave to some of them red caps, and glass beads to put around their necks, and many other things of little value, which gave them great pleasure, and made them so much our friends that it was a marvel to see (. . . presently many inhabitants of the island assembled . . .)

*Narrator.* But for caution's sake or for some other reason the Admiral and his companions pushed off in the ship's boats beyond the surf and held there with the oars in the bright sun and the sound of the sea, the voices of the Indians calling and laughing to them.

*(Sound of the surf strong and near and the shouts of Indian voices, men's and women's over the surf sound)*

*Admiral.* They came to the ship's boats where we were, swimming and bringing us parrots, cotton threads in skeins, darts and many other things; and we exchanged them for other things that we gave them, such as glass beads and small bells. In fine, they took all and gave what they had with good will. It appeared to me to be a race of people very poor in everything. They go naked as when their mothers bore them. All I saw were youths, none more than thirty years of age. They are very well made, with very handsome bodies, and very good countenances (. . . their eyes very beautiful and not small . . .) Their hair is short and coarse almost like the hairs of a horse's tail. I saw no beast of any kind except parrots on this island.

*(Sound of the surf far off again and the ships at anchor)*

*Narrator.* For two days they lay off the shore of that island puzzling over the look of the land and the people, their minds returning always to the question of Cathay and the Great Khan whose islands these should be if the Admiral's maps were true maps.

*Admiral.* I was attentive, and took trouble to ascertain if there was gold. I saw some of them had a small piece fastened in a hole they have in the nose, and by signs I was able to make out that to the south, or going from the island to the south, there was a king who had great cups full, and who possessed a great quantity. (. . . I tried to get them to go there but afterwards I saw that they had no inclination. . . .)

*Narrator.* The shape of their dark hands making the cup's form in the sunlight by that sea stands in the Admiral's narrative, after four centuries and more, still vivid.

*(Sound of the moving ships again and the run of the long swells and the wind in the canvas)*

*Admiral.* I do not wish to stop, in discovering and visiting many islands, to find gold. These people make signs that it is worn on the arms and legs; and it must be gold, for they point to some pieces I have. I cannot err, with the help of our Lord, in finding out where this gold has its origin. (. . . being in the middle of the channel between the two islands. . . .)

*Narrator.* And so, with God's help, and the gestures of the Indians to guide them, they sailed on with the sound of the sea beneath and the ships' gear straining in the steady wind.

*(Sound of the ships' gear and the long seas)*

*Admiral.* Now, as I am writing this, I make sail with the wind at the south to sail round the island and to navigate until I find Samoat which is the island or city where there is gold, so all the natives say—(. . . who are on board and as those of San Salvador told us. . . .)

*Narrator.* And yet there were other things than gold among those green and golden islands and even the Admiral saw them as his Journal bears human witness to this day.

*Admiral.* Here the fish are so unlike ours that it is wonderful. Some are the shape of dories and the finest colors in

the world, blue, yellow, red, and other tints, all painted in various ways and the colors are so bright that there is not a man who would not be astonished, and would not take great delight in seeing them—(. . . I will write respecting the circuit of this island after I have been round it. . . .)

*(Sound of the ships' gear and the long seas)*

*Admiral.* Arriving at this cape I found the smell of the trees and flowers so delicious that it seemed the pleasantest thing in the world—(. . . Tomorrow before I leave this place I shall go on shore. . . .)

*(Sound of the sea running)*

*Admiral.* Throughout the island all is green and the herbage like April in Andalusia. The songs of the birds were so pleasant that it seemed as if a man could never wish to leave that place. The flocks of parrots concealed the sun—(. . . And the birds were so numerous and of so many different kinds that it was wonderful. . . .)

*Narrator.* And yet a man must leave even such islands as these and go on and search to the westward.

*Admiral.* I shall then shape a course for another much larger island, which I believe to be Cipango, judging from the signs made by the Indians I bring with me. They call it Cuba and they say there are ships and many skillful sailors there. I am still resolved to go to the mainland and the city of Guisay and to deliver the letter of your Highnesses to the Gran Can, requesting a reply and returning with it.

*Narrator.* And so the Admiral went on by the windward and the leeward channels to the island as he thought of Cipango which would have been Japan. But it was not to Marco Polo's city of Kinsay or to the palace of the Great Khan he came but to a different country. And it was not from the "islands of India recently discovered beyond the Ganges" that he returned, as he wrote the



King's Treasurer, but from a greater and a richer land. There was better reason than Columbus ever knew for the noble sentences with which back in Spain, his letter to their Majesties' Treasurer ended.

*(Sound of solemn music as in a cathedral of Seville)*

*Admiral.* Therefore let the king and queen and our princes and their most happy kingdoms, and all the other provinces of Christendom, render thanks to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who has granted us so great victory and such prosperity. Let processions be made and sacred feasts be held, and the temples be adorned with festive boughs. Let Christ rejoice on earth as he rejoices in heaven in the prospect of the salvation of the souls of so many nations hitherto lost. Let us also rejoice as well on account of the exaltation of our faith, as on account of the increase of our temporal prosperity, of which not only Spain, but all Christendom will be partakers.

*(Sound of chorus singing "Gloria in Excelsis")*

### Share Your Ideas and Experiences

1. Assign parts for the script and read it aloud.
2. In what common experience do all Americans share?
3. Explain how the author of this script makes the story so effective and moving.
4. Discuss the pictures that came to mind as you read of the sighting of land and the reception of Columbus and his men by the natives.
5. Why did the variation of the compass needle upset the sailors? Explain how Columbus handled this situation.
6. Compare the faith and determination of Columbus with that of other men about whom you have read.
7. What thoughts did Columbus express in the final statement of the narrative? Explain how all Christendom *has* partaken in the discovery of America.

# The Ancestral Dwellings

By Henry van Dyke

Dear to my heart are the ancestral dwellings of America,  
Dearer than if they were haunted by ghosts of royal splendor;  
They are simple enough to be great in their friendly dignity,—  
Homes that were built by the brave beginners of a nation.

I love the old white farmhouses nestled in New England  
valleys,  
Ample and long and low, with elm trees feathering over them:  
Borders of box in the yard, and lilacs, and old-fashioned  
roses,  
A fanlight above the door, and little square panes in the  
windows,  
The woodshed piled with maple and birch and hickory  
ready for winter,



The gambrel-roof with its garret crowded with household  
relics,—

All the tokens of prudent thrift and the spirit of self-reliance.  
I love the weather-beaten, shingled houses that front the  
ocean;

They seem to grow out of the rocks, there is something  
indomitable about them:

Their backs are bowed, their sides are covered with lichens;  
Soft in their color as gray pearls, they are full of a patient  
courage.

Facing the briny wind on a lonely shore they stand un-  
daunted,

While the thin blue pennant of smoke from the square-  
built chimney

Tells of a haven for man, with room for a hearth and a cradle.

I love the stately southern mansions with their tall white  
columns,

They look through avenues of trees, over fields where the  
cotton is growing;

I can see the flutter of white frocks along their shady  
porches,

Music and laughter float from the windows, the yards are  
full of hounds and horses.

Long since the riders have ridden away, yet the houses have  
not forgotten,

They are proud of their name and place, and their doors  
are always open,

For the thing they remember best is the pride of their an-  
cient hospitality.

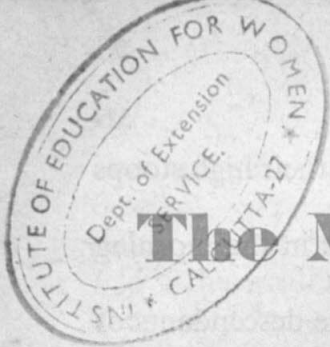
In the towns I love the discreet and tranquil Quaker dwell-  
ings,

With their demure brick faces and immaculate marble  
doorsteps;

And the gabled houses of the Dutch, with their high stoops  
and iron railings,  
(I can see their little brass knobs shining in the morning  
sunlight);  
And the solid self-contained houses of the descendants of  
the Puritans,  
Frowning on the street with their narrow doors and dor-  
mer windows;  
And the triple-galleried, many-pillared mansions of  
Charleston,  
Standing open sideways in their gardens of roses and mag-  
nolias.  
Yes, they are all dear to my heart, and in my eyes they are  
beautiful;  
For under their roofs were nourished the thoughts that  
have made the nation;  
The glory and strength of America come from her ances-  
tral dwellings.

### Share Your Ideas

1. Read the poem orally, paying attention to rhythm, punctuation, and phrasing.
2. List the different types of ancestral dwellings described by the poet. Explain why each type is dear to his heart.
3. What other types of ancestral dwellings might be added to this list? Explain what interest these would have to the reader.
4. What did the poet mean when he stated that the glory and strength of America come from her ancestral dwellings?
5. Make a list of phrases such as the following which effectively give personality to the dwellings:
  - a. full of a patient courage
  - b. discreet and tranquil
  - c. something indomitable about them



# The Man without a Country

By Edward Everett Hale

On July 11, 1804, Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States, killed Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, in a duel. Burr fled to Georgia but soon returned to his post of duty. At the expiration of his term, however, Burr, a virtual exile, visited the Southwest. It was then that he became involved in a scheme which for years has puzzled historians. Many thought that he planned a separation of the western states from the Union; others believed his object was to overthrow Spanish rule in the Southwest. In any event, he carried on treasonable correspondence with the British and Spanish Ministers in Washington. In 1807, he was tried for treason in the courts of Virginia but was acquitted.

Edward Everett Hale has effectively utilized the historical background of this occurrence to give us the fictitious story of Nolan, a young army officer of the West who became—A Man without a Country.

I suppose that very few casual readers of the New York *Herald* of August 13, 1863, observed in an obscure corner among the "Deaths," the announcement:

"NOLAN. Died on board U. S. Corvette *Levant*, Lat. 2°11' S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, PHILIP NOLAN."

I happened to observe it because I was stranded at the old Mission House in Mackinaw, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I



could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the *Herald*. My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. Hundreds of readers might have paused at that announcement if the officer of the *Levant* had chosen to report it thus: "Died, May 11, THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY." For it was as "The Man without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say many of his shipmates never knew his name was "Nolan," or whether he had a name.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's administration ended in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession, and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown—and, I think, to the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields, who was in the Navy Department when he came home, he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a *non mi ricordo*, determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth-while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans what it is to be A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow—at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year, barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he lost the fun which they found in shooting or rowing while he was working away on these grand letters to his grand friend. They could not understand why Nolan kept by himself while they were playing high-low-jack. But before long the young fellow had his revenge. For this time His Excellency, Honorable Aaron Burr, appeared again under a very different aspect. There were rumors that he had an army behind him, and everybody supposed that he had an empire before him. At that time the youngsters all envied him. Burr had not been talking twenty minutes with the commander before he asked him to send for Lieutenant Nolan. Then after a little talk he asked Nolan if he could show him something of the great river and the plans for the new post. He asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that

time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as a man without a country.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is today, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of Courts-martial on the officers there. One after another of the colonels and majors was tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhere with anyone who would follow him had the order been signed, “By command of His Excellency A. Burr.” The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped—rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy, “Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!”

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of “Spanish plot,” “Orleans plot,” and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest

company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him *United States* was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by *United States* for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to *United States*. It was *United States* which gave him the uniform he wore and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because *United States* had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain why he damned his country and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half-century and more he was a man without a country.

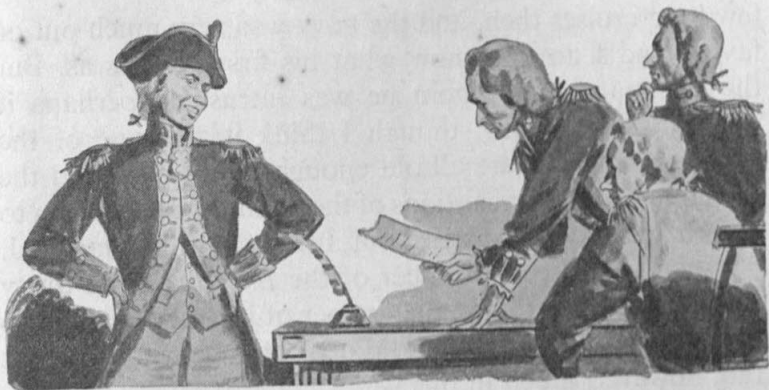
Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room and returned in fifteen minutes, his face like a sheet, to say,

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added,

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans, in an armed boat, and deliver him to the Naval Commander there."

The Marshal gave his orders and Nolan was taken away.



"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The Court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had



few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and I do not know what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men—we are all old enough now—regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the *Intrepid*, some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

Washington (with a date which must have been late in 1807)

“Sir, You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States Army.

“This person on trial by court-martial expressed the wish that he might ‘never hear of the United States again.’

“The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

“For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this Department.

“You will take the prisoner on board your ship and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

“You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on the business of his Government.

“The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

“But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

"Respectfully yours,

"W. SOUTHARD, for the

"Secretary of the Navy."

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it were he, handed it to his successor in charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the *Levant* has it today as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "The Man without a Country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites; I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom—he always had a stateroom—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer,

and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button because it bore the initials of the United States.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine*, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told

a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the *Tempest* from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said—"

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan went on, still unconsciously or mechanically—

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw that something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on—

“Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand?—  
If such there breathe, go mark him well—”

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on—



“For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,  
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentered all in self—”

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, “And by Jove,” said Phillips, “we did not see him for two months. And I had to make up a story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott.”

That was about the time when Nolan’s braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very



high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him, and very seldom spoke unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally; I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested by one of Flechier's sermons, but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home—if, as I say, it was Shaw—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt-junk and meant to have turtle-soup before they came home. But after several days the *Warren* came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers and told them she was outward-bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of perhaps—that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the

celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How on board the *Warren* they ever did it I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the *Warren*, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers, and a nice bevy of English girls, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps*. Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps—called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances. The Negro band, nothing loath, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel" which they followed with "Money-Musk" which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddles to begin and bent forward, about to say, in true Negro state, "'The Old Thirteen,' gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said, "'Virginnny Reel,' if you please!" and "'Money-Musk,' if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not

announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to—the officers teaching the girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said—so much so, that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to Mrs. Graff and say, “I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?”

He did it so quickly that Fellows, who was with him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said, “I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same,” just nodded to Fellows, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You would not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels and Europe and Vesuvius and the French; and then, when they had worked down and had had that long talking time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly—a little pale, she said as she told me the story years after—

“And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?”

And that splendid creature looked *through* him. Jove! how she must have looked through him!

“Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!” and she walked directly up the deck to her husband and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again.

These are the traditions which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the “Iron Mask”; and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that

this was the author of *Junius*, who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson.

A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways—and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate-duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round-shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt-sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been an officer, told them off with authority—who should go to the cock-pit with the wounded men, who should stay with him—perfectly cheery and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time—showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot—making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders, and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said,

“I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir.”

And this is the part of the story where the legends agree; the commodore said, “I see you are, and I thank you, sir; I shall never forget this day, and you never shall, sir.”

After the whole thing was over and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said, "Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

When Nolan came, he said, "Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today; you are one of us today; you will be named in the dispatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony and gave it to Nolan and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword.

The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiwa Islands. As an artillery officer who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelins, stockades, and all that than any of them did; and he worked with a right good will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the questions about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering-place, would have found it preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was nearly fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been almost eighty when he died. He



looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to change a hair afterwards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for anyone to try to read all the time; more than to do anything else all the time; and that he used to read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrapbooks." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, on different subjects. There was one of History, one of Natural Science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrapbooks.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours respectively of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My Natural History is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the housefly and the mosquito. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or

walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to on any other occasion, he would always read prayers.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the English war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-Trade Treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the House of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a “Plain-Buttons” on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about “The Man without a Country” one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan said he should be glad to interpret as he

understood the language. The captain thanked him and fitted out another boat in which it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to—nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the Negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and anklecuffs knocked off, and, for convenience's sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The Negroes were, most of them, out of the hold and swarming all around the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect and *patois* of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said, "For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan, "and that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish"—that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the Negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, and kissing of Nolan's feet!

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio de Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "Ah, non Palmas," and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down and said, "He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one said he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said Nolan grew gray himself while he struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that



something was to pay somewhere. Even the Negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quickly as he could get words, he said, "Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him and to rubbing his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me, "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do every thing for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless the flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government and people even, there is the Country herself, your Country, and that you belong to her. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils had got hold of her today!"



I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say, "O, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night to walk the deck with me, when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books and helped me with my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas Harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or, rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato*, involving a tremendous blow-up with which he sank Burr, asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear from Burr's life that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which are begun where there is the least mystery at bottom.

Philip Nolan, poor fellow, repented of his folly and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He

never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but never from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that, when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the Atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the *George Washington* corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Aires. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his adventurous cousin, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit—so much so that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked perfectly unconsciously, "Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for nearly twenty years."

There were two Texas officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin

began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California, this virgin province in which his brother had traveled so far and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say, "Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment—rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Valandighams and Tatnalls of today of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

The reader will understand Danforth's letter, or the beginning of it, if he will remember that after ten years of Nolan's exile everyone who had him in charge was in a very delicate position. The Government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to

do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment.

Here is the letter:

*Levant, 2° 2' S. at 131° W*

“Dear Friend: I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there—the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom, and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and round a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightning blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, ‘Here, you see, I have a coun-

try!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things; but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'O Captain,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? Stop! Stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me, tell me something, tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason! 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you! Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky.



But I have guessed Michigan, and Indiana, and Mississippi—that is where Fort Adams is—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?”

“Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his cousin died there; he had marked a gold cross near where he supposed his grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon; that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. ‘And the men,’ said he, laughing, ‘brought off a good deal besides furs.’ Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the *Chesapeake*, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard*, and whether Burr ever tried again, and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, ‘God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.’ Then he asked about the old war, told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java*, asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

“How I wish it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him of Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And, do you know, he asked who was in command of the ‘Legion of the West.’ I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, ‘Where is Vicksburg?’ I worked that out on the map; it’s about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought

Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plantation, at Walnut Hills,' said he. 'Well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him—of emigration and the means of it, of steamboats and railroads and telegraphs, of inventions and books and literature, of the colleges and West Point and the Naval School, but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see, it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln at some Indian treaty when he was quite a boy himself. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Capitol and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington; Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity.

"And he drank it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian *Book of Public Prayer* which lay there and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place, and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, *For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank*

*Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy Holy laws, Thou has continued to us Thy marvelous kindness; and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority, and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me and said, 'Look in my Bible, Captain, when I am gone.' And I went away.*

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

*"They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.*

"On this slip of paper he had written:

" 'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

*"In Memory of*

*"PHILIP NOLAN,*

*"Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.*

*"He loved his country as no other man has  
loved her; but no man deserved  
less at her hands."*

## Share Your Ideas and Experiences

1. Ask a class member to report on Aaron Burr. When the class learns something of his character, discuss the reason for the author's naming Nolan the accomplice of Burr. What effect was produced by this device?
2. Explain the situation at the beginning of the story. Why did Nolan damn his country and wish that he might never hear her name again?
3. How does the author make this story seem real to you? Point out incidents, sentences, and words which help produce this effect.
4. Do you think Nolan's experience helped him develop into a finer human being? Read to the class evidence that proves your point.
5. List specific characteristics of Nolan that are brought out by the story. Read aloud parts of the story that prove the points you emphasize.
6. List things you love best about your family, your home, and your country.
7. Explain how good citizenship develops patriotism.
8. Write a short report which expresses your interpretation of patriotism from an idealistic as well as a practical point of view.
9. Bring to school famous patriotic pictures and explain their significance.

## Select Good Books

*Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind.*

JOSEPH ADDISON

From the following books you will learn to understand and appreciate the meaning of patriotism:

PATRIOTIC AMERICAN STORIES, arranged by John M. Foote

This volume consists of a number of patriotic stories and poems which will be enjoyed by all boys and girls.

EISENHOWER, MAN AND SOLDIER, by Francis Trevelyan Miller

In this book you will read of "Iron Ike," from the time of his birth in Texas to the days when he shaped history in World War II. His colorful career is that of a man who serves his country well.

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN, by Jacob A. Riis

Every American should read this stirring story. In beautiful language, this Danish American tells of his experiences as a poor immigrant and of his rise to success.

WE, THE PEOPLE, by Hermann Hagedorn

When Zach Peters attempted to read the Constitution, he found that the manner in which it was written was difficult to understand. During the reading he fell asleep, and in his dreams the essential facts were made clear to him. You will better understand and appreciate your Constitution after having read this excellent book.

OUR AMERICA, written and illustrated by Herbert Townsend

Here is a narrative of our country from the time of its discovery to today. On many pages beautiful drawings and maps tell the story in a way which cannot soon be forgotten. If you wish to know and better appreciate your country, read this unusual and delightful book.

GROWING UP WITH AMERICA, an Anthology, by May Lambert Becker

In this excellent book, the reader is given a panorama of children growing up in America. These fascinating stories make the various periods in the history of America full of rich meaning.

NATHAN HALE, by Clyde Fitch

For those who enjoy plays, here is one that depicts the story of a national hero who was sent by Washington into the British lines. When he was executed as a spy, his only regret was that he had but one life to lose for his country.

FREEDOM'S FLAG, by Rupert Sargent Holland

This biography of the poet who wrote our national anthem tells a moving story. As Frances Scott Key watched his beloved flag during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, the words of the beautiful hymn came to him. Soon the entire nation took up the song, and his inspiring words led men to victory.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by James Daugherty

You will enjoy this moving story of Lincoln from his childhood to his death on April 15, 1865. The effect of this beautiful narrative is enhanced by lithographs in two colors.



## A Developmental Reading Program

The skills in the three books of ADVENTURES IN READING (1) maintain and further develop the skills introduced in the elementary reading program, particularly those skills emphasized in the Easy Growth in Reading series; (2) introduce, develop, and maintain specific reading skills for each grade level.

The outline below presents the *developmental reading program* for ADVENTURES IN READING—*Exploration*. Part I consists of the fundamental basic reading program that should be introduced at the beginning of the term and developed and maintained throughout the entire program. In Part II the specific reading skills essential for children at this age level are presented. After a skill is introduced, it is developed, reviewed, and maintained throughout this and the subsequent book of the ADVENTURES IN READING series.

### I. Basic reading program

- A. Developing and maintaining desirable attitudes and habits
  - 1. Reading for interest and appreciation
  - 2. Reading for specific purposes
  - 3. Learning to concentrate
  - 4. Thinking while you read
  - 5. Developing language facility
  - 6. Increasing understanding
  - 7. Expanding uses of reading
  - 8. Adjusting rate of reading to type of material and purpose for which it is read
- B. Discovering reading skills and abilities
  - 1. Diagnosing fundamental motor skills in reading
  - 2. Finding rate of reading
  - 3. Evaluating ability to concentrate
  - 4. Reading for specific purposes
  - 5. Checking on quality and quantity of comprehension

## C. Self-evaluation of progress in reading

1. Acquiring reading skills
2. Increasing comprehension
3. Improving rate of reading
4. Expanding uses of reading
5. Developing reading interest and appreciation

## D. Expanding reading interests

1. Fiction: realistic adventure, animals, humor, fantasy, folklore, people of other lands, biography, customs, hobbies, dramatizations, historical fiction, patriotism, classical, and so on
2. Non-fiction: science, invention, biography, use of books and libraries, nature study, history, geography, patriotism, and so on
3. Poetry: modern and classical

## II. Development of fundamental skills and abilities

## A. Building a meaningful vocabulary

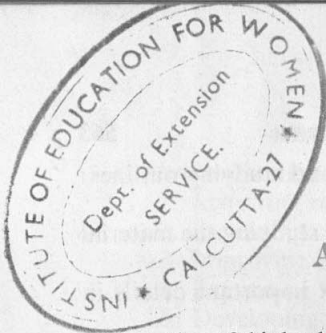
1. Acquiring meaning from context: 33; 35; 48; 65; 111; 115; 269; 277-293; 304-316; 317-324; 337-338; 339; 468-491
2. Utilizing the dictionary to increase meaning: 33; 86; 111; 128; 134-136; 203; 269; 338; 391
3. Recognizing synonyms and antonyms: 89-96; 97-101; 467
4. Building new words from root words using prefixes and suffixes: 450; 466-467
5. Expanding word meanings: 1-17; 36-48; 65; 73-86; 141-203; 209-224; 228-237; 343-391; 453-455; 492-498

## B. Increasing comprehension and understanding

1. Finding and following the author's plan
  - a. Finding major and minor ideas in paragraphs: 149-150; 151-153; 153-155; 155-156
  - b. Finding major ideas in longer articles and stories: 149-150; 151-153; 153-155; 155-156; 157-163; 167-174; 177-183
  - c. Recognizing in stories details important for the development of the plot: 18-33; 36-48; 51-65; 255-269
2. Organizing what you have read
  - a. Relating minor ideas to major ideas in short selections (outlining): 149-150; 151-153; 153-155; 155-156
  - b. Finding key ideas in longer selections: 157-163; 167-173; 177-183; 186-195; 196-203
  - c. Summarizing paragraphs, stories, plays: 225-227; 228-237; 238-251
  - d. Following directions: 184, 185, 204-205; 388-389; 390; 492-498

## 3. Assimilating what you have read

- a. Fixing material in mind by making and studying outlines: 149-156
- b. Rereading to find key ideas and then studying the material of each: 157-203
- c. Taking notes during rereading to fix important details in mind: 186-203
- d. Making summaries: 225-251
4. Developing associational reading skills
  - a. Evaluating points of view: 89-90; 91-96; 127
  - b. Forming judgments based on reading: 65; 112-115; 352; 359; 378; 386
  - c. Creating imagery in reading: 362-372
  - d. Drawing generalizations: 453-455
  - e. Making comparisons: 88; 97-101; 111; 127; 271; 359; 378; 386; 466
5. Evaluating material: 66-68; 134-136; 468-491
6. Using what you have read
  - a. Sharing ideas (reviewing and maintaining skills): 16; 35; 50; 69; 86; 88; 111; 118; 148; 166; 176; 224; 254; 271; 293; 303; 352; 361; 399; 401; 411; 420; 422; 430; 450; 452; 491; 507; 510; 512; 529
  - b. Sharing experiences (expanding interests and uses of reading): 137; 148; 204; 273; 339; 387; 430; 439; 503; 526; 558
7. Measuring improvement in comprehension: 129-133; 325-337; 499-502
8. Interpreting for others through oral reading
  - a. Prose: 16; 47; 86; 101; 127; 293; 304-316; 317-324; 359; 386; 411; 491; 526; 558
  - b. Poetry: 35; 88; 166; 176; 254; 271; 303; 361; 401; 422; 512; 529
- C. Developing a satisfactory rate of reading
  1. Improving rate
    - a. Utilizing key words in skimming short articles: 294-296; 297-299
    - b. Skimming through stories for a specific purpose: 304-316; 317-323
    - c. Utilizing key words to skim news items: 300-301
  2. Measuring reading rate: 129-133; 325-337; 499-502
- D. Learning to work with books
  1. Using a dictionary: 33; 86; 111; 128; 134-136; 203; 269; 338
  2. Knowing the parts of books: 272
  3. Learning how to use the library: 272-273
  4. Using reference books: 273
  5. Using source material: 128; 137; 148; 204; 339; 359; 386; 558



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